WEEK
ENDING
APRIL 4, 1931

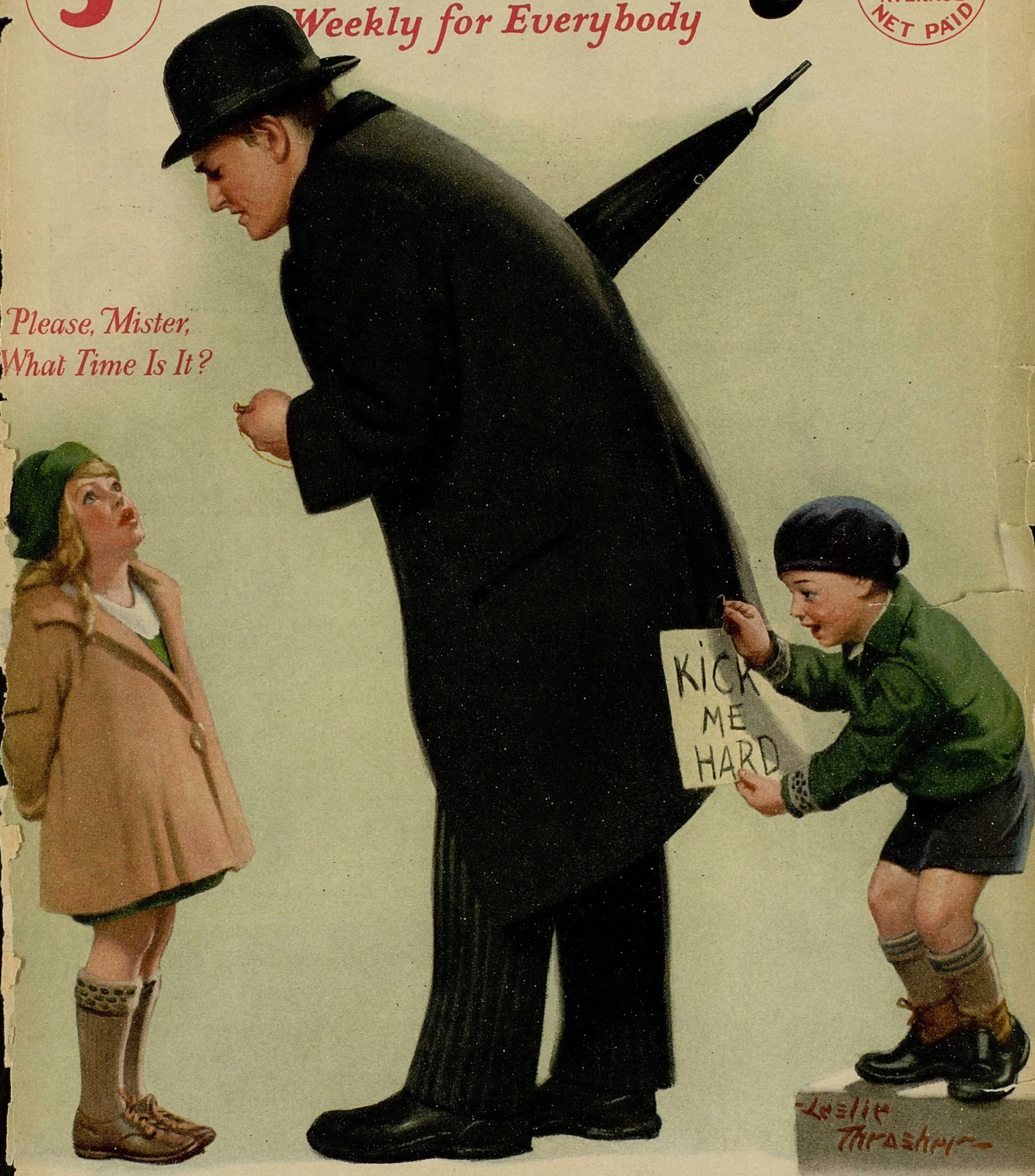
5c

Liberty

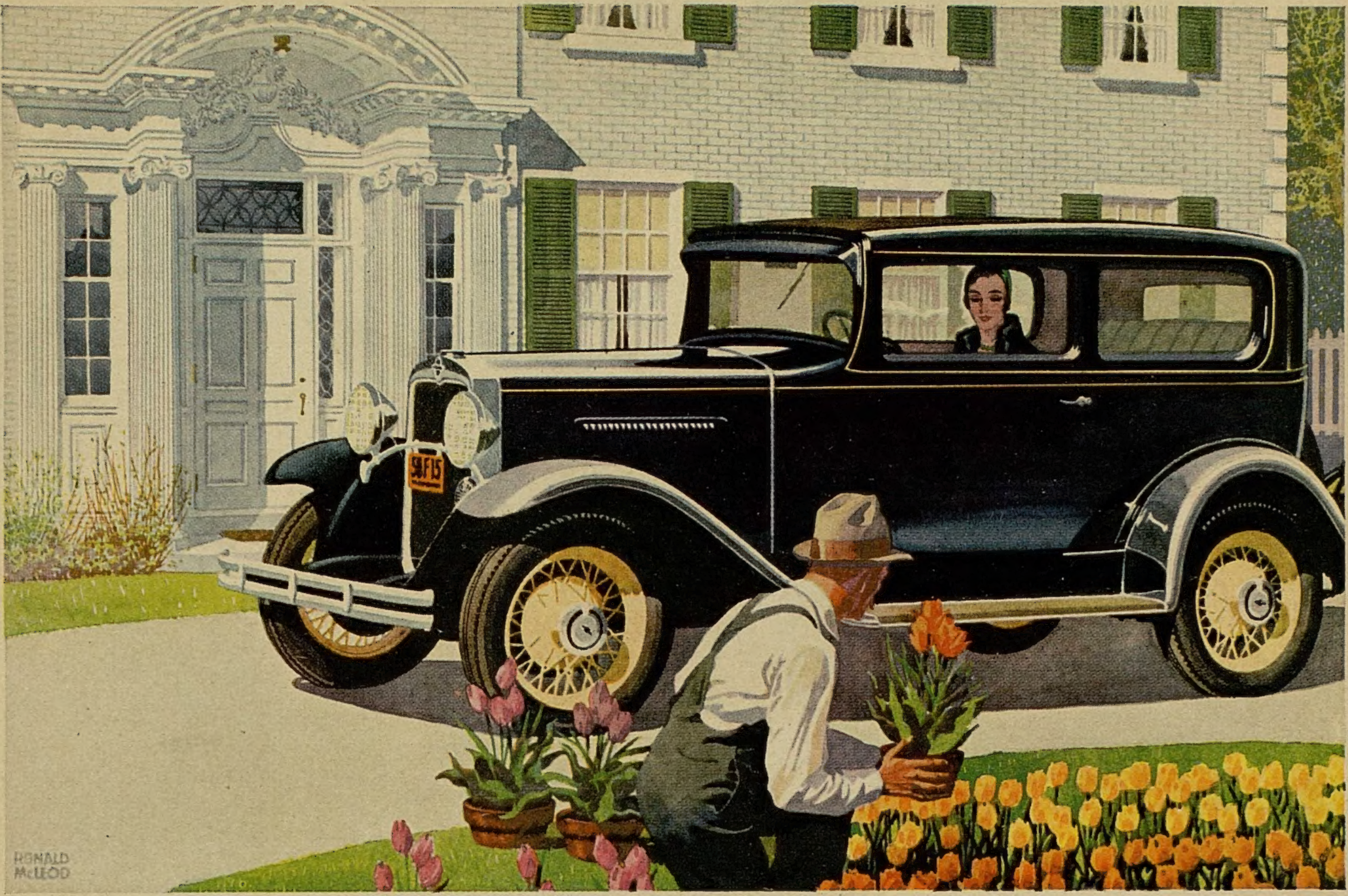
Weekly for Everybody

OVER
2,500,000
AVERAGE
NET PAID

*Please, Mister,
What Time Is It?*


KICK
ME
HARD
Leslie
Thrasher

PHILIP WYLIE - **FRANK CLARKE** - **REX BEACH** - **FOXHALL DAINGERFIELD** - **SIDNEY SUTHERLAND**



The Chevrolet Coach

Even when *economy* is your first consideration

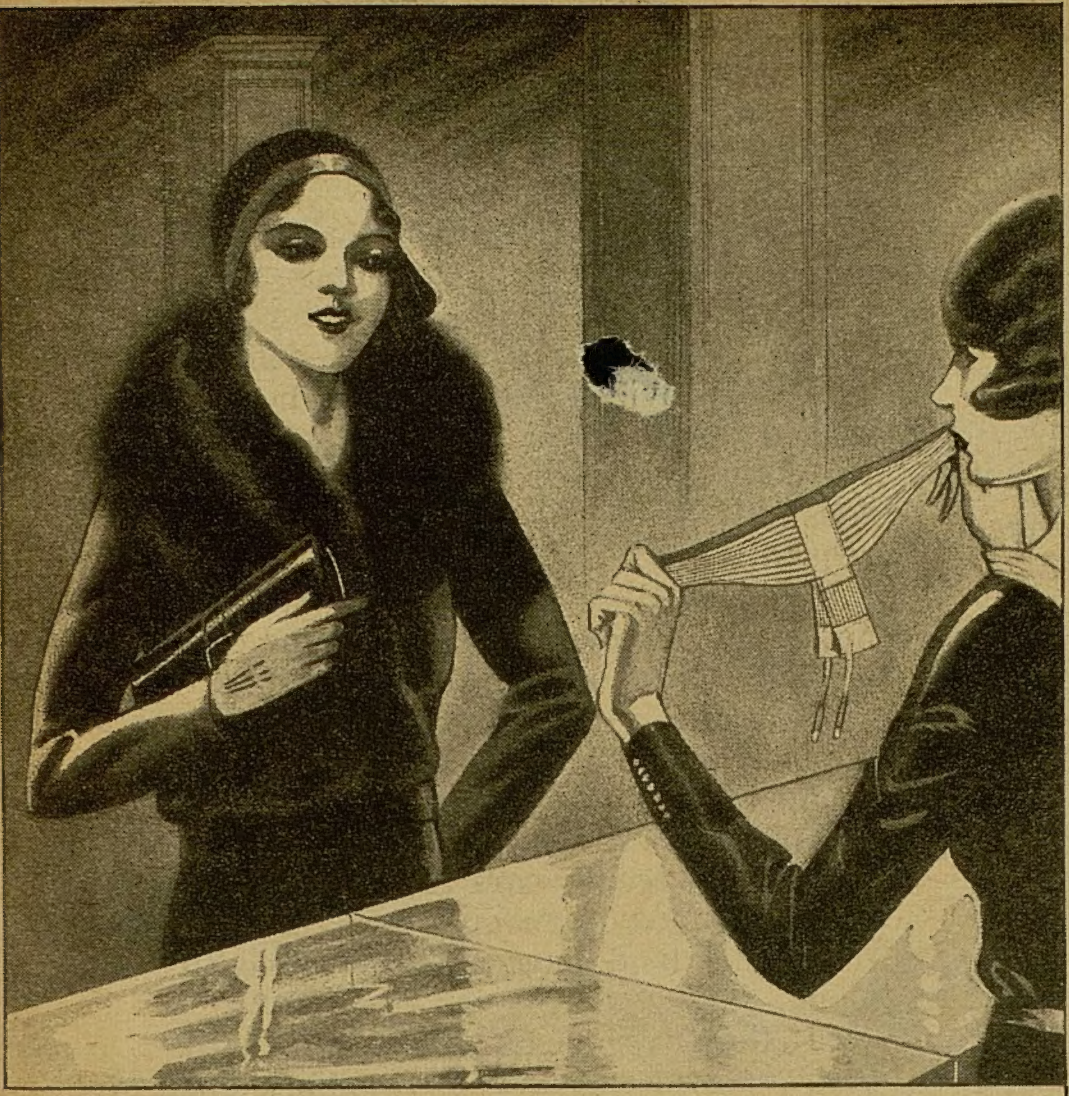
Even if your chief concern is the *cost of transportation,* your car should be the new Chevrolet Six. Due to its low first-cost, its high gasoline mileage, and its long life and freedom from repairs—the new Chevrolet will serve you just as economically as any car you can buy. But when you think what you get in the Chevrolet Six in *addition* to economy, its right to the first consideration of every buyer of a low-priced car becomes even more apparent. For every feature of the new Chevrolet carries evidence of unusual quality. The chassis has been improved, refined and strengthened in every important unit. The Fisher Bodies are more handsomely styled and appointed—and more sturdily constructed. In fact, from every standpoint, the new Chevrolet is a *quality* automobile. And you can buy it, certain in the knowledge that its over-all economy is unsurpassed.

NEW CHEVROLET SIX

The Great American Value

New Low Prices—*Roadster, $475; Sport Roadster (with rumble seat), $495; Phaeton, $510; Standard Coupe, $535; Coach, $545; Standard Five-Window Coupe, $545; Sport Coupe (with rumble seat), $575; Five-Passenger Coupe, $595; Convertible Cabriolet, $615; Standard Sedan, $635; Special Sedan, $650; Convertible Landau Phaeton, $650. Special Equipment Extra. Chevrolet Trucks, $355 to $695. Product of General Motors. All prices f. o. b. Flint, Michigan.* Chevrolet Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan.

ONE WORD SOLVES A DOZEN PROBLEMS



Naturally—It's Hickory

"Well, that's about the most delightful belt I've ever seen," smiles Miss Modern. "But what in the world does -W-T-S- mean?"

And graciously, the little lady behind the counter explains:

"That means 'Woven to Shape'—an absolutely wonderful idea; don't you think? You see, this -W-T-S- Belt by Hickory is the *only* belt made that will hold its curve when stretched. It doesn't just *seem* curved—it is *woven to shape!* That means such perfect comfort because of perfect fit. Of course, you know we have a complete range of Hickory Belts—in all styles and sizes, too. They're the best, we think. Recommended and approved by leading medical authorities, and we know they are made scientifically perfect—*by* women *for* women."

"Thanks so much—I think I'll take two—and I'll need some Hickory Dress Shields, too. Do you know I've worn nothing but Hickory Shields since you told me about them a year or so ago? I think there's something so charmingly delicate about them—blossom-light in weight and so very cool and comfortable. Yet they seem to wear ever so much longer! And they're so inexpensive."

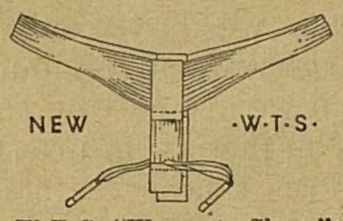
"'Hickory' *is* a marvelous brand, fully guaranteed—there are more than a dozen fine Hickory rubber products, you know. And we carry them all. Most of our customers simply wouldn't have anything else."

Good Notions Departments also feature these fine Hickory Products: Sanitary Aprons—Bloomers—Step-ins—Shadow Skirts; Girdles, Elastics; Rubber Household and Tea Aprons; Bathing Caps; Children's Waists and Garters; Baby Pants and Crib Sheets.

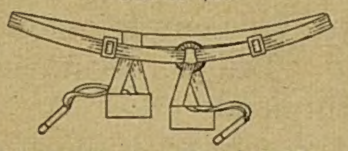
HICKORY

BELTS *and* DRESS SHIELDS

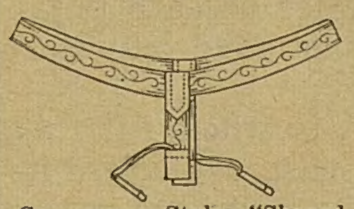
BELTS by HICKORY



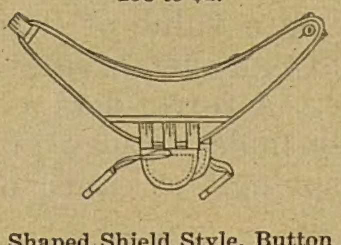
-W-T-S-"Woven to Shape"—for perfect fit and utmost comfort. Holds its curve when s-t-r-e-t-c-h-e-d. 50c to $1.



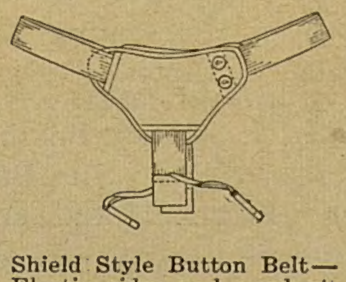
Petite Style, of ⅜ inch Narrow Rayon Elastic; adjustable, with taped-on pins or patent clasp. 50c. Other styles 25c.



Curveweave Style—"Shaped to fit"—of 1 and 1½ inch Rayon Elastic; Satin trimmed; 50c. Other models at 25c to $1.



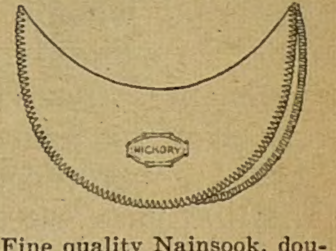
Shaped Shield Style, Button Belt—Sateen Cloth. Waist measure sizes, 50c.



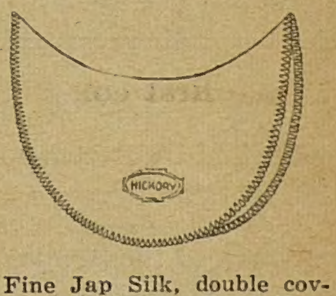
Shield Style Button Belt—Elastic sides and pendant. 35c to $1.

HICKORY DRESS SHIELDS

"The Ounce of Protection"



Fine quality Nainsook, double covered, fresh gum lined. Regular and Crescent shapes—White, Flesh, and Black. Guaranteed. 25c to 50c.



Fine Jap Silk, double covered, fresh gum lined. Regular and Crescent shapes. All the season's favored colors, 50c.

A. STEIN & COMPANY · CHICAGO · NEW YORK · LOS ANGELES · TORONTO

APRIL 4, 1931

Liberty

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." —Stephen Decatur.

"ONLY GOD CAN MAKE A TREE"–BUT WE CAN HELP

Calvin Coolidge, writing for the newspapers, suggested the other day that the government might do well to meet any future acute condition of unemployment by going in for an enlarged system of reforestation.

He pointed out that we have only about 140,000,000 acres of virgin forest left out of an original 800,000,000, and we are cutting this timber off about four times as fast as natural growth will replace it. Forest fires take even more than we cut; one way and another, 22,000,000 acres a year are removed.

It probably would not be wise to start a lot of government work to provide employment where it is not actually needed. But reforestation certainly is something to think about.

Usually it takes half a century—more or less depending on the kind of timber—to reforest a cut-over tract of land. Of course the individual farmer or other landowner is loath to go in for an enterprise which cannot yield returns for fifty years.

But the government, to whom fifty years are as yesterday when it is past, *can* afford it—especially since while the fifty years are going on the government is deriving great benefits from the slowly growing timber.

Leaving out the ultimate value of lumber in its familiar uses, trees have an even greater virtue in their effect on climate. A forest acts as a sort of sponge. Water which finds its way into timbered land by way of springs, streams, or rain doesn't evaporate as fast as does that in comparatively bare ground. It trickles out gradually through the summer, instead of producing floods in spring, followed by summer droughts—both of which are disastrous.

Forests make for regulation of land-moisture and slow evaporation into clouds, which in turn produces beneficial rain.

A strikin[illegible]ntrast to the benefits of forested land is provided by China, where they have needed wood for centuries and have cut it away. No doubt this is a prime reason why China is constantly facing floods and droughts—and, consequently, famines.

We are going in the same direction, and it is not at all impossible to foresee the day when we shall be in the same fix.

Still another advantage of government reforestation would be its tendency to diminish overproduction on the farms.

A lot of land which used to be forest has been cleared in recent years and given to the raising of poor or mediocre crops. The farmers who have tilled this land have just managed to struggle along.

If the government stepped in, this land could be transformed from bad farms into good forests, on which, no doubt, at least some of the present occupants could be put to work for Uncle Sam. And, with these marginal acres removed, there would be less farm land and the position of the remaining farmers would be more fortunate.

If we could throw more farsightedness into our farm problem, and instead of appropriating money to buy up wheat and dump it abroad, could buy up some of the land that raises the surplus wheat, we should find ourselves better off.

It must be admitted that up to now the policy of the administration in this direction has been a complete failure. Here, proposed by a former President, is a scheme which, if entered into energetically, would help the farmer, diminish unemployment, and give us a better climate. It seems like a gift from Santa Claus, but it's all true and logical.

Other countries have seen the value of reforestation on a large scale. All we are doing at the moment is to consider some plans for reforestation in the far west. Little if any is proposed in the east, where there is a greater need of it, and least of all in the drought states, where it is needed most of all.

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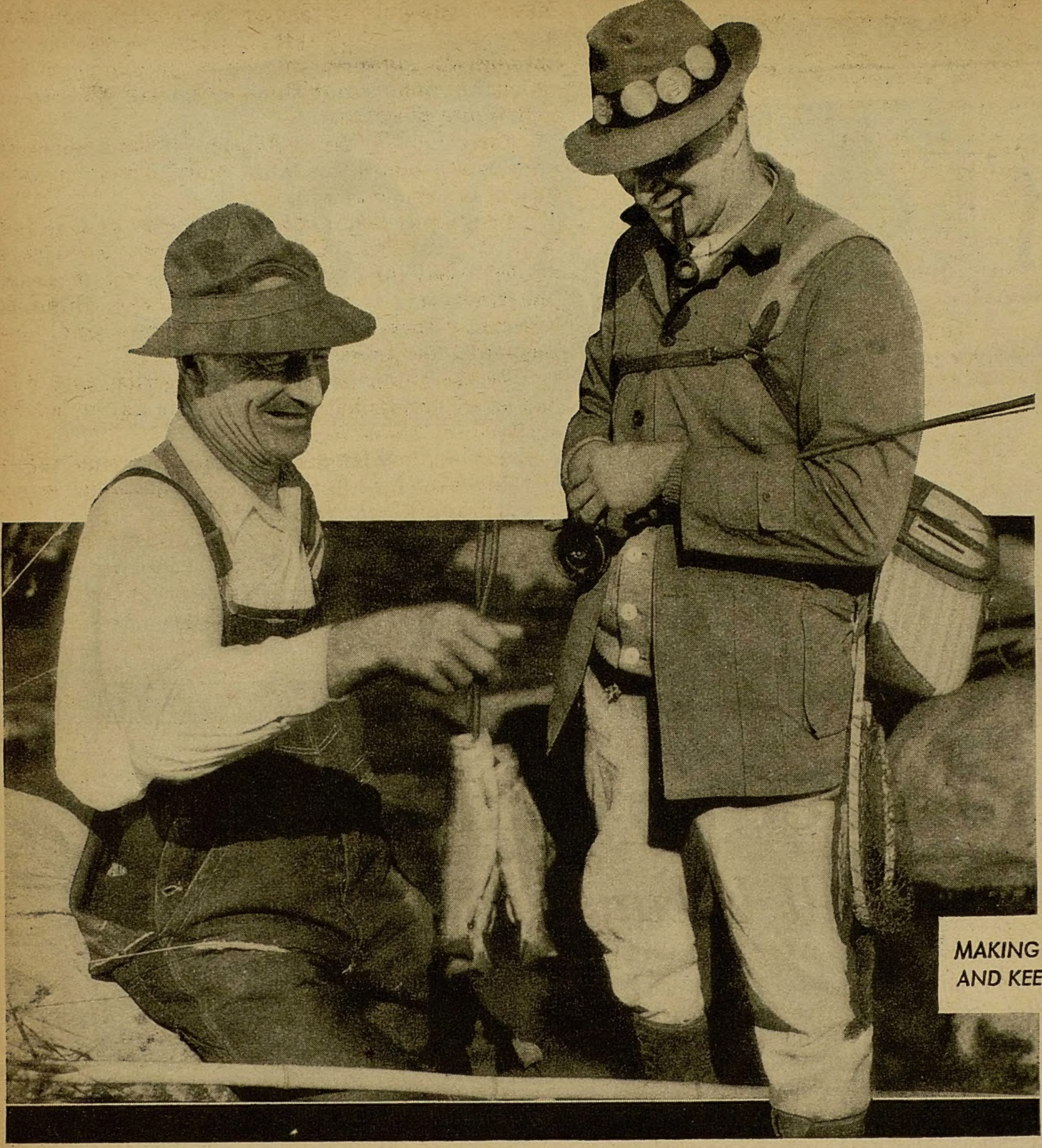
Cover by Leslie Thrasher

NOTE—Frank Clarke's name appears on the cover because, when the cover was printed, one of his articles on stunt flying was scheduled for this issue. It has since become necessary to rearrange the table of contents, but Mr. Clarke's article will be along week after next.

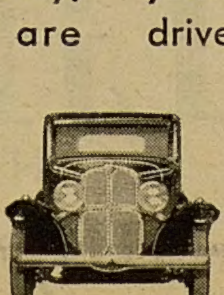


MAKING NEW FRIENDS
AND KEEPING THE OLD

WHERE INTERESTS MEET, FRIENDSHIPS START

The bond of a common interest is something you see every day in human relations. We feel it keenly as we watch the growing favor for our cars and realize how they are making friends. For evidently a great many people are interested in owning just the kind of cars that we are interested in building. . . . We are interested in cars of utter dependability, of course . . and so are they. We are interested in cars with something more than average performance; apparently the public is, too. We realize the importance of style and beauty; we have a healthy respect for the value of safety; a love of comfort; a weakness, we confess, for many little things that in the long run mean so much. . . . If you feel as we do you ought to see and drive the Oakland Eight and the Pontiac Six.

OAKLAND 8 PONTIAC 6
PRODUCTS OF GENERAL MOTORS
Bodies by Fisher



She thought:
"We'd squeeze you in somehow—if it weren't for 'B. O.'"

Yet, to be polite,

She said:
"We'd give you a lift if we weren't so crowded."

Another invitation lost

. . . all because of 'B.O.' (*Body Odor*)

PEOPLE all agreed he was a nice chap. But somehow they never had room for him. The car was already filled. The bridge table already arranged. A dance already promised.

Then one day he discovered his trouble. "B.O."—*body odor*. . . . At once he adopted a simple precaution. Now he's welcome everywhere. He knows the easy way to keep perspiration odorless.

A risk we all run

People won't *tell* us when we're guilty. They merely avoid us. The "B.O." offender is the last to realize his fault because we so quickly become used to an ever-present odor. But remember, pores give off a quart of odor-causing waste daily—even in cool weather.

Why risk offending? Adopt this easy pleasant way to be safe. Wash and bathe with Lifebuoy. Its creamy, abundant, antiseptic lather cleanses and *purifies* pores—ends every trace of "B.O."

Radiantly fresh complexions

"A wonderful complexion soap!" say thousands of delighted women. Lifebuoy's deep-cleansing lather gently frees clogged pores of impurities—makes dull skins bloom with healthy, radiant beauty. Its pleasant, *extra-clean* scent—that vanishes as you rinse—tells you Lifebuoy *purifies*.

Try Lifebuoy Free

If you don't use Lifebuoy and want to try this delightful toilet soap, just send us your name and address. By return mail you will receive one full-sized cake of Lifebuoy *free*. Write today to Lever Brothers Co., Dept. 444, Cambridge, Mass.

Lifebuoy Shaving Cream

It's New!

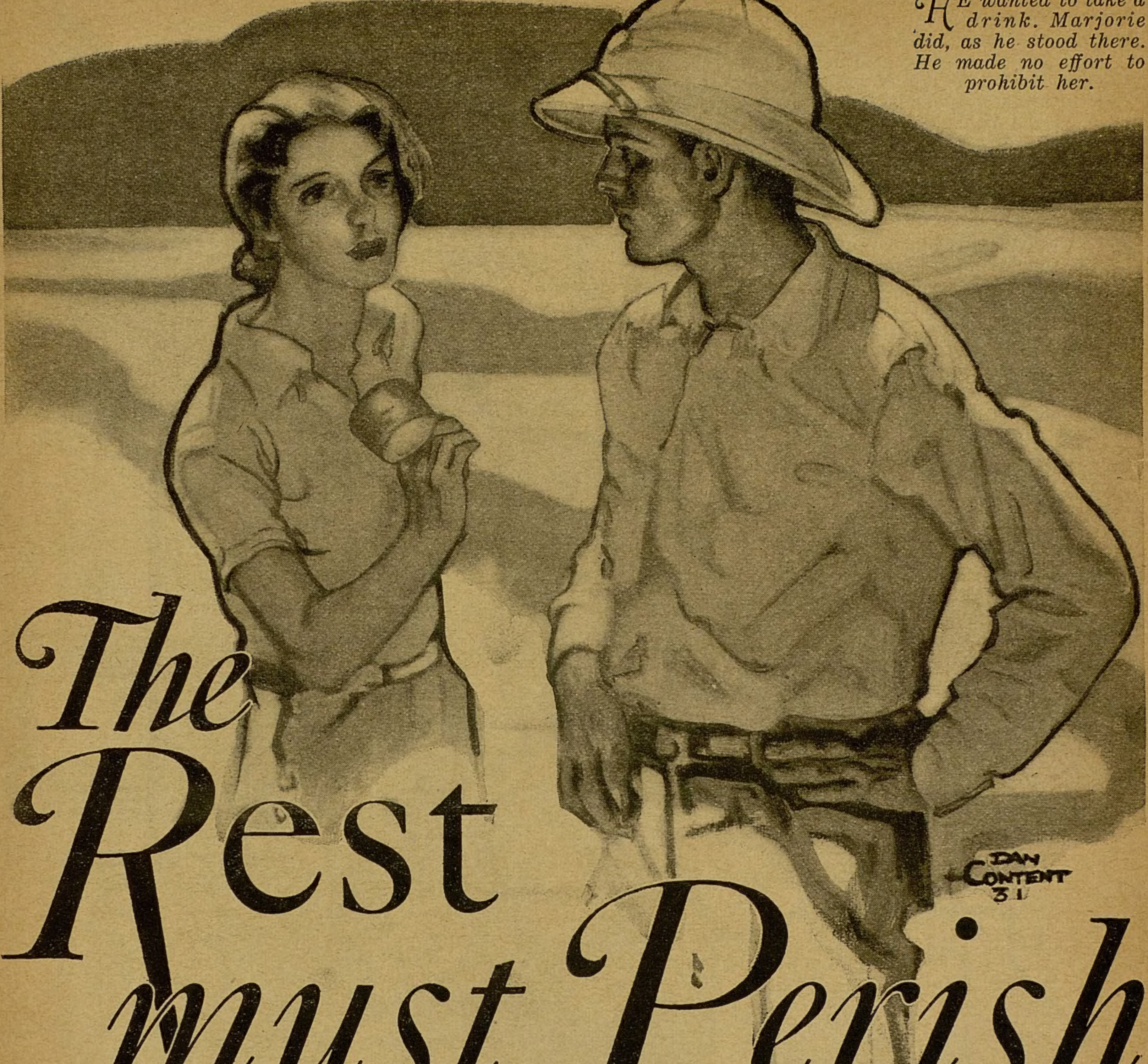
Lifebuoy Shaving Cream

New double-dense lather soothes, lubricates and protects . . . ends tender spots that hurt when you shave. *At your druggist's*

Lifebuoy

HEALTH SOAP

stops body odor



HE wanted to take a drink. Marjorie did, as he stood there. He made no effort to prohibit her.

The Rest must Perish

A Story of the Survival of the Fittest

(Reading time: 32 min. 29 sec.)

YOU are the head of an expedition which has come to grief in the desert. There is enough food and water left to enable three people to get to the nearest outpost of civilization. The rest must perish.

Your companions are:

1. A brilliant scientist 60 years old. 2. Two half-breed guides, ages 58 and 32. 3. The scientist's wife—interested mainly in society matters—age 39. 4. Her little son, age six. 5. The girl you are engaged to marry. 6. Your best friend, a young man of your own age who has shown great promise in the field of science. 7. Yourself.

Which would you choose to live and which to die? Give your reasons.—*One of the questions asked by Thomas A. Edison of the forty-nine high-school boys who were candidates for the scholarship offered by him last August.*

By

PHILIP WYLIE

a Massachusetts minister's son who went to Princeton and thereafter was for a time on the staff of the metropolitan weekly called The New Yorker. He published a novel in 1927, lives alternately in Connecticut and Florida, and is 28 years old.

Pictures by DAN CONTENT

STEVEN WOOD reached the summit of the dune. From there the camp seemed small and its details abnormally sharp. The air did that. He was familiar with all the atmospheric phenomena of the desert of Tel-Ekl. Heat waves danced on the more remote sand piles. The sun beat upon his head as if it had force that was constantly exerted against his temples. Except for the big caterpillar van, and the tents and the moving people, the vast scenery was empty. Empty as a valley on the moon, empty as death.

He could feel the blistering temperature of the sand through his shoes. To think—as he must think in the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

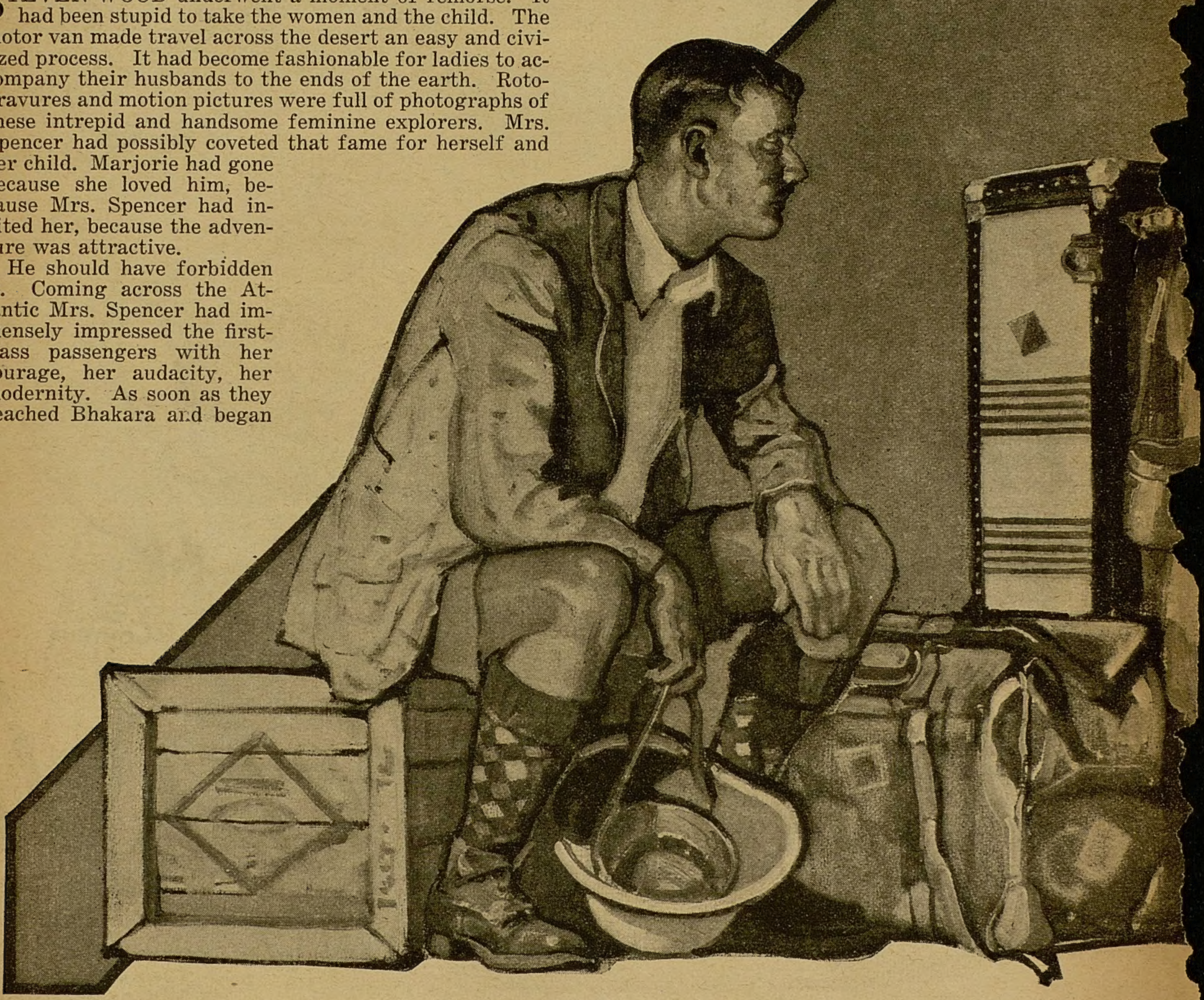
THE REST MUST PERISH
Continued from page seven

next few minutes—he would have preferred to sit down. But he could not sit in that sand.

As far as the seven people in the camp were concerned, the trip across the desert was still a lark—a lark which would become arduous labor for the scientists when they reached the ruins at the Oasis of Beth-Abra—a lark which had developed considerable discomfort for Mrs. Spencer and her small son, a lark which Marjorie enjoyed to the full, and which afforded the two guides, at least, the pleasure of good wages and light work.

STEVEN WOOD underwent a moment of remorse. It had been stupid to take the women and the child. The motor van made travel across the desert an easy and civilized process. It had become fashionable for ladies to accompany their husbands to the ends of the earth. Rotogravures and motion pictures were full of photographs of these intrepid and handsome feminine explorers. Mrs. Spencer had possibly coveted that fame for herself and her child. Marjorie had gone because she loved him, because Mrs. Spencer had invited her, because the adventure was attractive.

He should have forbidden it. Coming across the Atlantic Mrs. Spencer had immensely impressed the first-class passengers with her courage, her audacity, her modernity. As soon as they reached Bhakara and began to do the work of organizing the expedition, Mrs. Spencer had withdrawn to the shadiest corner of the hotel terrace and passed the days with books and magazines and cool drinks, interspersed with complaints. He ascribed her tedious ill temper to impatience, but the start of the journey had not mended her. She was, after all, a city woman, a social woman, a woman whose beauty had, by fading, given rise to a new set of ambitions.



Harry sat down. He began to talk: "Listen, Steve. I'm so thirsty I can scarcely speak. If any one is

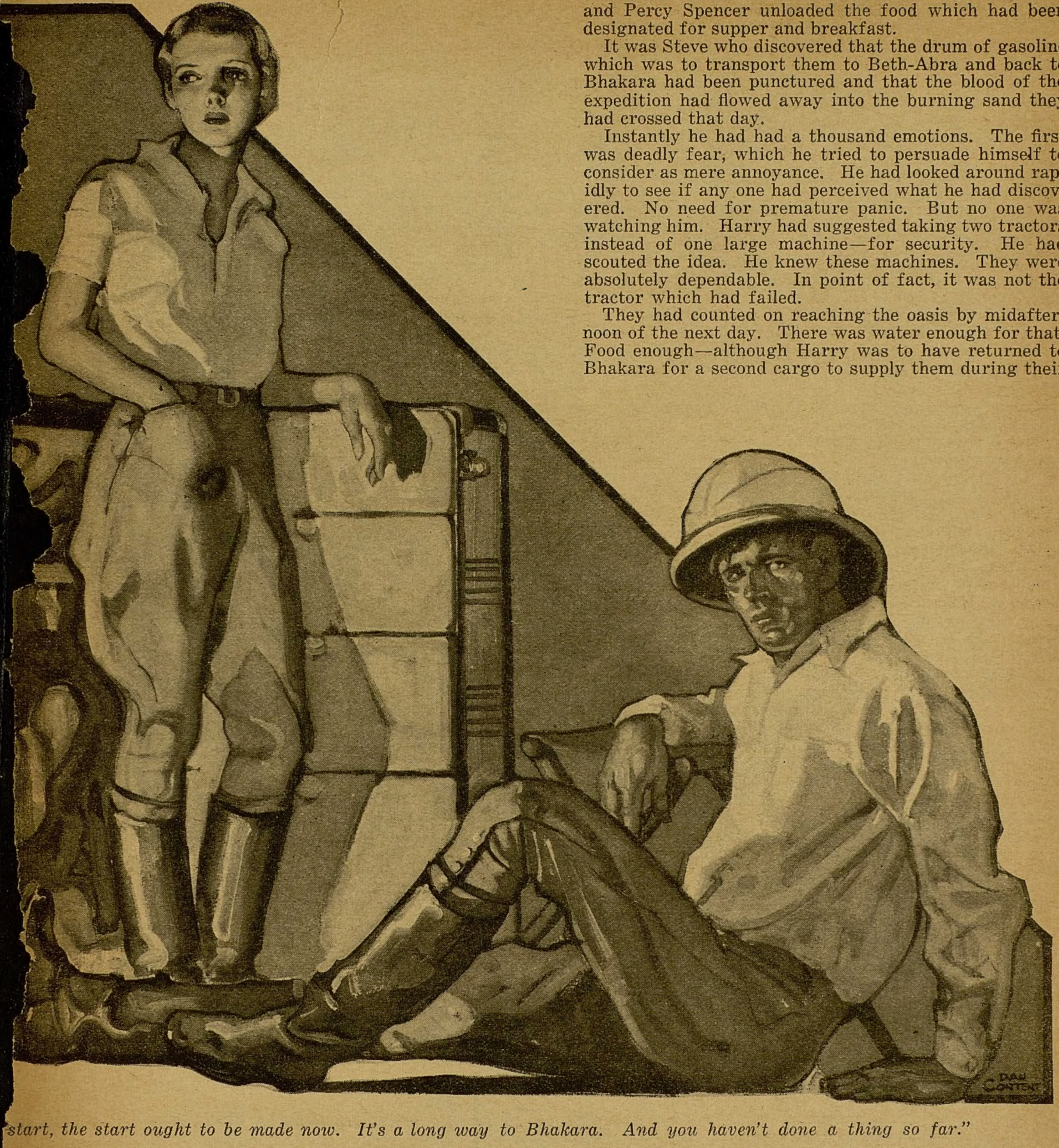
Her son Dicky had been a problem for a reason diametrically opposite: he was eager and curious. He asked a thousand questions; he was in the way from dawn to sunset. Marjorie alone had proved herself an asset to the preparations at Bhakara: she voluntarily became secretary of the expedition; she made lists and checked them; she did her utmost to keep Dicky from harm and from causing harm. Steven Wood understood better why he loved her in those days than he had ever understood it in the city.

Percy Spencer had apologized for his wife once—an unusual thing for a man whose life was wrapped in science, whose code derived from the Victorian era.

"Miriam isn't suited for this sort of thing, Steve. Sometimes I think it's my fault. She's thirty-nine; I'm sixty. She's interested in who goes to what tea party. I'm interested in the possibility of deciphering that unknown language out at Beth-Abra."

"Nonsense, Perce! She'll be all right when we start."

Harry had said little, maintaining his jovial attitude toward life without words, its best expression visible in the energy he devoted to the preparations. Harry Wallace was a man on whom one could count. A friend.



start, the start ought to be made now. It's a long way to Bhakara. And you haven't done a thing so far."

A brilliant friend. Next to Marjorie, Steven Wood would have selected Harry for a companion in any adventure.

At last they were ready. The van was loaded. The passengers took their places. Steve started the motor. The caterpillars bit the road. The radiator cap swung into the desert.

IT was more than two hundred miles to Beth-Abra. The van did about fourteen miles an hour. They planned to camp one night in the desert and to reach the oasis on the following day. Toward five o'clock the engine had drained the gasoline tank and they camped where it had stalled. There was no choice of location in Tel-Ekl. Every dune was like its predecessor, the counterpart of every succeeding dune.

The guides began to pitch the tents. Harry Wallace and Percy Spencer unloaded the food which had been designated for supper and breakfast.

It was Steve who discovered that the drum of gasoline which was to transport them to Beth-Abra and back to Bhakara had been punctured and that the blood of the expedition had flowed away into the burning sand they had crossed that day.

Instantly he had had a thousand emotions. The first was deadly fear, which he tried to persuade himself to consider as mere annoyance. He had looked around rapidly to see if any one had perceived what he had discovered. No need for premature panic. But no one was watching him. Harry had suggested taking two tractors instead of one large machine—for security. He had scouted the idea. He knew these machines. They were absolutely dependable. In point of fact, it was not the tractor which had failed.

They had counted on reaching the oasis by midafternoon of the next day. There was water enough for that. Food enough—although Harry was to have returned to Bhakara for a second cargo to supply them during their investigation of the ruins. Now it was evident that what had been sufficiency for motor travel was inadequate for this shipwreck on dry land. Steve foraged deeper in the mass of equipment and stores. The water was in tins, together with the lubricating oil. He knew the desert; he knew the intense rate of water consumption it demanded. He calculated. Enough water for eight people for two days, one person for sixteen, three for five days. It could be rationed to last longer.

He did not need to look at the cyclometer on the tractor to know how far it was to Bhakara and how far to Beth-Abra.

The security of a roaring motor and clanking caterpillars was gone; they were isolated midway between the city and the oasis, *and by no possible combination of*

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE REST MUST PERISH
Continued from page nine

effort and good fortune could all of them expect to escape alive.

If one person was sent for help, that help would arrive to find the other seven lying black and still in the sun. Steve tipped the gasoline drum again to be sure. His hand trembled. His thoughts raced on. Three people, with all the water, could reasonably expect to stagger across the soft, baking desert to civilization. Three. Four could not make it.

He would be compelled to send toward civilization those three people who, in his eyes, had the greatest right to live. There was no alternative. If three could live, three must live—and those three must be chosen.

For a little while he busied himself inside the van. Then he went out.

" Supper will be ready soon," Percy Spencer called to him.

Steve nodded. Percy. He would not be one to go. He was too old. His work was not finished, but much of the splendid work he could do had been executed.

Dicky ran heavily through the sand to his side.

" Supper! " he repeated.

Steve patted his head. " Go back, Dicky. I'm going to take a walk."

" It's hot, isn't it, Mr. Wood? "

" Yes. Hot, Dicky."

Then he was on the dune. He saw one of the guides approach the water bottle and pour some of the fluid into a tin cup. He was barely able to restrain himself from shouting. The guide flung the water he did not drink on the ground. Steve realized that he must hasten his thinking.

In a few moments he had run the cinema of the start of the journey through his head. Once more he was considering people. The guides. Wasn't he under obligation to send them back? They were working for wages. They had no right to die, even if their lives would be frittered away in their obscure, sun-baked town. Even if their lives had infinitely less potential value than Harry Wallace's or Dicky's or his own. Then—the women. Chivalry insisted that they should be the ones to go. There was a sociological reason for that: the women could bear children; the men could not. Would Dicky be able to cover the desolate distance? Probably not. He might be carried. A man never knows his margin of reserve strength until imminence of death summons every ounce of it.

HE wondered which motive would be stronger in the conflict that his announcement would start in their minds: the desire to live or fear of the frightful form their death would take. Perhaps the best way would be to draw lots. Dicky had a set of checkers somewhere. In a hat, raised above eye level, three red checkers and five black ones. Still—that was not good sense, and Steve Wood's life had been regulated by intelligence. He realized that all the men could not stay. The women and the child would be unable to find their way back alone.

The sun pressed against him slantwise. He turned his back on it. People moved in camp. The van stood at one side. It would decay there, a monster from civilization with the bones of five human sacrifices bleaching around it. Steve could make no decision; each moment of thought increased his quandary. He discovered that he was already very thirsty.

He descended from the dune. He walked to the van and fumbled in his own kit. From it he took a revolver, which he put in a pocket of his breeches.

Harry Wallace grinned at him. " See anything? Any trains? Any fire engines? Any mirages? "

" Nothing."

" Just as I thought. Too bad."

He wanted to go to the water bottle and take a drink. Marjorie did, as he stood there. He made no effort to prohibit her.

She smiled at him. He thought of her blue eyes sun-blinded and bloodshot, her exquisite lips swollen.

" Come on, Silence," she said. " Time to eat."

The guides served the meal on enameled plates. A shadow from the base of a dune crept over them. The air chilled a little.

Harry hummed a song. Mrs. Spencer said, " If I'd known that it was going to be so hot, I'd never have come."

" You can go back with Harry," her husband said.

" And I believe I will. I'll take Dicky."

Marjorie cast a despairing glance at Steve. He could stand it no longer. His voice was so strange that every one turned toward him.

" People," he said, " I've got some news that is so bad I don't know how to break it to you."

It was on the tip of Harry Wallace's tongue to say, " Oh, Lord, we've forgotten something." An intangible restraint made him forbear.

THERE was a short silence. Even Dicky did not interrupt it. Percy Spencer said, " Yes? "

Steve stood. " I'll tell it as succinctly as I can. We used all the gas we had in the tank to get here. The drum has leaked empty. We are—marooned."

" How perfectly lovely," Mrs. Spencer said acidly. " And I presume you expect me to sit here until you get more gas? "

" Unfortunately, that's not our problem," Steve answered. " We had enough water to get to Beth-Abra comfortably—and enough food to stay there a short time. But on what we have, seven of us won't be able to keep alive while the eighth goes for aid."

He looked, then, into all the faces. Percy Spencer's eyes were on his child. He had caught his lip between his teeth. Harry Wallace was pale. Marjorie looked back at him with an expression which made him turn away from her. Dicky was staring at his mother. The guides had not understood. Mrs. Spencer drew in an audible breath.

" What! " she said.

Steve's voice was low. " I cannot make it any plainer. Three of us will be able to get out alive, with luck—taking all the water."

Mrs. Spencer was on her feet. " Come, Dicky! Where is the water? We are going, of course. With one of the guides—the younger one. If what you say is true, there can be no alternative."

The others were shocked by the instantaneousness with which she had accepted the situation, and even more by the peremptory decision. She was holding her child by the hand, her eyes hard and fierce on Steve's face.

" I said, where is the water? If this is not some idiotic idea of humor, there is no time to waste. We will start at once."

Percy Spencer took his wife's arm. " Miriam, you can't behave like this. Sit down. Be calm. This is a thing that has to be discussed."

She pulled away from him. " Discussed? Are you crazy? The child must be saved. And I must. I am a woman and its mother. We need a guide to get us out. That makes three. Is there any doubt of that? "

" Considerable doubt, Mrs. Spencer," Steve said slowly.

" What? Doubt about a child and a woman! I—"

Marjorie interfered. " It's a shock, Miriam," she said. " But you can't behave like that. Perhaps you're right, but we've got to decide." She forced Mrs. Spencer to sit down.

Harry Wallace spoke then for the first time. It occurred to Steve that his friend was infinitely alarmed. " No chance of there being any mistake, Steve? "

" You can investigate for yourself."

" Right."

They sat quietly while Harry walked to the van, clambered inside, and thumped the empty drum.

Steve hoped that when Harry returned he would have regained his ordinary humor. If Harry could be blithe now it would help. Not ghoulishly gay, but sturdily brave. He was disappointed.

Harry emerged from the van mopping his forehead. He went straight to the water bottle.

"No," Steve said. "No more drinking!"

"But I'm parched."

"So am I. And we're saving it all for the three people we decide to send out."

Harry struggled with himself and then rejoined the group on the ground. This last episode had been vaguely intelligible to the guides. They now addressed Percy Spencer in high-pitched voices. The scientist explained to them in their own language. Superficially, at least, they took the news better than some of their employers. They shrugged and moved back to their small stove. They began to mutter to each other.

"Whoever stays," Harry said abruptly, "will begin being thirsty right away."

"This is an absurd waste of time—" Mrs. Spencer began.

"I'll have to ask you not to talk unless you are invited to do so," Steve said to her.

"What! How do you dare? I'll talk as much and as often as I like. In fact—"

"Shut up!" the scientist said to his wife.

She began to whimper. Dicky at once became alarmed and added his sobbing to hers. The three men withdrew a little distance when Steve directed them with a nod of his head. They conversed in low tones. Marjorie moved to Mrs. Spencer's side and began to talk to her.

Steve's mouth was a straight, flat line. He said, "Well, Perce?"

The scientist removed a hat from his graying head. He held it in his hands and talked to it.

"First: Steve, you've sized up the situation correctly. There's no chance of any one staying here and living till help comes. That would take a week. Second: three people presumably can make it. No use going to Beth-Abra. No food. Have to make Bhakara. What about lots?"

"Don't like it. In the first place, certain groups can't go out. I wouldn't trust Dicky to the guides, for example. And the two women couldn't take Dicky alone. Then, we've got to consider the relative values of people. We also have to weigh our duty to the guides. They're employed by us."

The scientist nodded gently. "Why don't you make a break for it tonight? With both guides?"

"Me?" Steve said.

"Sure. You." The scientist realized that there was no use in pressing that argument. "Captain with the sinking ship, what? Well, Harry and the guides, then? He's your age—young. He's almost as good an archæologist."

Steve addressed his friend: "What do you think, Harry?"

Harry's tongue trembled. "You decide," he said.

Night was falling rapidly. With night it grew cold—a cold that touched the marrow and carried a perverse fever with its frigidity. The guides lit lanterns and hung them over the stove on the tent poles. The depression in which they camped was flooded with purple shadows.

MARJORIE had persuaded Mrs. Spencer to go into her tent. From the interior came her regular, shuddering sobs. Occasionally they rose to a squeal. Minute by minute her last nervous resources were ebbing. She had lost her self-control entirely. At intervals they heard her half-whisper, "Dicky and me." Sometimes it became, "Me—and Dicky."

The men were still talking, earnestly, softly.

"What about one woman, one guide, Dicky?" Steve said.

"One woman, one man, Dicky?" Harry suggested.

"We've got to decide. One of us three, one of the women, Dicky?" Steve suggested.

"Count me out."

"Perce!"

"I'm sixty, Steve, for one thing. Miriam is independent financially. The world can wait for the little additional work I might have done."

Steve fought against a feeling that Spencer was right. He fought against death itself. "The hell with that!" he said. "Now—" He shivered. Must put on a sweater, he thought. The lights made spots in the gloom. He could not believe that it was real.

"Suppose," he said, "that we go to our tents and write down three names. Each of us. Then, if we agree, it'll be settled. In any case, a name written down by all three will be sure to go."

They separated. Harry went to his tent. He wrote his own name on a piece of paper and tore it up. Then he wrote painfully, "Steve, Dicky, Marjorie."

Steve wrote, "Harry, Dicky, Marjorie."

Percy Spencer in Marjorie's tent wrote, "Marjorie, Dicky, Steve."

No one had mentioned his wife. He knew that no one would. For five minutes he sat on the folding cot, thinking. A candle revealed his gaunt features. The stern chin, the gray hair, the nose which he had described as a "Presbyterian beak," the expanse of forehead. He thought of Miriam when he married her, and of her slow degeneration into the hectic, selfish, climbing woman who was even now disgracing herself by a lamentation which reached him faintly.

Again, the scientist thought that it had been a good life and an interesting one. Fugitively he wondered if there was a God and if death was anything but oblivion. If it was more, he would carry into it an attitude as fresh as that of a boy. At the end of his reflection he smiled. He pinned the slip with the names on it to the top of the box on which the candle stood. From his pocket he took a knife. He slit the back wall of the tent and went through the slit. On hands and knees he crawled away from the lights.

FINALLY he rose. He stood straight and walked forward. Over one dune and then the next. Above him the stars shone. The moon would rise presently, although the air was so dry that its aura was not yet visible. When he had crossed half a dozen ranges of sand frozen in waves, he stopped. He looked once at the sky—Vega, Mars, Betelgeuse, Cassiopeia. He drew a breath. The smile was still on his face.

He placed the muzzle of a revolver to his temple, pointed it back from the eyes, and pulled the trigger.

Harry and Steve burst from their tents. The guides were already running toward the sound.

"A shot!" Harry shouted.

Steve checked himself at Marjorie's tent, where the scientist had gone to write. He found the slip of paper and he saw the slashed canvas.

"Perce!" he said.

Then he went out. Marjorie was coming toward him. "What was it?"

"Perce."

"He—"

"Yes, Marj. To make one less."

"Oh!"

He held her in his arms then, for several moments. Mrs. Spencer tottered from her tent.

"What is going on? I heard a shot!"

"Mrs. Spencer, you must get in command of yourself. You are wearing yourself out. If it keeps up, you will be in no condition to make the journey back."

"You mean I am going?"

Steve hated her for the tone of her voice. "I mean—if you go."

"I'm perfectly all right."

"Then—remain calm. Perce just shot himself."

Instantly he knew that he should not have told her. It was punishment to do so—punishment for her greed, punishment he had no right to inflict. Her hysteria returned. He thought, from the violence of her voice and the abandon of her gestures, that she was going to have a fit. It occurred to him to drug her, and at the same time he realized that she could not start for Bhakara if she had been recently under the influence of an opiate.

Harry and the guides were returning from the dunes. The natives babbled. Harry walked silently behind them.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE REST MUST PERISH
Continued from page eleven

Steve realized that, with Perce gone, he would not be able to communicate well with the guides. Pandemonium, hideousness, death, night, flashing lights—the necessity and the impossibility of calm, strong reason.

Marjorie came to him.

"You'll have to help me with Mrs. Spencer. I believe she's wholly out of her head."

Steve went to his tent. He compromised on bromides. Bromides took water. He brought some in a cup. Mrs. Spencer dashed it to the floor.

"Trying to drug me!" she screamed. She kicked and bit him.

He saw her sharply, as if he were looking at her through a visual instrument. Her hair had tumbled down. Her eyes were red. Her face was flushed. Her voice was continuous and dreadful. The smart sports suit she had bought in New York was torn and grimy. She was not a civilized woman, not even a good savage. She was a fool. Fear was making her mad.

Veins stood out in her face.

"We'll have to give her something," Steve said.

Marjorie nodded. Even in that hour he appreciated her. She hadn't asked to go. She had not wept or trembled. She had left the decisions to him, and applied herself to the immediate, necessary services.

He went back to his tent for a needle. His knowledge of practical medicine was considerable. Such knowledge is required in men who go alone or who lead parties away from civilization.

He decided that a quarter grain of morphine would be sufficient. He could not take the chance of drugging Mrs. Spencer to insensibility. When he came out of his tent, the camp seemed empty. He hurried to the side of the hysterical woman and by superior strength, with Marjorie's aid, he managed to inject the morphine. It was not a pleasant procedure.

Then he returned to the outdoors. No one was in sight. They had put Dicky in his tent and sleep had mercifully claimed the child.

Steve had not had time to go to the place where Percy Spencer lay. He thought that the guides might be there. Then his mind was crossed by a notion which had occurred to him early in the afternoon. He walked to the van. Everything in its interior had been disturbed. It was evident that the van had been rifled. He peered outside. By the light of a lantern he could see that the water bottle was gone. He made a brief canvass of the things left.

Then a frightful idea occurred to him. Once more he went into the night, calling Harry in a loud voice.

BY and by, from a distance, he was answered. His relief at hearing the voice of his friend was so great that tears flooded his eyes.

"Where are you, Harry?"

"Coming!"

A long interval. Then he discerned a shadow moving over the dunes.

"I went to Perce," Harry said. "I thought some one ought to—sit there."

"Good egg."

"What's what? Have you decided?"

"Not yet."

"It's high time."

"The decision's been made easier, Harry."

"How?"

Steve bit his lip and stared out in the night. "The guides have gone."

"Good God!"

"They took the water bottle. And the three tins they thought contained water."

"We're—" Harry's voice quivered. He grasped Steve's shoulder.

"No. This afternoon, when I found what had happened, I did the one sensible thing I've done since we organized this party. I changed the water cans for the oil cans. It passed through my mind that someone might lose control of himself and make a dash."

"You mean—"

"That the guides have started with the little water in the bottle and three tins of lubricating oil."

"But—"

"They'll probably use the water in the bottle first. It may carry them all night tonight and tomorrow night. When they find out that the rest is oil—"

Harry dismissed instantly the picture of that diabolical and savage punishment for selfishness.

"Then—we're five."

"Right."

"Couldn't we all make it? Start right now?"

"We might. No. Couldn't be done."

From Mrs. Spencer's tent came a sudden gust of clamor. Above it they heard Marjorie's voice, calm and firm. But it was insufficient to quell the uproar. Mrs. Spencer lurched into the open.

"WHERE is my Dicky? I'm going! Percy!" she screamed. "Come, Percy!"

Steve ran toward her. "Mrs. Spencer, please—"

The woman opened her mouth and scream upon scream split the night, rolled across the vacant desert. Steve shook her.

"Quiet, Mrs. Spencer."

"I can't stand it!" She began again.

"The morphine didn't do anything," Marjorie said in an interval.

Mrs. Spencer rocked violently to and fro. Her breath was gulped in only to be expelled with a horrid, bestial sound. Abruptly the exhibition ceased. In the middle of a scream, she faltered, gurgled, lost her balance, and would have fallen to the ground if Steve had not caught her. They carried her back to the tent.

It became evident to Steve, as he examined her, that her faint was caused by no mere exhaustion. She had undergone some positive physiological accident. Perhaps the violence and length of her hysteria had burst a blood vessel in her head. He was not sure. Her face was darkly flushed. Her breathing was heavy and spasmodic. He had no complete knowledge for a diagnosis of such a condition.

"Has she fainted?" Marjorie asked.

Steve shook his head. "No. Something else."

Harry was with them then. "That leaves four," he said.

"What do you mean, four?"

Steve answered his fiancée. He explained the departure of the guides and the error they had made. Then he turned to his friend.

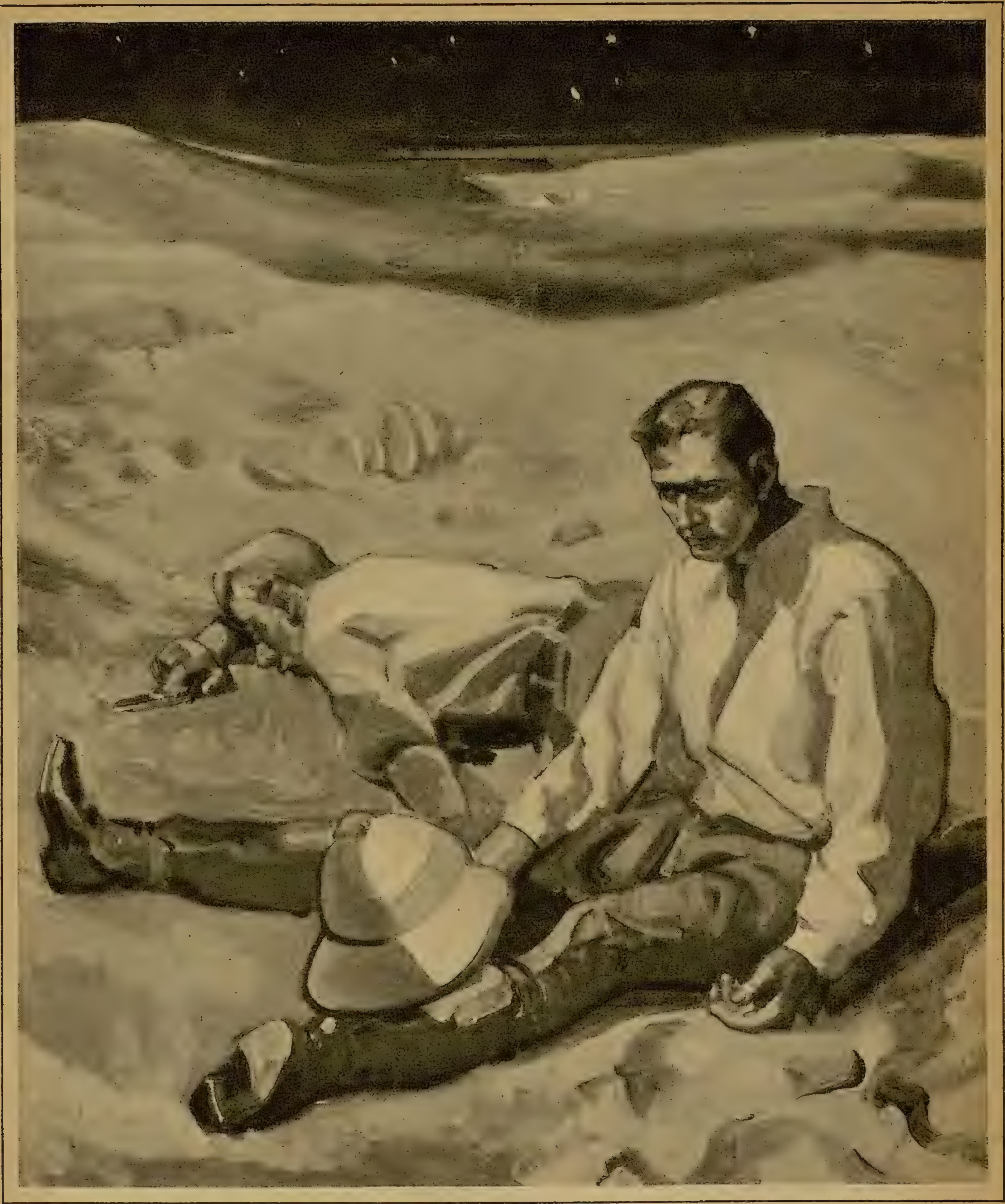
"But it's not four yet, Harry. Not while Mrs. Spencer lives. This may be nothing, you know."

Harry sat down on the canvas floor of the tent. He began to talk:

"Listen, Steve. I'm so thirsty now I can scarcely speak. You were going to decide who went by reason. You've done things all your life by reason, logic. But this is stronger than you are. Human beings defeat their senses by instinctive action at a time like this. Perce has sacrificed himself. The guides have killed themselves—and they had it coming to them. This Mrs. Spencer is worthless. She's selfish and a fool. If you'd heard her talking about the agony she'd had bearing Dicky—as I have—you'd know that she isn't even worth anything as a potential mother. And that's a superfluous argument. Look at her. Could she travel?

"It's almost midnight. If any one is to start, the start ought to be made now. The world needs you. I flatter myself that I am a useful citizen. And Marj, in a sense, is more valuable than both of us. If three adults can get out on our water, then three adults and a child ought to make it. I say"—he glanced at the woman, who breathed stertorously—"let's all four start. Now.

"You've had responsibility. Dicky's a kid. Marj has been busy. But I've been thinking. Thinking. About thirst and hunger. Do you know what thirst is? Your mouth begins to get dry first. Dry like your cheeks. You



"I went to Perce," Harry said. "I thought some one ought to—sit there."

burn inside. Then pretty soon your eyes go bad. You can't see much. Then your tongue commences to swell. To swell and stick out and blacken. Your body shrivels. You totter.

"And all you can think about is water, water, water, water! Rivers and brooks and glasses of water, and lakes and fountains.

"You were the head of this party. But six hours have passed—six precious hours. It's a long way to Bhakara—a long way. And you haven't done a damn' thing so far. Me—I'm going. Now."

They had listened. Marjorie with her face turned away. Steve with his eyes burning into those of his friend, his jaw set.

"Sure of that, Harry?"

"I'm going."

"It isn't like you, fellow."

"Are we going to sit here and be sentimental? There's death in the air. Torture!"

"Marj?" Steve said.

"I think I'll stay here with Mrs. Spencer. I'm only

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE REST MUST PERISH
Continued from page thirteen

a woman. If you left me the morphine—it would be easy. And you and Harry and Dicky—can go."

"I stay," Steve said.

A new light came in Harry's eyes. "I'll tell you what. Give me two-thirds of the water. I'll take Dicky. We'll go as fast as we can. Perhaps we can get help back. A plane from the coast."

Steve said nothing.

"I think that would be best."

Steve did not utter another word to his friend. He procured the water. He helped Harry pack the food and the tins in a knapsack. He woke Dicky.

"You're going on a walk with Mr. Wallace now, Dicky."

"Where's daddy?"

"He has gone—already."

The child urged itself from layers of sleep. It was half dressed and Steve helped it into its outer clothes.

"You must do just as Mr. Wallace tells you to do. Keep right on going. And, sonny, be brave."

"Yes, Mr. Wood."

"All set?"

Outside, Harry asked directions. Steve spoke to Dicky instead of his friend. "You take this compass, Dicky. That'll be your load. I'll pin it in your pocket. And you go straight north. Straight. When you reach the edge of the desert, you'll find the river. And down the river is Bhakara. Got it?"

"Thanks," Harry said. He held out his hand.

Steve ignored it. He looked at the stars. "If a man got out of this desert and lived, and if a child did not, then I would spend my life following that man for one reason. I swear it."

Harry turned his back. He took Dicky's hand. He orientated himself by the same stars upon which Steve had sworn, and he went into the darkness. For some time Steve could hear Dicky's voice, a little frightened, a little querulous.

Two hours later the rate of Mrs. Spencer's breathing increased. Steve and Marjorie, sitting together in the tent, could do nothing. At last there came a breath deeper than the others, an irregular exhalation, and silence.

Steve bent over her. She was dead.

Dawn was coming. The east was pale. Already the chill was sweeping from the sand. Steve went out and looked at the morning. Suddenly his blood ran cold. From far, far away he could hear a voice. He ran. He found Dicky manfully struggling across the dunes, weeping and calling.

"Where's Mr. Wallace?"

"He sent me back. He went for a walk and he told me I could find you where I saw the lights. I was scared. He said you were underneath that big star."

THE star was waning in the light. Dicky was almost exhausted. Steve took him in his arms. He felt something in the child's pocket. He began to laugh.

"Harry sent him back on his tracks," he said to Marjorie. "A joke on us, maybe. But Harry forgot to take the compass from him. And that will prove to be a joke on him."

"Stop laughing, Steve."

"Sorry."

"Couldn't you follow him—with a gun?"

"He's gone too far. And today—he'll get bewildered. He'll mistake the sun. He'll wander. Going fast. Drinking the water. Thinking about you and me and Dicky—and the compass."

The heat became a pleasant counteractive to the cold night. Then it became insufferable. Every one had a small drink of water. There was canned fruit in the van. They ate some for breakfast. The thick syrup helped. Dicky went to sleep again. The tent was like an oven. Outside it was worse.

Steve and Marjorie held short conversations:

"I was going to be sure to send the right people. Now no one will escape."

"Don't worry about it, Steve."

"Funny, isn't it? The thing got out of hand."

"Those things do. You can't decide them."

Again:

"I thought he was my best friend, Marj. I looked up to him."

"Things like—this—change people."

"Should I have gone after him?"

"No, dear."

"Marj— Oh, I won't try to say it."

"Don't try."

And later:

"When you sit at the end of your life, and know that it was all for nothing—all the labor and the love and the ideals—"

"Steve!"

"Sorry. God forbid I should begin to stutter. But maybe I'm hysterical, too, in a way. Twelve hours ago each one of us was something he can never be again. And worst is the regret for bringing you."

"Don't you think I'd rather be here?"

HE kissed her hand. Higher and higher rose the sun. For a long time he considered every event of the past night. He had done all he could. No more was possible. Brain, courage, resourcefulness could make nothing else of that nightmare of hours.

By and by he began to think about water, as Harry had said he would. He drove the pictures from his mind, but they returned with increasing vividness. The pan of shaving water he had thrown away the morning before this morning. He would give a thousand dollars for it. The water that lay in puddles in Bhakara. Water! How careless people were with it. How many uses it had besides the precious use of it as a beverage. You even poured it into radiators of cars. Gallons of it.

Then his eye wandered through the tent flap to the van which stood in the streaming sun. He felt his flesh creep. His hair bristled. In those frantic hours no one had thought of—

He ran over to the van. He unscrewed the radiator cap. His hands were jeweled with perspiration and stubborn to his will. The radiator was still full—of water. Gallons!

"Marj!" he said.

"Yes, dear?"

"We're going back. You—and Dicky—and I."

"Please, Steve! Pull yourself together."

"The radiator, Marj. The water in the radiator!"

She stood outside the tent and took three or four steps before she fainted.

. . .

Only three of us can be saved. The rest must perish. Not by man's selection, but by a stranger and perhaps a higher order of choice. He ran toward her with a cloth that was wet—wet—wet!

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty Weekly, 220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

1—What is the capital of Nicaragua?

2—What is the minimum age for eligibility to the Presidency of the United States?

3—Mason and Dixon's line separates what states?

4—What acid is present in sour milk?

5—How many square yards in an acre?

6—Which extends farther south, Missouri or Virginia?

7—What name is used for South America and Central America collectively?

8—How many points on a mariner's compass?

9—What two rivers join to form the Ohio River?

10—What is the peritoneum?

11—What is a blackamoor?

12—Who was the leader of the Green Mountain Boys in the Revolutionary War?

13—What is a pistil?

14—What is a *concerto?*

15—What country is called the Flowery Kingdom?

16—What is an anthology?

17—Who is the American ambassador to France?

18—In Louisiana, what correspond to counties in other states?

19—Who is the hero of The Man Without a Country?

20—What President of the United States never married?

(Answers will be found on page fifty-eight)

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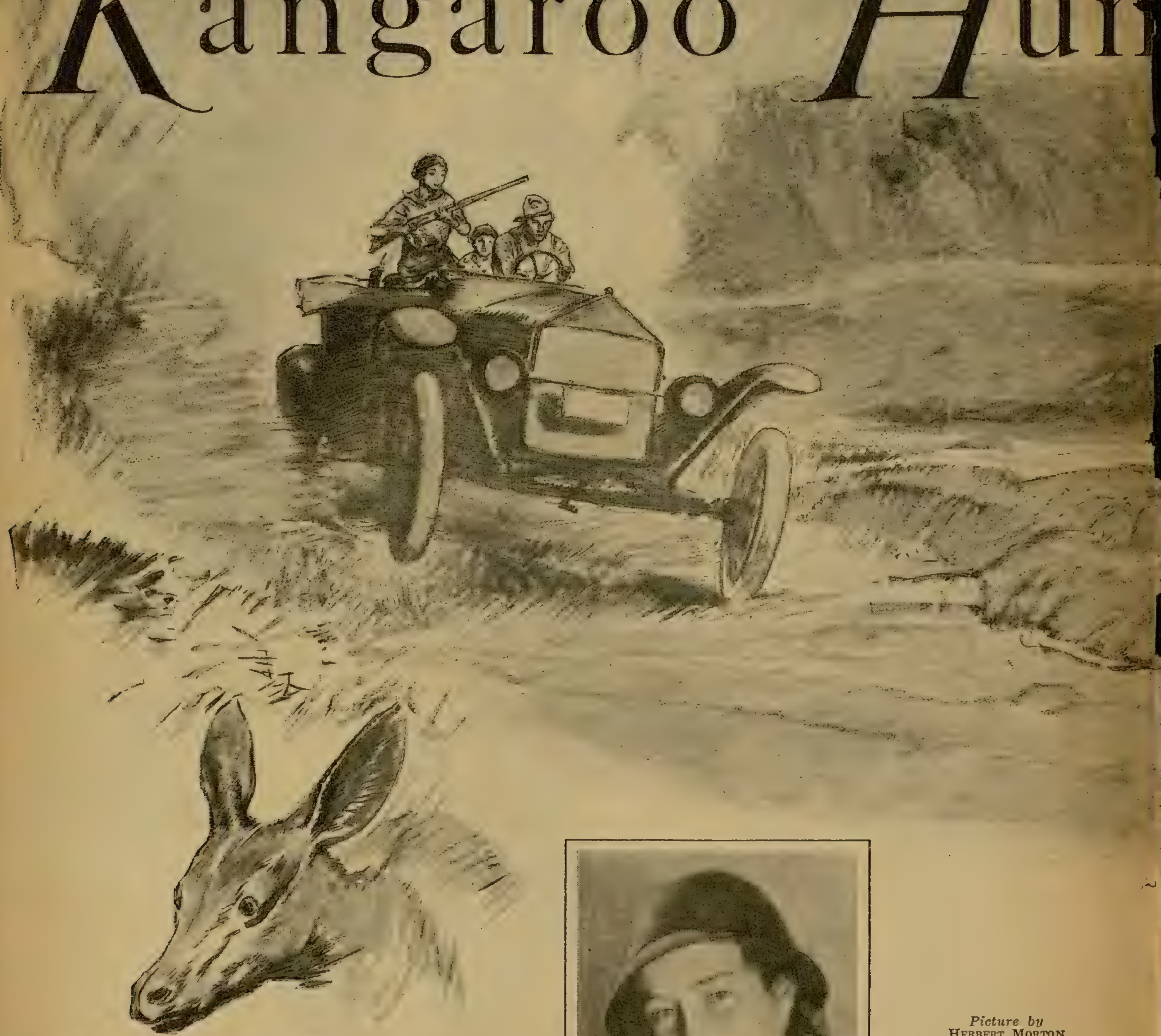
Kangaroo Hun



Picture by
HERBERT MORTON STOOPS

And then we started,

(With Comments on the Weather and the Dole)

By
ALICIA PATTERSON

(pictured at the right), who has written for Liberty on a variety of topics ranging from fox hunting in Leicestershire and tarpon fishing in Panama to selling magazine subscriptions and learning to fly. She has had newspaper experience, having been for a time a reporter in New York City.

(Reading time: 23 minutes 9 seconds.)

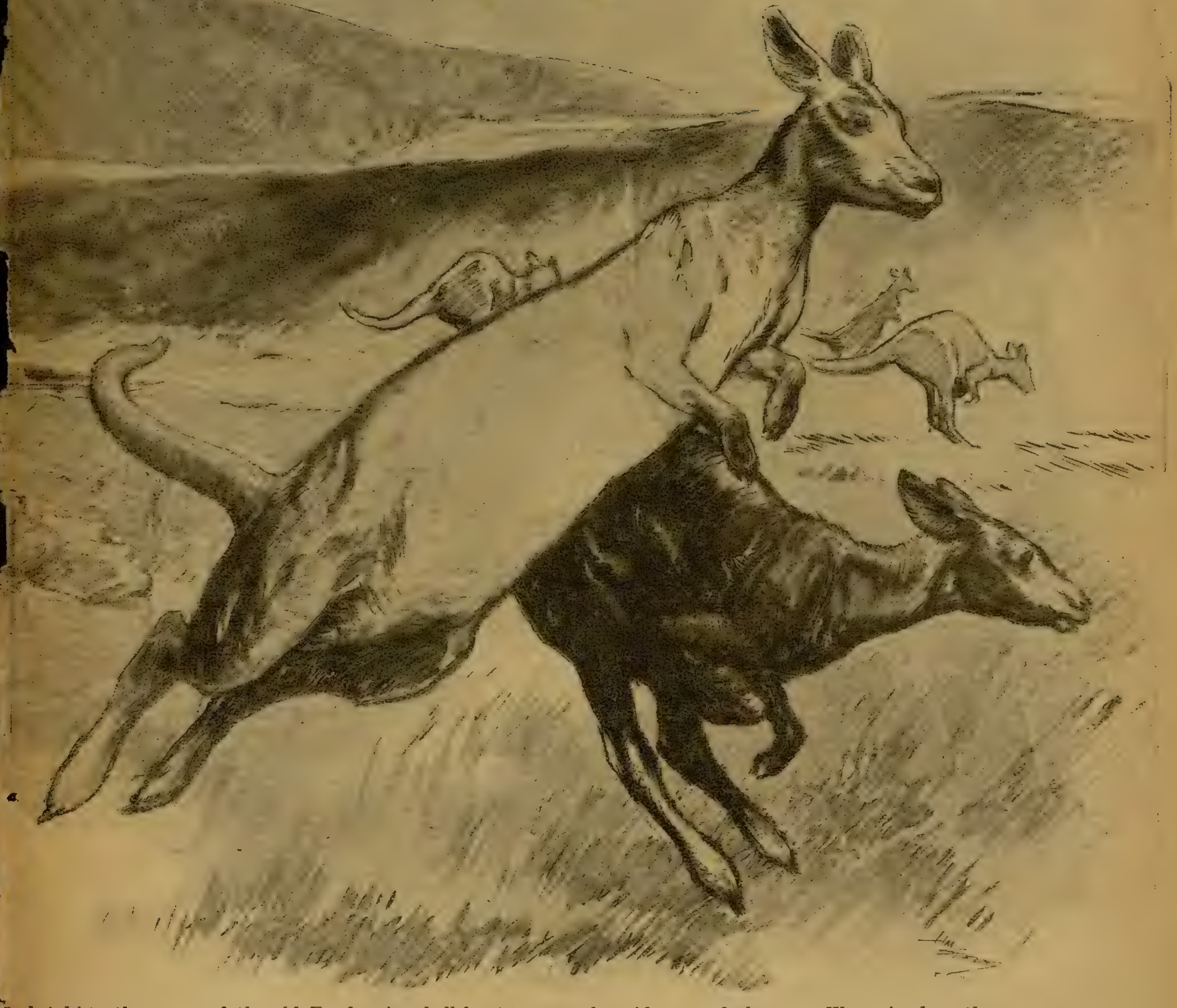
Darwin, Australia. February 15, 1931.

HERE we are in Darwin, the most God forsaken spot in the world. A tiny town perched on the Northern Coast of Australia. There are 750 inhabitants, 200 of whom are government officials. Trains only come here once a week—boats once a month. Nobody comes here unless they can't help it. You can't swim because of the sharks. The movies are open air and this is the rainy season. We are the first tourists that have been here in years. Amy Johnson and Kingsford-Smith landed here on their flights from England. It claims to be a pearling center. But they tell me that even the pearls have left. I don't blame them.

News Studio photo

We came here cross-country mainly to miss two weeks of the S.S. Marella. The Marella goes up the coast of

ting *in* Australia



I clutching the gun and the old Ford going hell-bent over rocks, ridges, and chasms. We gained on them.

Australia, stopping at Darwin on its way to Java. We thought it a good chance of seeing something of the interior. Something of the great cattle lands. There is an air mail line going up as far as Daly Waters. From there they told us there was no means of locomotion except by pack horse to Birdum, the northern railhead, a stretch of fifty miles. It happened to be the rainy season and in the rainy season no one can move. All the roads are under water. In ordinary weather they have a mail truck that makes the run once a week.

Anyhow we signed up to fly as far as Daly Waters. We figured we'd make that fifty miles somehow even if we had to walk. We didn't like Sydney, and we wanted to get out as quickly as possible. Sydney is like any big American city. Its only recommendation is its harbour and its bridge, a tremendous cantilever affair. It has, I'm sure, the most magnificent harbour in the world. The town itself is astoundingly unlovely. The architecture is hideous, the streets narrow, the shops second rate, the movies old (mostly American), the suburbs scrubby. The soil around Sydney is poor. It claims to have the best beaches in the world. They look all right—but Mr. Shark takes a toll of a dozen victims every year—no, thanks.

We stayed there four days and I caught the A. N. A. (Australian National Airways) to Brisbane, Kingsford-Smith's line and a good one. They use Fokkers with English engines. It was an amusing flight up the coast but awfully rough. I was almost ill. We did the 511 miles in 4½ hours. Libby Chase went by train. I met her in Brisbane and we spent the night there before plunging into the back country.

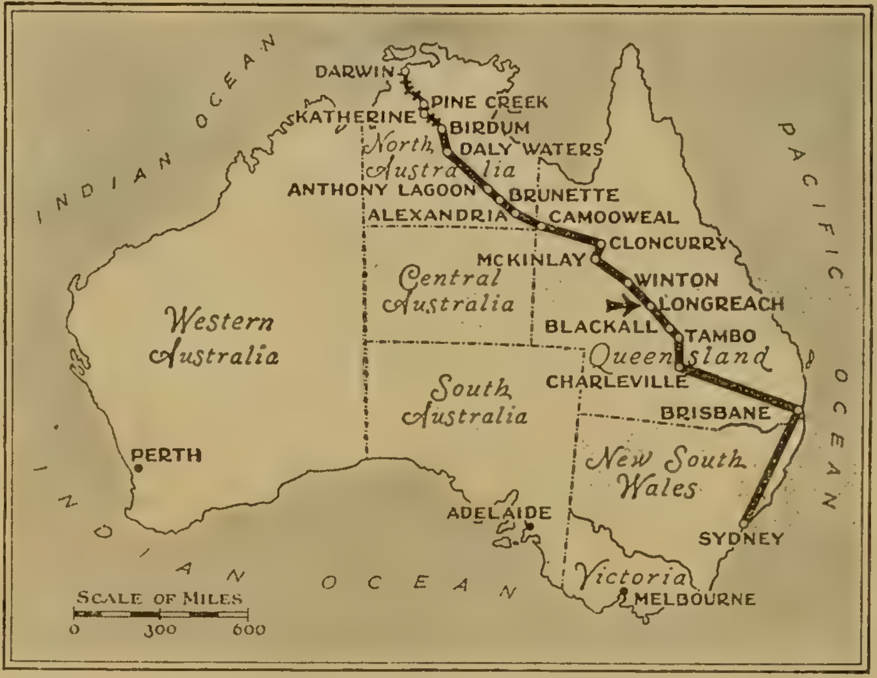
Brisbane is the third city of Australia (300,000 in-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTEEN]

habitants). It is a whiter, cleaner place than Sydney. It lies on the Brisbane river, yawning sleepily and not seeming to care much what happens.

Libby and I were called promptly at 4 A. M. The plane left the airport at five sharp. What an hour, if you ask me. The plane was an eight-passenger De Havilland 61, a bi-plane overloaded with struts. The line was the Quantas (Queensland and Northern Territory Aërial Service). We had two fellow passengers—a nurse and a young boy who was airsick the whole way.



The route followed by Miss Patterson and Miss Chase is shown on this map. The scene of the kangaroo shooting is marked with an arrow.

The first leg of the journey to Charleville where we stopped for luncheon was quite lovely—green forests, rivers, hills, lakes. I was looking forward to seeing Charleville. They call it the Queen City, the gateway of the interior, or the "Guardian Angel of the Territory." I had quite a shock. Charleville is a village of about 2,000 inhabitants and not so modern. Hot roads, hot houses, hot people. The heat of this country is incredible.

We had lunch in the smart hotel, a rickety building run by a Greek called Harry. Harry is quite a power in the territory. He tried to persuade us to stop over a week for the next plane (the planes only go once a week) and do some kangaroo hunting. He told us the kangaroos ran wild around the place and any afternoon around five you could go out in a car and get as many as you wanted. He uses a shotgun and shoots them from the car going full tilt. The 'roos travel at a terrific clip but they can only keep up the pace for a short while. We were tempted to stay as our main object had been to do some shooting but we figured our plans were so sketchy that we had better push on to Darwin or we were likely to miss the boat. So on we pushed.

That was the last we saw of any green trees. The country after Charleville looked like the pictures in Dante's Inferno. Mile after mile of hot, burning plains (downs they call them) without a sign of life. This was Queensland, the far famed sheep country. Heaven knows how anything could live in such a place. Every fifteen or twenty miles there were man made water holes (bores) for the sheep. The rivers had long since dried up. Occasionally I saw empty river beds stretching across the downs like the veins in an old man's hand. We made two stops on the way, Tambo and Blackall. Both minute tin roofed towns. All the houses are made of corrugated tin in the back country. It is cheap and Australia is poor.

WE were glad to reach Longreach, our stop for the night. It was a hot rough trip and the boy traveller had been actively sick the whole way. Libby wasn't feeling any too good herself. We landed about 4 o'clock after a 711 mile hop from Brisbane. The D. H.'s are sturdy but slow. We had an excellent pilot, Tapp by name. He was an old R. F. C. flyer.

We expressed our desire to go kangaroo hunting. Tapp said he might be able to fix it up in the town. He dropped us at the hotel and went off to make 'roo preparations while we had a scrub.

Longreach is the center of the sheep country. An ugly town of 1,100 people. It looked naked standing there in the middle of the plains without even a tree to dress it up. The temperature was 110 in the shade.

In a half hour Tapp came back to say he had procured a Ford car, a twelve gage shotgun, and an old timer to show us the way. Libby and I piled in the car and started off. We tossed up to see who would have first try with the gun. I won. After an hour's drive, all of us feeling dopey with the heat, the driver gave me a punch in the ribs and pointed towards the horizon. I saw what looked like a group of men standing and talking.

"Thar's a mob of 'roos now," he yelled.

And then we started, I clutching the gun and the old Ford going hell-bent over rocks, ridges, and chasms. We had left the road long ago and were galloping across country fifty miles an hour.

The 'roos waited till we got within 200 yards and then with a flirt of their tails and a kick of their heels they were off.

Lordy what a chase that was. I don't know how long it lasted. I judge about 20 minutes. Finally the 'roos showed signs of tiring. We gained on them. One old 'roo dropped back from the others. I waited till he was about fifty feet away, gripped the old gun, and let him have it. He gave a great leap, shot in the air, and dropped dead. He was a fairish 'roo standing 5 ft. 6. I shot him in the neck. I didn't feel nearly so jubilant as I expected. He had such a sweet face.

ON the way home Libby climbed into the front seat with the gun. The poor old 'roo and I held down the rear.

The driver looked at his watch, shook his head and said we must go home. Libby looked so disappointed and I felt such a beast having hogged the front seat the whole way but there was nothing to be done about it. It was getting dark.

Libby was casually looking over the gun in the front seat. She lifted it to her shoulder to try the sights when something brown flashed across the path. Libby instinctively fired. Another kangaroo dead. She got him through the stomach.

We piled Mr. 'Roo number two in back and made a triumphant return. The hotel gave us kangaroo-tail soup for dinner that night. It was a bit too strong for me.

After dinner we sat in front of the hotel exchanging howdys with the townsfolk. The conversation dealt exclusively with the weather. Weather is of immense importance to these bush people. It is their livelihood. If it doesn't rain their stock dies. Five years ago the Australian landowner was prosperous. His sheep and cattle were sent to Sydney by the thousands. He spent money like water. Life was O. K. Came the drought. It lasted from two to three years. Not a drop of rain fell. His stock died like flies. Ranches of 5,000 square miles went bankrupt and were taken over by the banks. As one old lad aptly put it, "If your bank stocks go down you can pray they will go up again, but if your livestock dies all you can do is to bury them." Every cent of money these people earn is put back in their stations (ranches). As we were talking a terrific wind came up. Everyone was jubilant— Rain. We waited expectantly. A cloud of sand was hurled in our faces. The whole town was seething in a blanket of sand. Someone sighed, "only another sand storm."

The next morning we didn't have to get up till 4:30. We left Mr. Tapp and the airsick boy behind and took another pilot, Mr. Donaldson, for the next leg of the journey. Our plane was a four-passenger D. H. The nurse, Libby, and I were packed in with the baggage like sardines. Luckily Libby and I didn't bring much baggage. A steamer rug with a toothbrush and a clean dress. We had the rest of our stuff sent on the Marella. We struck bad head winds that stayed with us most of the day. The country underneath was as thirsty and lonely as the previous day. Extraordinary how so many hundreds of miles could be so horribly desolate.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY]

THE
LATE-AT-NIGHT
SMOKER*
EXPLAINED,

**"Sure,
it's the
Clean Taste!"**

"It's not so much Spud's cooler smoke," he said, "it's Spud's continual clean taste. Working late at night, for example, I can smoke through a whole pack of Spuds, and still go to bed with my mouth moist-cool and clean and comfortable. Ask any heavy smoker what that means!"

It just means that Spud continues to prove itself the great new freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment. No matter how long or concentrated your session with Spud's lusty tobacco fragrance . . . Spud always leaves you mouth-happy. Switch to Spud for cooler, cleaner taste.

* One of those interviewed in our recent survey amongst America's 2,000,000 Spud smokers.

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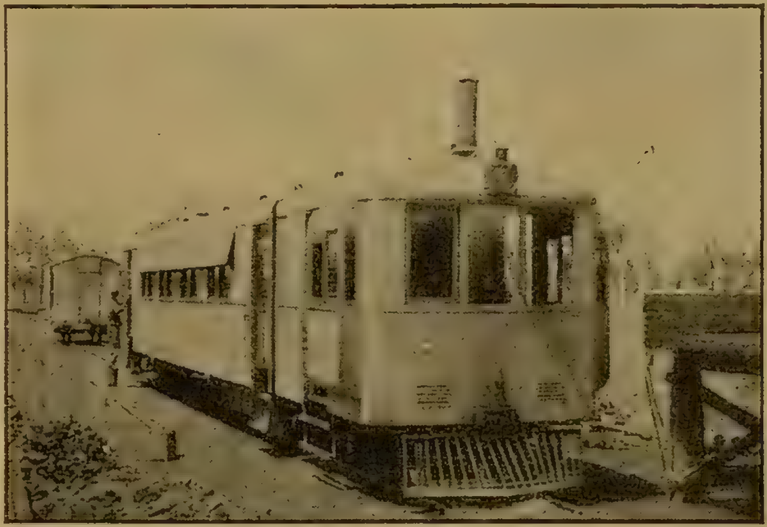
KANGAROO HUNTING IN AUSTRALIA
Continued from page eighteen

During the morning Donaldson yelled at us and dove towards the ground. We looked down and saw a mob of kangaroos holding a consultation. There were at least a dozen of them. After one startled stare they hurried away. One mother 'roo was particularly nervous. She was carrying her baby in her pouch.

We made stops at Winton, McKinlay, Cloncurry and Mt. Isa to leave mail and supplies. The country around Mt. Isa changed. We saw hills, and a few gum and gidya trees. Gum trees are like camels. They can absorb water and hold it over long periods of time.

Mt. Isa is a mining town run chiefly by American capital. Tin and silver are their chief gets. It's an ugly town but we welcomed it after so many stretches of hot treeless desert. A few miles out of Mt. Isa the country reverted to type and we had our dusty downs for the rest of the day.

We stopped at a place called Camooweal for the night, a 600-mile hop from Longreach. Camooweal is a blistered settlement of about 150 people. It is absolutely cut off from the rest of the country except by air. There is nothing there to make life comfortable or pleasant, no green vegetables, little ice, no fruit. There is one main store run by two smart Canadian girls and their husbands. It is the social center of the town. Men wander in for an afternoon chat after the day's work. Women go in for a spool of thread and a bit of gossip. There is one small shack they call a hospital run by a nun and the nurse that came down with us on the train. She had just taken up a patient by plane to Brisbane with a bullet through his thigh. Planes are a godsend. They are used for ambulances, freight carriers, and missionary work.


This panting monster is the train that carried the hunters from Birdum to Darwin.

We landed on a big field. That's one of the few virtues of the country. Practically the whole interior is one huge landing field. The temperature was 120 Fahrenheit. It is considered one of the hottest places in the world and I believe it. Our hotel was a one story tin affair. The proprietor was a charming old fellow, Mr. Riley, who nearly fainted with surprise when he saw us. He said we were the first tourists ever to make the trip. He gave us as good a dinner as is possible without cream, vegetables and fruit.

We asked why in such a great cattle country it was impossible to get milk and cream. They have some skimmed goat's milk which is considered a great luxury. They told us that the cows didn't give milk. It was too hot. After dinner we again sat on the front steps and passed the time of day. The talk was again of the weather and the last drought. But they weren't worried about sheep this time. Camooweal is on the border of the Northern Territory, the cattle lands. I looked around at the men, most of them cowpunchers from some outlying station. They were young, strong, healthy and happy. Some of them hadn't been out of the territory for 15 years, some never. They didn't complain about the heat, the flies and the loneliness. It seemed to me inconceivable that any one could exist in such a place, and yet here were men who liked it or at least put up a good front that they did.

We made inquiries about Daly Waters, the end of the air line, and the possibility of spanning the gap to Birdum, the railhead. They told us that the mail truck had been taken off during the rainy season but that there was a man who had come down on a barnstorming venture in a Moth plane and could fly us across.

"Wal," said one chap, "I dunno if he'll be there tomorrow. He started off this morning and passed over Newcastle Waters at 3 o'clock. Two hours later we got word that he'd passed over Newcastle Waters again. We dunno where he is now. You see he don't know this country overly well. He's never been here before."

Libby and I looked at each other.

"Couldn't we do the distance by pack horse?" I asked.

"Wal, p'raps you could, but then you'll miss the train to Darwin and you'll have to wait a week at Daly Waters."

"Is Daly Waters a big town?"

Uncontrolled mirth from all sides. "Daly Waters, a big town, Hah hah, ho, hah."

"Well, what is it?"

"There's nothing there but the man who runs the telegraph station and his helper."

"Oh."

Libby and I had a long consultation with Donaldson. He advised us to hire Ashley, the pilot that was to fly us to Daly Waters, to take us directly through to Birdum. It seemed our only hope. Ashley was just a kid of 21. He was a Larkin flyer. The Quantas line that we flew up with ended at Camooweal.

Ashley consented to take us for a price, which we paid gladly. We didn't like that prospect of spending the next three months of the rainy season sitting in Camooweal. As a matter of fact the price of our fare was not exorbitant. Around $200 apiece from Brisbane to Birdum, a stretch of 1,800 miles.

We didn't pass any more towns after leaving Camooweal, only the immense cattle stations where we landed to leave supplies. We crossed the border line from Queensland into the Northern Territory. Alexandria, our first stop, is the second biggest station in the world, fourteen thousand square miles with 60,000 head of cattle. There is the main ranch house where the women folk live. The "women folk" consisted of one woman and her baby. We went up there for a look around. The lady, I forget her name, had made pathetic attempts to make the place cheerful and livable. I'm afraid she was playing a losing game. The ants, the weather, and the flies were all agin her. Around the main house were small individual huts for the cook and farm hands. Most of the cowpunchers were stationed on the outlying posts. They lived there for months at a time without seeing another white face, and only the aboriginals to help them. The aboriginals are the natives of Australia, black, ugly, lazy, cruel, ignorant. It is impossible to educate them.

The roundup, starting after the rainy season, sometime in April, takes six months. The cattle are then driven for 1,200 miles overland averaging 10 miles a day to another station near one of the big cities, Sydney, Brisbane or Melbourne. They are kept there and fattened till the following year when they are trucked in to the slaughter houses. They call back country "the land of plenty of time." They think nothing of spending eight or nine months driving the cattle to another station.

We stayed in Alexandria about an hour and a half and then pushed on to Brunette, another station about 70 miles away. The country of the Northern Territory is more fertile. The soil changed from a dull brown to a reddish hue. A few lakes, forests and rivers brightened up the landscape. At home we would call the lakes mud holes but lakes they were to the Australians.

Brunette is not as pretentious a station as Alexandria, only a small place of 5,000 square miles and 40,000 head of cattle. Mr. Nelson, the superintendent, asked us to come in and have a cup of morning tea. Everybody drinks morning tea in this neck of the woods. Mr. Nelson was alone at the ranch. His wife and daughter had gone away for the rainy season. He was suffering from a severe attack of gout and was hardly able to move about. His only companion was a black girl. The other blacks had gone for a "walk out," a yearly event. Every rainy season the aboriginals get restless and the whites are forced to let them go for three months. No one seems to know where they go on these " walk outs," somewhere in the bush, or what they do. But at the end of their leave they reappear with clock-like regularity for the next nine months' work.

Mr. Nelson was a gentleman of very decided views. He disliked the Labour government intensely.

" What do they know about cattle raising? " he growled. " They want to take this land and cut it up in small bits. This land is no good for cattle unless you get it in big lots. You mark my words it will be the ruination of Australia. Thank Heaven we have this land leased till 1968 from the government. After that God knows."

I asked him about the big drought.

" The drought didn't hit us as badly as most," he said. " We've got a lot of lakes and bores around here. We're in a lucky spot. We average 16 inches of rain a year. Great cattle country alright. Do you notice the pebbly soil? Much better than the sandy downs. Cattle do well 'round here." The land is cheap. You can rent an acre for from 50 cents to 2 dollars a year depending on its fertility.

We thanked Mr. Nelson and walked back to the plane. An emu (ostrich-like bird) and a wallaby were sporting about in his back yard. The wallabies are similar to the kangaroo except that they are smaller and their skin is more valuable.

WE made two more stops at stations, Anthony Lagoon and Newcastle Waters. The names imply waterfalls, torrential rivers, bountiful rains. I asked the reason.

" Wal," said one bloke, " we thought if we gave the stations jolly names maybe they'd live up to them. We haven't had much luck as yet."

We picked up a lad at Newcastle Waters to fly with us as far as Birdum and help Ashley out in gassing up the plane. The gas has to be put in by hand. Quite a job filling a 120 gallon tank alone.

We reached Daly Waters at 1:30. Our information concerning Daly Waters had been correct. There was nothing there but a telegraph office and house combined, sitting in the middle of a forest of gum trees. We were nearing the coast and the country was getting greener by leaps and bounds.

We went to the house for luncheon. The heat and flies were unspeakable. After dining on sheep's tongue we talked about flying. The laddie from Newcastle Waters had escorted Amy Johnson from Darwin to Sydney. They nearly died when I told them my engine burned 18 gallons an hour. None of the Gypsy motors use over five or six.

And then came Birdum. I wish there were words in the dictionary foul enough to describe that place. It is a settlement of about twenty people, nineteen of them men. Most of them drunk all of the time. When we

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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KANGAROO HUNTING IN AUSTRALIA
Continued from page twenty-one

got out of the plane an old chap came up to get the mail. He looked at us as though he had seen a ghost. We asked him if he could put us up for the night. His jaw dropped thirty degrees.

"We aren't accustomed to have ladies here," he said. "I'll see what I can do. Of course you'll have to rough it a bit, you understand." Well I'm here to state we roughed it in a big way. They found us a room in the hotel, if you can call a four-room saloon a hotel. We had no door to our room and no window. The only thing that separated us from the bar was a tattered sheet. The second we arrived we were greeted by a tropical rainstorm and our floor was a sea of muddy water. The floor was cement. The Singapore ants eat everything else up.

Libby and I lit a candle and burst out laughing. We figured we'd come a long ways to be miserable.

We ate in the kitchen which was decorated by carcasses of sheep and cattle. Every time we opened our mouths to take a bite of food fifty flies would jump in. The flies were so thick on the table you couldn't see what you were eating. A fat old woman of sixty-odd years who seldom saw water and soap did the cooking. She was the only other woman. She smelt violently.

Photo by Elwin R. Sanborn

The favorite of cross-word puzzle fans—the emu.

Libby and I had the foresight to buy four eggs at 25 cents apiece and a tin of fruit. I have a strong stomach but it couldn't go the chunks of meat that were flung at us. The next morning when we got up to catch the train to Darwin my body was covered from head to toe with angry bites—bed bugs. It doesn't sound so terrible but if you'd been travelling for four days by plane getting up at 4 A. M. in heat that was so terrific that birds dropped dead from the trees (a fact) you wouldn't have exactly relished it. The plane trip had been unusually bumpy. Libby was sick the whole way and I wasn't any too good.

We caught the train for Darwin at 7:30. It's a nice friendly little train that stops at every Bayberry bush on the way to say howdy. It takes two days to make the 325 mile stretch to Darwin stopping at Pine Creek for the night. Libby and I had a compartment to ourselves and how we relaxed! After a half an hour's run there was a big jolt and the train stopped. Several trees had been blown across the tracks during the night. Everybody hopped out and gave a hand at clearing the way. In about an hour we were all set and on we puffed. After a series of starts and stops we came to Katherine for luncheon where we got a regular reception from the townfolk. The chief of police escorted us proudly around the village and showed us the police station which was a tent. The cell was a big tree with chains on it. He chained the unruly blacks by the ankles and left them to await the next train to Darwin. It served the purpose anyhow.

THE landscape along the way was quite different now, brilliant tropical trees, red poincianas, green and blue parrots. The birds of Northern Australia are said to be the most beautiful in the world. They run to riotous colours—greens, purples, oranges, blues, reds. They are as plenteous as our sparrows at home. The government jealously forbids the exporting of a single bird.

We reached Pine Creek around 4 P. M. and found a nice village the size of Birdum, but clean and neat. The posts of our beds were standing in cups of water—Singapore ants. Our train companions were discussing the revolution in Darwin. Australia is having a time with her unemployed. They aren't as docile as ours. The Labour government as far as I can make out is at the bottom of the trouble. They pay their unemployed ten dollars a week for doing nothing. They tried to cut down the dole, hence the revolution.

Australia is as big as the United States. There are six million people in the country and over three million of these are in the cities. There is plenty of land if the Australians want to cultivate it. But most of them prefer sitting in the cities and collecting their ten dollars a week.

Scullin, the Labour minister, is a well meaning weakling. The Caucus (comparable to the English cabinet) rules the country with an iron hand. They forbid any hotel or public house to hire a black to do the work. Consequently you see the white woman slaving herself to the bone while the blacks sit under the trees and look on. Most people are too poor to afford white labour. A man in this country is not allowed to farm his own land without the permission of the Labour Union.

If he refuses, preferring to keep that 10% of his wages that is the Labour Union's due, he is through.

AUSTRALIA spends millions of pounds every year on unnecessary government officials. Every territory has a complete government of its own comprising several hundred employees. Then there is the central government at Canberra, copied after Washington, where a few more millions were spent on making beautiful but impracticable state buildings.

Forty million dollars are being spent on the famous Sydney bridge. If they would take some of that money and use it for irrigation and roads to open up the interior they would be better off. They are too young yet to start beautifying their cities. They ought to wait awhile. After all Rome and Athens were modest till they got some money in their coffers.

I sound rather opinionated, don't I? But from the minute I landed I talked to everybody I could find, from taxi cab drivers up and down. This isn't only one man's idea.

I asked the reason for the strict immigration laws. They gave me the same answer, unemployment. Then too I think there is an underlying pride in keeping the country British. They don't seem to have much fear of the yellow peril.

They hate the British for not cancelling their war debt but they admire them intensely. If they got a few wops in, they'd show them how to work.

Well, anyhow, the next morning at seven found us again on the train to Darwin. We sat up in the engine compartment for a while and I drove the train but it was too hot to stop there long.

We got to Darwin at 4:30 and found that the only possible accommodations we could get at the hotel were two beds in the hall.

There was nothing else, so we took them. Luckily we were switched to a room three days later.

Darwin is a tiny cosmopolis filled with Chinese, Greeks, Malays, Siamese, and Japanese. The Australian population, consisting almost solely of government employees, is transient. They stay three years, curse their fate and move on.

There is no thought of making Darwin a permanent residence. The poor little straggly town is always upset and in hot water.

The ships have had so much trouble with the dock labourers loading and unloading that all have refused to land here except the Burns Phillip line that is subsidized by the government to the tune of £27,000 a year.

The Vestees, a gigantic English Packing house, stands closed and deserted. Labour problems and the drought fixed that one.

It seems that the wages the Unions demand are so exorbitant that no firm can make any profits if they meet their demands.

And how it has rained! But the Marella gets in tomorrow and we'll be off to Java and Singapore. After that we plan to go up into the interior of Indo-China for tiger shooting.

THE END

The WRECK of the Sunday PAPER

By

ROBERT BENCHLEY

Picture by PETER ARNO

(*Reading time: 4 minutes.*)

WHAT is to be done with people who can't read a Sunday paper without messing it all up? I just throw this out as one of the problems with which we are faced if we are to keep our civilization from complete collapse.

There is a certain type of citizen (a great many times, I am sorry to have to say, one of the "fair" sex) whose lack of civic pride shows itself in divers forms, but it is in the devastation of a Sunday newspaper that it reaches its full bloom. Show me a Sunday paper which has been left in a condition fit only for kite flying, and I will show you an antisocial and dangerous character who has left it that way.

Such a person may not mean deliberately to do the things to a newspaper that he or (pardon my pointing) *she* does. They really couldn't achieve such colossal disarrangement by any planning or scheming. It has to come from some cataclysmic stroke of a giant force, probably beyond their control. Let them but touch a nice, neat Sunday edition as it lies folded so flat and cold on the doorstep, and immediately the rotogravure section becomes entwined with the sporting section and the editorial page leaps out and joins with the shipping news to form a tent under which a pretty good-sized child could crawl. The society page bundles itself up into a ball in the center of which, by some strange convulsion, the real-estate news conceals itself in a smaller and more compact ball. It is the Touch of Cain that these people have, and perhaps we should not blame them for it.

But they needn't *leave* this mound of rumpled newsprint this way. They could recognize their failing and at least try to correct its ravages before handing the paper on to someone else.

I once knew a man whose wife was a newspaper builder. She built things out of newspapers when she read them. There wasn't much to show for it when she had finished in the way of definite objects; that is, you couldn't quite make out just what she had thought she was building. But there had very evidently been some very clear idea of making each section of the newspaper into an object of some sort—anything so long as it made the newspaper absolutely unsuited for reading purposes.

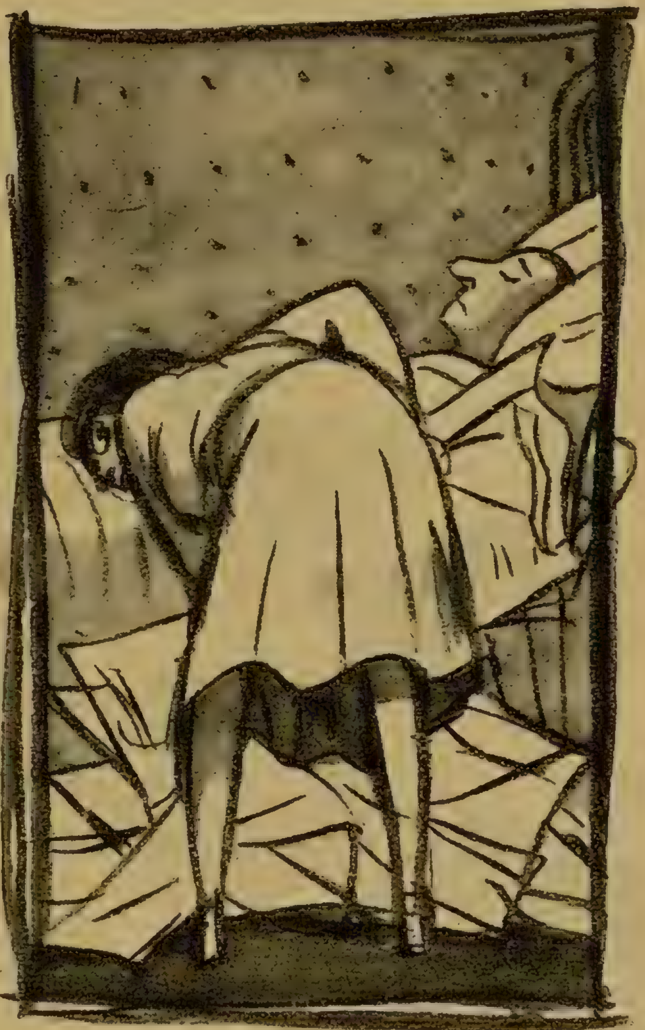
Now the man usually tried to get down on Sunday morning ahead of his wife so that he could have first crack at the paper before the Great Disintegration set in. But, owing to a habit he had formed in his youth of staying out late on Saturday nights, he found it difficult to beat her to it. By the time he got downstairs the room looked like a militia encampment.

"What do you do with a newspaper?" he once asked her, as quietly as he could. "Try to dress yourself in it? You'll never get anywhere without buttons, you know."

But she didn't seem to mind his taunts, and, in fact, more or less put him on the defensive by calling him "an old maid"; so he decided that the time had come for action. He ordered *two* editions of each Sunday paper, one for his wife to mux about with and one for himself.

It was then that he discovered that his helpmeet's rolling herself up in the paper was not just an unconscious weakness on her part but a vicious perversion from which she got a fiendish pleasure. She would sneak upstairs and get his personal edition before he was awake and give it the works, pretending that she couldn't find her own.

She was simply doing it to be mean, that was all. Often her own copy would be untouched and he would find it on Monday morning hidden away behind the sofa in its pristine smoothness.



She would sneak upstairs and get his personal edition and give it the works.

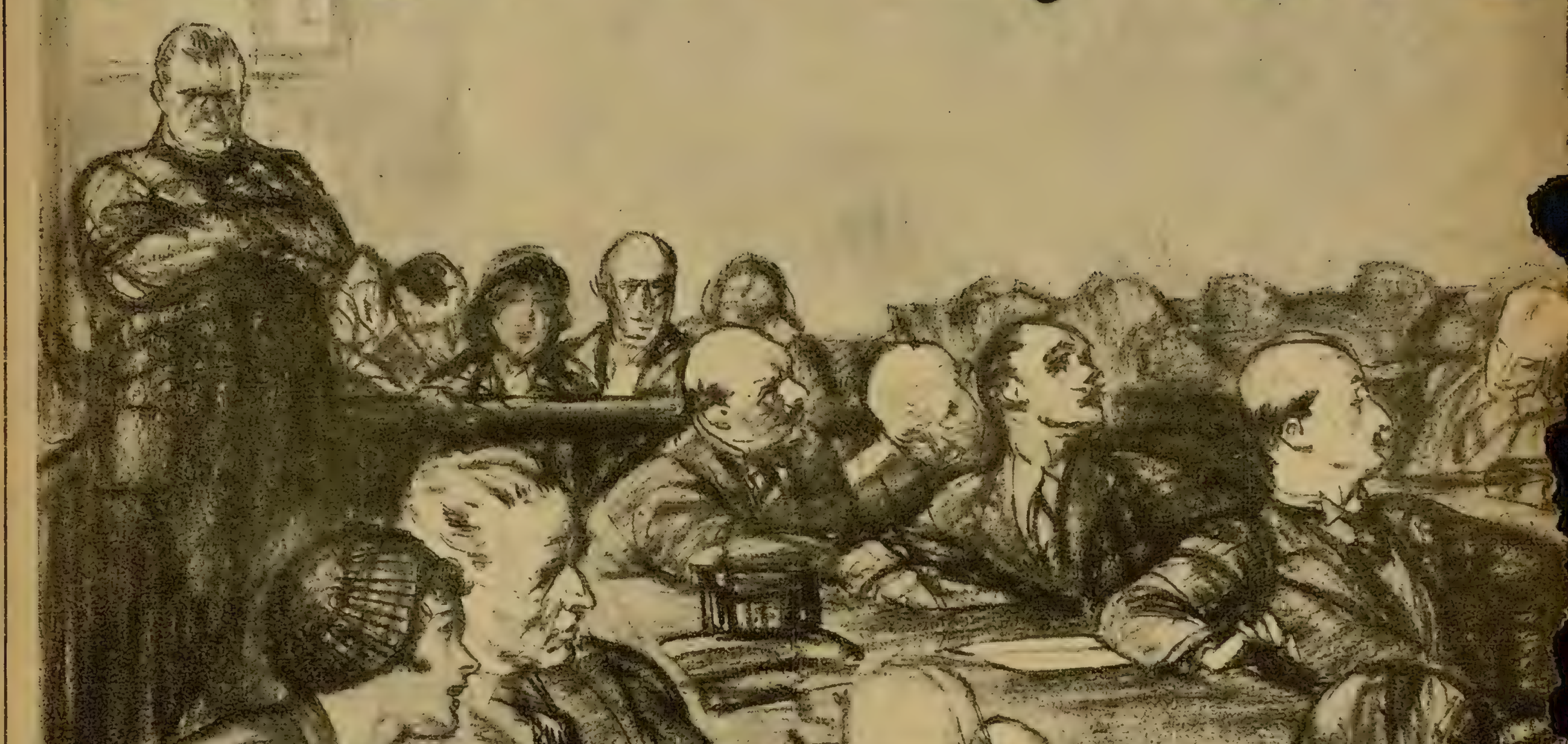
I suppose, in a way, that the inability to read a newspaper which someone else has wrapped around himself or which is in any way disarranged is a sign of abnormality in itself and that we are the ones who are in the wrong.

I have tried to open a newspaper while riding on the top of a bus on a windy day and, after personifying the sheet and endowing it with malign purposes of its own, talking to it under my breath and waiting slyly until I thought that it wasn't expecting an attack before rushing into a maneuver which I fondly hoped would take it at a disadvantage, have then been unable to read what was printed on it because the page was in the general condition of a relief map of North America. This may show a hypersensitivity to tactile sensations and mark *me* as the one needing medical attention and not the one who can read anything so long as the print is visible.

All right, then—*I'm* the one to blame. *I'm* the enemy to society and the one to be locked up. But the fact remains that I am going to stand just so much more of this thing and then away *some*body goes to the police station.

Another article by Mr. Benchley will appear in an early issue of Liberty.

Money M



Morgan had been ignorant of the nature of the charges, but now those charges were rea

(Reading time: 24 minutes.)

THESE are the experiences of Florida Morgan, a girl who helped rescue a flyer whose plane dropped into the sea—"Falconer" he called himself. He swore devotion, then disappeared. Florida's father, implicated in a bank failure, was indicted. The girl, going to Palm Beach with an attorney, to appeal for help to the rich Solomon Worth, encountered the financier's daughter-in-law, Countess Wanda. You can begin here and understand what follows.

PART FIVE—A STRANGE FRIEND

BEFORE Florida had succeeded in making herself known, the elder woman interrupted to say:

"But first I must tell you who I am."

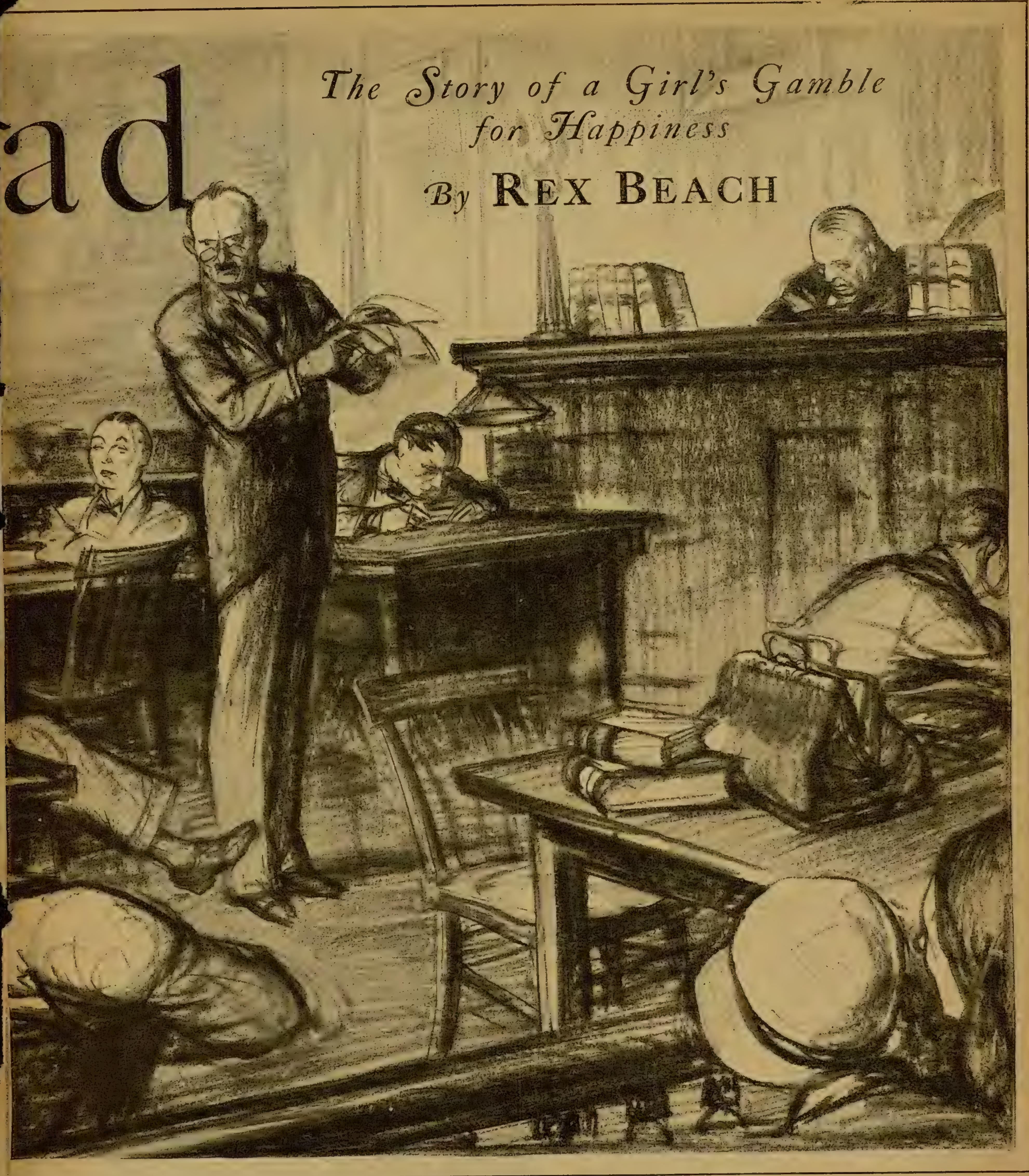
"That isn't necessary. I recognized you. Mr. Worth told me to introduce myself—"

"You know me, eh? Good. All the same, I'm afraid I startled you." The countess laughed. "It is only my

ad

The Story of a Girl's Gamble for Happiness

By REX BEACH



Florida felt herself pale as she heard the district attorney drone through them.

Pictures by ARTHUR D. FULLER

way. People who know me are surprised at nothing I do. I am the unknown quantity, the imp in the box, the dash of absinthe. Wanda"—she pronounced it Vanda—"the Unexpected. The truth is I'm unusual because I'm absolutely natural. Only a few of us can afford to do without a pose, and so many people confuse rudeness with sincerity. You're a visitor in Palm Beach?"

"Yes. I'm here for the day only."

"For the day! No. You shall stay and visit me."

"But, my dear countess, you don't even know who I am. I may be some perfectly horrid person. In fact, I am."

"So are most of the people I know. Those I have to treat with the greatest consideration are the most horrid. I tell you I act upon impulse. I do as I please. I surround myself with pretty things. I subsist upon beauty. Look! This place is a paradise. Well, ugliness depresses me.

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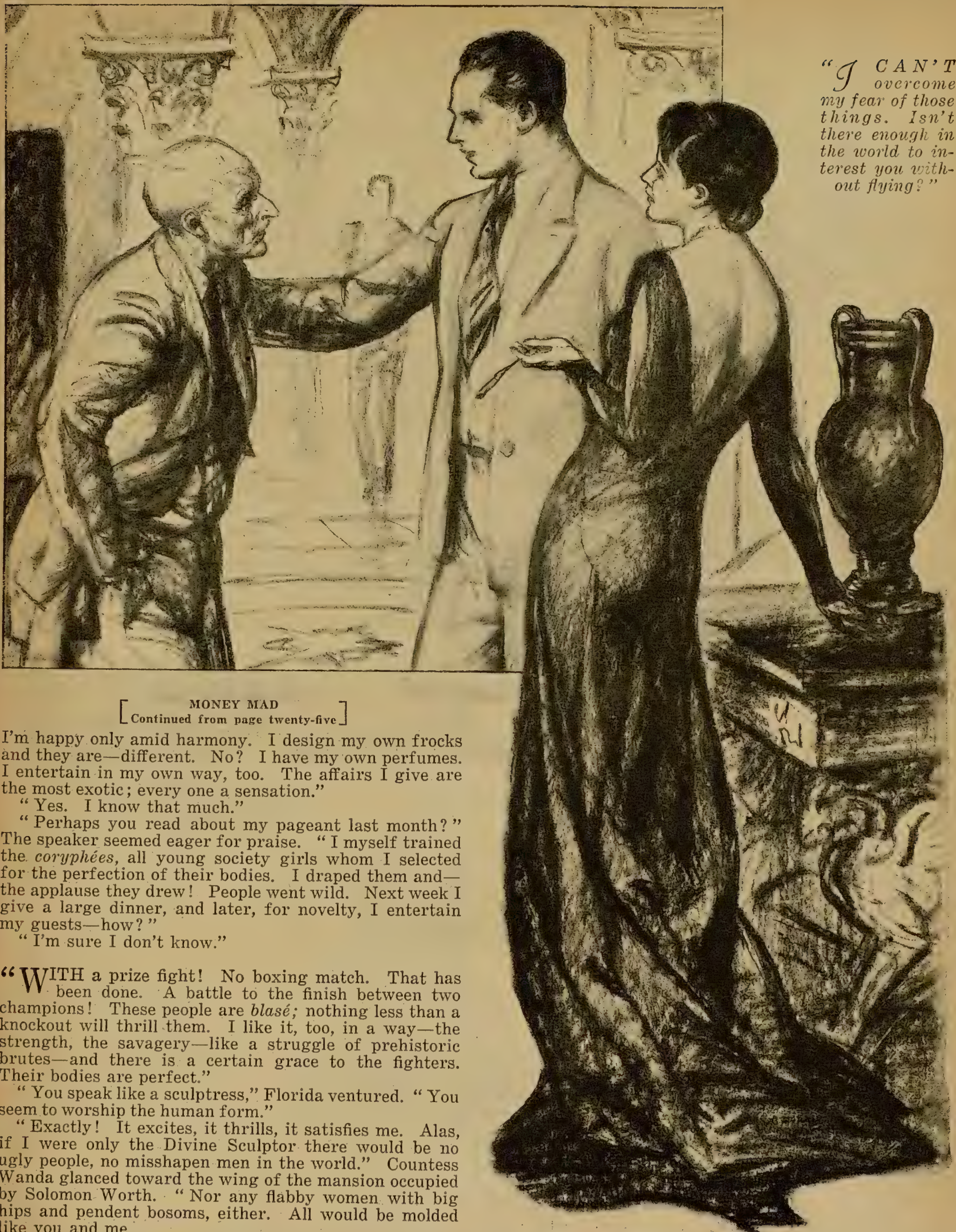

"I CAN'T overcome my fear of those things. Isn't there enough in the world to interest you without flying?"

MONEY MAD
Continued from page twenty-five

I'm happy only amid harmony. I design my own frocks and they are—different. No? I have my own perfumes. I entertain in my own way, too. The affairs I give are the most exotic; every one a sensation."

"Yes. I know that much."

"Perhaps you read about my pageant last month?" The speaker seemed eager for praise. "I myself trained the *coryphées*, all young society girls whom I selected for the perfection of their bodies. I draped them and—the applause they drew! People went wild. Next week I give a large dinner, and later, for novelty, I entertain my guests—how?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

"WITH a prize fight! No boxing match. That has been done. A battle to the finish between two champions! These people are *blasé;* nothing less than a knockout will thrill them. I like it, too, in a way—the strength, the savagery—like a struggle of prehistoric brutes—and there is a certain grace to the fighters. Their bodies are perfect."

"You speak like a sculptress," Florida ventured. "You seem to worship the human form."

"Exactly! It excites, it thrills, it satisfies me. Alas, if I were only the Divine Sculptor there would be no ugly people, no misshapen men in the world." Countess Wanda glanced toward the wing of the mansion occupied by Solomon Worth. "Nor any flabby women with big hips and pendent bosoms, either. All would be molded like you and me.

"I prostrate myself to grace and beauty. Do you wonder that my heart swelled and choked me when I saw you yonder with those flaming blossoms hanging over you like an aura of fire? Your flesh is bronze. The heat of the furnace is still in that red hair—"

"You confuse me."

The Polish woman laughed. "Charming! You are virginal! But would such compliments confuse you if they came from your sweetheart? Certainly not. Very well, then, don't blush. It is an artist who speaks. . . . You have sweethearts, of course? Well, in me you observe a wooer of grace and perfection, a woman incapable of jealousy or ill will. I admire, I worship, but I do not envy."

With open sincerity Florida inquired, "How could you be jealous of any woman? Or envious, either?"

"That is sweet of you. Yes. I'm fortunate in that way, but I'm one of those unhappy mortals who would be discontented with less than everything. Why did you come to see that funny father-in-law of mine?"

"I came with an attorney, on business."

"You are a business girl?"

"Oh, no! I never did anything useful."

"It is about money, of course. Everything is money where he is concerned. Mr. Worth can be generous—and selfish, too." The speaker pursed her lips, she shook her head in warning. "A strange man. Yes, and what a strange world we live in. Everything so topsy-turvy. His father made my father's breeches. Fancy that. A tailor of breeches in Warsaw. Life is wholly incredible, eh? Now tell me about yourself."

FLORIDA spoke with some constraint, for she could not at all fathom this queer, galvanic creature, nor could she escape the conviction that this warmth was not wholly spontaneous. On the other hand, if the countess was merely amusing herself, if her extravagance was assumed, then she was indeed an adept at make-believe.

But why should she trouble herself to pretend? Possibly she was lonely, neglected, hungry for some new companionship—presumably some women are like that. The attentiveness with which she listened bespoke something of the sort. In any event, it was undeniably flattering to have such a person betray an immediate liking. Beyond doubt, she was peculiar, but perhaps she was indeed so independent or so spoiled as to indulge herself in the luxury of complete frankness.

Some beneficent influence certainly hovered over this fairy pool, or else there was magic in that ebony wand, for instead of finding herself a trespasser Florida was made welcome in a dozen subtle ways. In all apparent sincerity the countess again urged her to remain as her guest. Florida had never seen Palm Beach from the inside, but the speaker promised to show it to her. It was the greatest parade of its sort in the world and the season was at its height. Together they would go everywhere, meet everybody, do everything. With Florida's beauty and her animation she would create a sensation. These people would turn her head with their attentions. No doubt she could make a brilliant marriage if she chose, for the place was full of eligible bachelors. The countess would see that her guest met them, made no mistakes.

"Let me dress you, let me surround you with—well, atmosphere, and I guarantee a triumph that will bewilder you. I could do it if you were a nobody, but you are no ragged Cinderella. It would be a game that would delight me."

"You quite bewilder me. I thank you, really, but I'm in pretty bitter trouble."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

When you specify Kotex

you are sure of soft *sanitary protection*

Because Kotex absorbs correctly, it gives comfort and a feeling of perfect safety for hours.

HOURS spent at a bridge table; other hours at the theatre, at the opera; at an office desk! The problem of sanitary protection becomes more and more complicated as the modern woman extends her varied interests. For she refuses to recognize physical handicaps which once limited her opportunities. Kotex has made such handicaps a thing of the past.

Lateral absorption—a Kotex feature

Absorbs laterally—away from the center and away from the surface. This makes for delicate, lasting comfort.

No precaution need be taken to wear Kotex a special way. Wear it on either side with equal protection. There is never any likelihood of embarrassment from wrong adjustment.

Kotex, because of its hygienic superiority, is specified by hospitals where the most rigorous sanitary care is taken. They even use its filler (Cellucotton — not cotton—absorbent wadding) for surgical cases . . . which is the highest possible tribute to its safety.

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2 *Kotex is soft . . .* Not merely an apparent softness, that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, lasting softness.

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The new Kotex Belt, 50¢

Brings new ideals of sanitary comfort! Woven to fit by an entirely new patented process. Firm yet light; will not curl; perfect-fitting.

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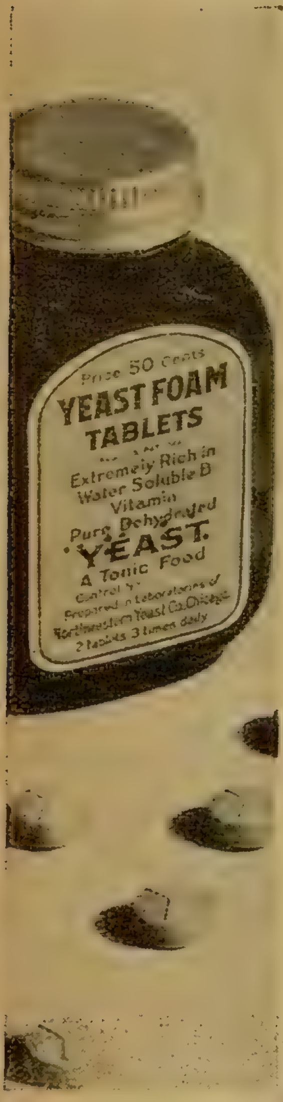
KOTEX

>>> Now I *like* Yeast



>>> Are you one of the many people who recognize the great health value of yeast—but find the ordinary type of yeast unpalatable and hard to take? If so, you will welcome this modern form of pure, concentrated yeast—Yeast Foam Tablets.

You'll enjoy their nutlike flavor whether you swallow them whole or whether, like most folks, you prefer to chew them like candy. They contain no drugs or other ingredients—just yeast; hence their vitamin potency is much higher. And being especially treated so that they do not cause gas or fermentation, they are ideal for infants, children and others of delicate digestion.

So highly is this yeast regarded by scientific experts, that it is used as the standard for vitamin studies by the U. S. Government and leading American Universities. What better proof of its quality and efficacy? Those who suffer from skin and complexion disorders, digestive or intestinal disturbances, lack of weight or run-down conditions, should try Yeast Foam Tablets. You'll like them and, best of all, you'll be delighted with their beneficial results.

Get Yeast Foam Tablets from your druggist. The large 10 day bottle costs but 50c. Northwestern Yeast Company, Chicago, Ill. . . . World's Largest Makers of Dry Yeast.

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Every Sunday afternoon from 2:30 to 3:00 P.M. Eastern Standard Time, the melodious "Yeast Foamers" over N. B. C. Blue Network stations and all supplementary stations from coast to coast.

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Please send free sample and descriptive circular.
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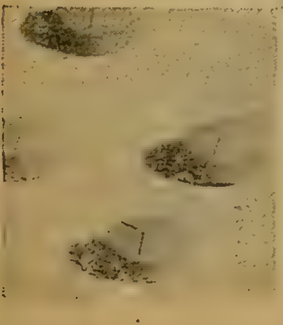

A PURE TONIC FOOD—NOT A MEDICINE

YEAST FOAM
TABLETS

MONEY MAD
Continued from page twenty-seven

"Money will cure all troubles, my dear. I wither of loneliness—"

Florida shook her head. "I must go home and be with my father."

"Very well, if you must. But we shall be friends, all the same—I've set my heart on it. I'm not so odd as you think me; it is only that I die for someone whom I can love and who will love me. A playmate. No man, mind you. I have a devoted husband, and other men do not interest me. I crave someone like you. Women are so much finer, so much more understanding. No famished traveler in a desert is so thirsty as I am. I have everything except the companionship I crave and I have never learned to deprive myself. Selfish, eh? But I'm not selfish. See!" Swiftly the speaker unclasped the Oriental necklace from her throat and leaned closer.

Florida drew herself away. She protested, but the countess declared, "It is a pledge, a reminder of your promise." Insistently she drew the girl closer and clasped the chain around her neck. With agile fingers she removed her earrings and pressed them into Florida's hands, then kissed her.

Voices sounded. A moment later Solomon Worth and Mr. Coates appeared.

"So! You met my daughter-in-law." The former beamed. "And I see you found her as agreeable as I promised."

"She has been lovely to me."

"To be sure!" the countess exclaimed. "Imagine my delight to discover this bronze nymph poised on the edge of our swimming pool. You're a good genius, Papa Worth, to people this place with such delightful creatures."

"Wanda, permit me to introduce Mr. Coates." The lawyer bowed and voiced his pleasure at the meeting.

"We were drawn to each other instantly," the countess ran on. "You know me, Papa Worth. I begged her to stay here with us, but she refuses." Wanda pouted very prettily. "I pled. I tried bribery, but she is adamant. I could not turn her head even with the promise of a social triumph. What is to be done with her?"

Worth warmly seconded his daughter-in-law's hospitable invitation, then explained, "Wanda doesn't like everyone, miss, and she claims the privilege of completely monopolizing the few she does like. As for me, I enjoy the luxury of spoiling her, yielding to her every whim. She comes from a tempestuous people and she is entirely sincere. She's the busiest and the most dissatisfied young woman I ever saw, so please stay and delight us both, or at least promise to come again very soon."

"SHE *has* promised. I've put a chain on her and it is stout. See?" The countess touched the necklace and Florida laughed in natural confusion.

"You overwhelm me, both of you. I shall strut as I go out. You won't let me stumble and spoil it all, will you, Uncle Joe? I—I'm leaning backwards."

Worth held her hand briefly as he said, "Our invitation is sincere. You are always welcome, and I thank you for coming, even so briefly. You have left a refreshing dew upon our garden."

"Good-by, my dear." The countess kissed Florida a second time. "If you do not come to see me soon, I shall come to see you."

"What delightful people!" Coates exclaimed when he and his companion were out of hearing. "You made a double conquest, Florrie."

"I adore your King Solomon," the girl said. "He's a darling."

. . . .

As the financier and his daughter-in-law entered the house they met Wilmer Worth just returned from his fishing trip.

"Hello! No luck, eh?" the father exclaimed.

"I came home early. My new ship is here. At least, I think I saw her come in."

A cloud passed over the old man's face which had beamed at sight of his son. "I can't overcome my fear of those things. Isn't there enough in the world to interest you without flying?"

"When a fellow finds he's no good on earth, he naturally takes to the air." The words were voiced carelessly. "If it served any purpose, if it was necessary, if we were at war again, I'd try to resign myself, but—"

"It is Wilmer's hobby," the wife interrupted, "and what would life be without hobbies? Yours is making money, mine is spending it. I never interfere—"

"You see?" Wilmer nodded to his father. "Wanda doesn't care what I do."

"Assuredly. We are two people. Marriage is not a yoke; it is an emancipation. It enables us to express ourselves. He flies high and so do I. It is merely that he is a bird and I am a butterfly. But my wings are as safe as his."

"Safe!" old Solomon echoed in excited protest. His tongue grew thick and lost its nice mastery of English as he cried, "Flying is safe, and yet every day better aviators than he are crashing. I should not worry that he flies from Cuba in a storm and loses his ship. That is nothing. No! I should not worry, either, if some fishermen save him from being eaten up by sharks! It is a harmless hobby! Nothing is wrong with aviation! Nothing but the gas. There is no danger except in falling. *Gott!* If I had two sons they would kill me."

"But he hasn't a scratch, Papa Worth. Nothing ever hurts him. He was born under a lucky star."

Wilmer smiled faintly. "Precisely. You two are proof of that fact." Affectionately he put his arm around his father's shoulders and drew him close. "Don't be uneasy. As Wanda says, nothing can hurt me."

II

FOR once Mrs. Morgan suffered a genuine heart attack, and Florida returned from Palm Beach to find her prostrated. From the doctor she learned that Babaloo's condition was really serious, and this distressing news, of course, drove all lesser worries from her mind. Thereafter she devoted her time and attention exclusively to her mother. Babaloo, in actual illness, proved herself to be no less querulous and exacting than during her periods of malingery, and as time went on Florida occasionally asked herself wearily what unfriendly star hung over her head, what malignant hand had released this avalanche of disaster which was sliding down.

Her father had changed greatly of late, and Babaloo's seizure had come as an added burden to his tired shoulders. He was worried, uncertain. Florida heard him moving about when he should have been asleep. With a pang in her bosom, she watched him age, saw the lines deepen in his face and the whimsical twinkle in his eyes give place to a look of fatigue and apprehension.

Immediately following the bank failure there had been numerous meetings of the officials, but of late either they had ceased or else Henry Morgan had been denied a part in them. At any rate, he found little to do except wait in uncertainty for his arraignment and a clearer definition of the charges against him. If, as Florida suspected, he and Fletcher Claiborne had clashed, and if the latter had indeed made use of him as Joe Coates had implied, then the situation was truly alarming, for, as time passed, public sentiment grew ever more hostile.

Coates had hoped to lessen that hostility by inducing Solomon Worth to take over the Merchants and Growers on some profitable basis, his idea being that it would constitute the nucleus for a comprehensive chain banking system of proportions sufficiently large to interest even a man of Worth's importance. But the latter did not move and refused to commit himself. The days passed.

Florida was glad now that she had not broken her engagement to Tom Claiborne, as she had felt tempted to do upon her return from the keys, for, assuming that old Fletcher was really disloyal enough to betray her father if he deemed it necessary, he nevertheless was proud and presumably would feel reluctant to injure the good name of his son's fiancée. It was a mercenary thought, to be sure, and Florida was ashamed of it, but—the whole world was mercenary. Look at Babaloo, for instance. And Falconer! He had assumed that money would pay for his honor, for his kisses! . . . Money, money, money! Florida scorned the word. Well, it had been

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

YOU CAN ESCAPE THE MASK OF AGE

"A girl's best friend is her Complexion!"

SAYS JACK OAKIE

"YOUTH is right up my alley," says Jack Oakie, the engaging star of Paramount's "June Moon."

"A girl's best friend is her complexion!

"My favorite expression, 'You go too far,' won't stand when I talk about youth.

"For when it comes to the charm of a youthful complexion, why say, you CAN'T go too far.

"Today, you can't tell grandma from grandchild so clever are women on beauty secrets. And they've learned a lot from our Hollywood actresses, too."

How important Hollywood Actresses keep Youthful Charm

How well the lovely women of the stage and screen know the secret of staying young! You have often marveled at the way they *keep* the lure of YOUTH year after year!

Above all, guard complexion beauty, Hollywood will advise you. And 605 of the 613 important actresses there use fragrant Lux Toilet Soap! It is *official* in all the film studios at the request of *nine out of ten screen stars.*

Fascinating Broadway stage stars are equally devoted to this soothing, caressing soap! It is found in theatre dressing rooms throughout the country for their convenience. Brilliant European screen stars—in England — in France — in Germany—also rely on Lux Toilet Soap for keeping skin lovely!

* *

Of the countless stars who use this white soap, some have the skin inclined to dryness, some the skin that tends to be oily, some the in-between skin. Whatever their individual type of skin may be they all find bland Lux Toilet Soap the perfect complexion care!

You, too, will find it perfect for *your* skin—no matter what its type. Keep your skin as temptingly smooth, as alluringly youthful as the stars do. Buy some Lux Toilet Soap—begin to enjoy it today!

Lux Toilet Soap—10¢

The caress of dollar-a-cake French soap

FILM

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STARS

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93% of all Universal players adopt this modern method. A significant fact for every home manager

★ Appearance is vital to screen success. Filmdom's favorites must always look their best. So 93 per cent of all Universal featured players—stars, character actors, directors and technical men too—send their clothes to the laundry.

They know present-day laundry methods will safeguard their valuable garments, send them back fresh, spotless, with even the hidden under-surface dirt gone.

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Phone a laundry in your community now and say goodbye to all washday bother. *Sponsored by the Laundryowners National Association of the United States and Canada.*

★ *(Left)* "Puff" Devereaux, personal maid of Frances Williams, Star of George White's Scandals, putting away the petite dancer's freshly laundered linens, done the laundry way.

★ *(Right)* Every suds, every rinse, timed to the second. Scientific devices time every bath under the multiple-suds method.

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Let the **LAUNDRY** *do it!*

MONEY MAD
Continued from page twenty-nine

made plain to her recently that there is more in life than the mere gratifying of one's personal desires: if marriage to Tom Claiborne would tend to avert the misfortunes that threatened, it was a sacrifice she could not well evade.

The date of the arraignment came around and Florida went to court with her father. It was her first view of a court room, it was an ordeal, but her love had changed into a sort of maternal tenderness by now and she realized that he needed her sympathy and her moral support.

It turned out to be a painful, a humiliating experience. The court room was a depressing chamber. Its benches were crowded with people she had regarded as friends but who she knew were now her enemies as well as her father's. Their anger, their hostility embraced all who were even remotely connected with the men responsible for their ruin. To her nostrils that court room smelled like an animal cage. The ceremony, the ritual of court procedure, was senseless, archaic, and inhuman. The machinery of the law was ponderous and heavy. Once set in motion it rumbled on like a road roller and those in its path were crushed. It was the agile who escaped, not the innocent.

Heretofore Morgan and the others had been ignorant of the precise nature of the charges against them, but now those charges were read. Florida felt herself pale with anger as she heard the district attorney drone through them. "And that said defendant did wrongfully divert to his own use and profit—" How dared anyone who knew her father voice such accusations?

She was relieved when her father pleaded not guilty.

NOT until that night did Florida have an opportunity of talking to him. He came home late to report that he and Coates had been engaged in carefully studying the indictment.

"They'll have trouble proving some of the charges," he told her.

"What about those bonds of the Mid-State Cattle Company?" she inquired.

"That's the sticker," Morgan confessed with a frown.

"Did you do what they claim?"

The father nodded. "Claiborne wanted the School Board to deposit fifty thousand dollars of its funds with us and he sent me to see Ben Wilson, the chairman. Ben's one of my oldest friends. It was only a question of the bank putting up sufficient collateral—public funds are secured that way, you know—and Fletcher told me what securities to pledge."

"Well?"

"It seems they weren't ours—the securities."

"And you didn't know it?"

Morgan smiled ruefully. "Certainly not. But the law isn't concerned with what a man knows or doesn't know. There were a lot of things I should have known and didn't. I was just an easy-going old fool."

"But Fletcher knew."

"Presumably. I'm hoping he'll remember the circumstances."

"Does he pretend not to remember?"

Morgan hesitated. "I haven't seen much of him lately. We haven't pulled together very well since this trouble started. When he actually gets on the stand he'll remember either a lot more or considerably less than he seems to remember now. The point is that ignorance of the law is not an excuse, and when a man is as careless as I've been I reckon the best place for him is where he can't do any more damage to innocent people."

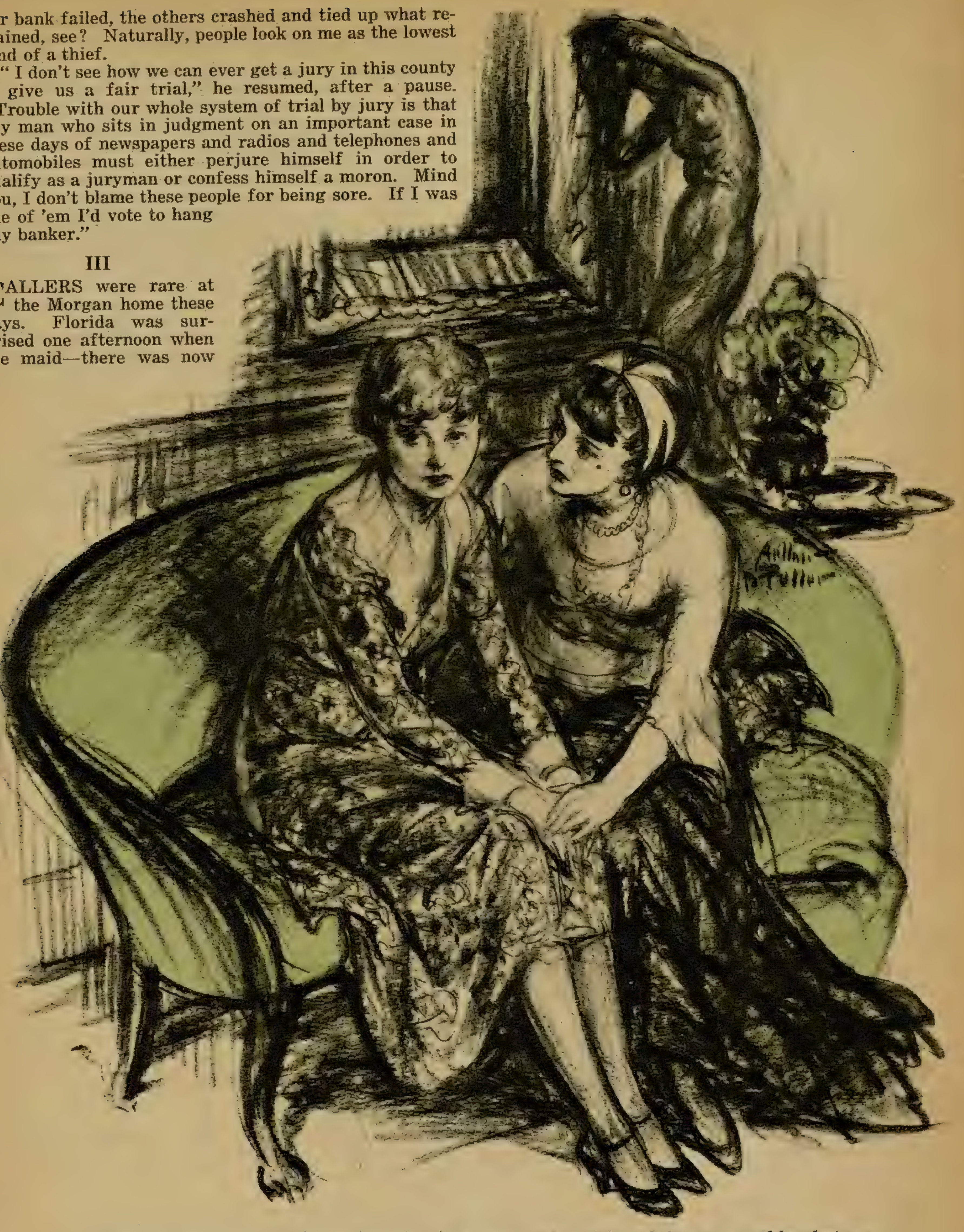
Stormily Florida took issue with her father on this statement. The principle was sound, but circumstances alter cases, and surely no jury could believe that he had ever done or ever could do anything dishonorable. When he took the stand and told them frankly—

"It's hard to count on what any jury will do," Morgan interrupted. "My word is no better than another's, perhaps not as good as Fletcher's, and right now the public mind is inflamed. What inflames it most is the fact that those were public monies. Fifty thousand dollars of county funds gone, wiped out! It means children will miss their schooling because the schools can't open. When our bank failed, the others crashed and tied up what remained, see? Naturally, people look on me as the lowest kind of a thief.

"I don't see how we can ever get a jury in this county to give us a fair trial," he resumed, after a pause. "Trouble with our whole system of trial by jury is that any man who sits in judgment on an important case in these days of newspapers and radios and telephones and automobiles must either perjure himself in order to qualify as a juryman or confess himself a moron. Mind you, I don't blame these people for being sore. If I was one of 'em I'd vote to hang any banker."

III

CALLERS were rare at the Morgan home these days. Florida was surprised one afternoon when the maid—there was now but one at the "Craig place"—told her that a young woman was in the living room and wished to see her. When she came downstairs expecting to find one of her girlhood friends, she discovered, instead, Mrs. Wilmer Worth. The latter rose and came forward with extended hands. She kissed Florida warmly, saying:



"Courage, my dear! I have no means of my own with which to help you—nothing but my jewels and the things I wear. Those I will lay in your lap."

"Well, I'm a woman of my word and I will not allow you to forget me." She turned the girl to the light and eyed her, then exclaimed, "So! You've been ill! What is the matter?"

Briefly Florida told her about Babaloo's condition, and the visitor cried, "Poor child! I sympathize, and yet I'm glad for my own sake. Your silence hurt me; it alarmed me. Every day I said, 'Surely a letter will come in the next mail.' Finally I told myself in despair, 'Enough of this waiting. Something is wrong and I'll get at the bottom of it.' Well, here I am, prepared to—to take you back with me."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

MONEY MAD
Continued from page thirty-one

"I'd love to be kidnaped," the girl confessed with a tired smile. "I'd go in a minute if I could."

"Good! Then I didn't offend you the day we met?"

"How absurd! You were delightful."

"I never know," the countess confessed. "People either like me or hate me at first meetings. There is no middle ground. I'm hard to understand. You see, always there is a storm blowing in my soul and I wholly disregard conventions. I would have been drawn to you as strongly if you had been a nobody."

"I *am* a nobody."

"Nonsense! This lovely old house, these grounds—"

"All mortgaged. That girl who answered the bell is the last of our servants, and we really can't afford her. As soon as mother recovers—"

"What are you talking about?" the caller broke in with a frown. "People of culture! An old family! Papa Worth said your father owned a bank."

After a brief hesitation, Florida explained the calamity which had overtaken the Merchants and Growers, and having told part she told all. It was a relief to share her trouble with someone, for even yet she was bewildered as much by the suddenness with which the storm had broken as by the wholesale destruction it had wrought. It had risen like one of those tropical hurricanes which on rare occasions march out of the Caribbean. The first fury of it had passed. This was the breathless lull at the center which afforded momentary relief but indicated that the gale would swoop down again from another direction, bringing even greater peril to its uncovered victims. She told about that day in court and spoke with apprehension of the ones to follow.

When she finished she was weeping silently.

Her visitor's bearing had altered during the recital. She was indignant, she was sympathetic. What a crime! What an outrage! Shame on the people of Claiborne! And who could sympathize more intensely than one who had tasted similar misfortune? The countess knew the bitter flavor of it, for the war had ruined her and hers. She, too, had faced despair, desperation, want.

"You?" Florida queried. "I had no idea—"

"INDEED, yes. I was a refugee in Paris. A woman without a country. I was dependent upon the charity of friends. But—I had faith in my lucky star and it was justified. Courage, my dear! I have no means of my own with which to help you—nothing but my jewels and the things I wear. Those I will lay in your lap. . . . Now, what surprises you about that? You'd do the same for one you loved. Unfortunately, I'm only a manikin; a rich man's wife. All the same, I have influence with his father. Papa Worth does everything I command and I'll make him aid your father. Leave it to me. Meanwhile let me make plans for you. Life here will be intolerable in view of what has occurred. You can never forgive these wretched people; your hurts will not heal in a day."

"They'll never heal!" Florida agreed.

"Soon I go north and then perhaps abroad. Go to Europe with me, I beg of you."

"Why, my dear countess! I'll have to go to work. Besides, I couldn't leave father and Babaloo. I must help—"

"He'll be rid of his trouble by then. She'll be well. How could you help them better than by going with me? Work? *You?* Leave that to girls who were made for toil. That's what I said when I found myself in your position, and—behold! You have better looks than I and I'm ready to help you. It's a chance to see the world, make friends, marry. How can you hesitate?"

"I suppose marriage to a woman of your class is a career, but—I'm just an American small-town girl, and—"

"And you probably have a small-town sweetheart. You propose to marry for love and remain permanently in this charming Claiborne. Very well, let me play gypsy and read your teacup or peer into the crystal. I see you in an eight-room bungalow with one maid and—let us say three children. You attend the talkies twice a week and drive a tin sedan. Occasionally you entertain with a few tables of bridge and the local newspaper writes it up. It says, 'Mrs. John Jones was hostess at a charming affair on Friday afternoon. The living room was decorated with nasturtiums and a delicious salad course was served.'

"Your husband is getting ahead and he is true to you because he is too poor to afford a mistress. Instead he plays golf on Sundays, which is almost as trying to a young wife. You cannot play because of the children. You have lost your figure—it went when Junior came—but you tell yourself that you are a happy and a contented woman. . . . Bah! That's what you American girls call a career. It is admirable for those who like nasturtiums and banana salads and fore-door sedans. But the world bows down to women with beauty and with brains. I offer you a home of your own on Park Avenue or in the south of France, a place in the Social Register, white hands, a slim figure, perpetual youth!"

"AND a husband who can afford not one but several mistresses," Florida said with a smile.

"More blame to you. Not all rich men are dissolute. My husband, for instance, is young and handsome and he treats me with every consideration. Why? Because I am beautiful and accomplished and reflect credit upon him; because I respect his position and am above intimacies with other men. . . . Yes, marriage is a brilliant career. Don't throw yourself away, I implore you. Heed my advice; indulge my whim. Come with me, be my inseparable, my other half."

"Your—companion?"

"No, no! Not my employee. My guest. My friend. My playmate. Give me the love, the understanding, the—well, yes, the companionship that my marriage has failed to bring. There will be no hiring, no mention of money, but we will share my allowance. I'll keep you always with me—give you the lion's share of everything I possess—until you tire. Then you shall be free. It means independence, a brilliant marriage, if you choose. My dear, I find you sitting in the ashes of your home. Let me lift you up, lead you out and away."

Due, no doubt, to the earnestness of this eccentric woman, and to her patent liking, this proposal sounded less extravagant, less impractical than it was. Nevertheless Florida felt an extreme embarrassment. She was flattered, of course. This proffer of friendship, this tender of aid, was more than gratifying; but it likewise dismayed her, for she feared that Mrs. Worth was one of those fervent creatures who could not endure frustration. In this supposition, however, she was mistaken.

The caller was disappointed, deeply disappointed, when told that Florida could not even think of leaving home at the present time. She was neither angered nor hurt, and the invitation remained open. The girl had cast a spell over her which amounted to an obsession. It was too precious to risk destroying and she would force herself to await a later and a riper decision.

Florida stood motionless, staring after her car as it rolled silently away. In genuine distress she asked herself why it was that the advances of this impetuous, exotic creature left her cold, even caused her to shrink inwardly. In this hour of dread her heart cried out for love and understanding, and yet Wanda's answer brought her no relief. It was an insoluble mystery.

In next week's installment of Money Mad you'll watch Florida Morgan rise, after destiny has beaten her down, and start a brave fight against misfortune.

FALSE TEETH ARE A GREAT INVENTION *BUT* KEEP YOUR OWN AS LONG AS YOU CAN

False teeth often follow pyorrhea, which comes to four people out of every five past the age of 40

Forhan's
for MASSAGING GUMS and CLEANING TEETH

Humanity has good reason to fear *pyorrhea*

MANY people are self-conscious and uncomfortable today with false teeth who might have been spared the loss of their own.

Pyorrhea, which comes to four people out of every five who pass the age of forty, can rob you of your teeth and break down your very health if permitted to go unchecked.

The first symptoms are tender gums that bleed easily when brushed. As it progresses, it makes gums soft and spongy until teeth often loosen in their sockets and either fall out or must be extracted.

But don't wait for these symptoms. Many people have the beginnings of pyorrhea in their mouths for ten years before outward signs appear. To be safe, see your dentist at least twice a year and brush your teeth twice daily with Forhan's.

The formula of a pyorrhea specialist

In your own home your teeth are your own responsibility. It is up to you to give them the finest care possible.

Forhan's was created by R. J. Forhan, D.D.S., who for 26 years specialized in the treatment of pyorrhea.

It is unique in that it contains the benefits of an ethical preparation developed by Dr. Forhan, which thousands of dentists use in the treatment of pyorrhea.

Don't gamble with pyorrhea

Start using Forhan's today. You can make no finer investment in the health of your mouth and the safety of your teeth.

False teeth are a great invention, but keep your own as long as you can. Forhan Company, Inc., New York; Forhan's Ltd., Montreal.

WEALTH! ROMANCE! HEALTH! *How well do you know your own strength and weakness as revealed by the stars? Tune in Miss EVANGELINE ADAMS, world-famous astrologer, on your radio, or send for your horoscope.. Just sign your name, address and date of birth on the box in which you buy your Forhan's toothpaste, and mail to Evangeline Adams, c/o Forhan Company, 405 Lexington Avenue, New York City. Monday and Wednesday at 7:30 p. m., Eastern Standard Time, Columbia network.*

Forhan's

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

The Unknown QUANTITY

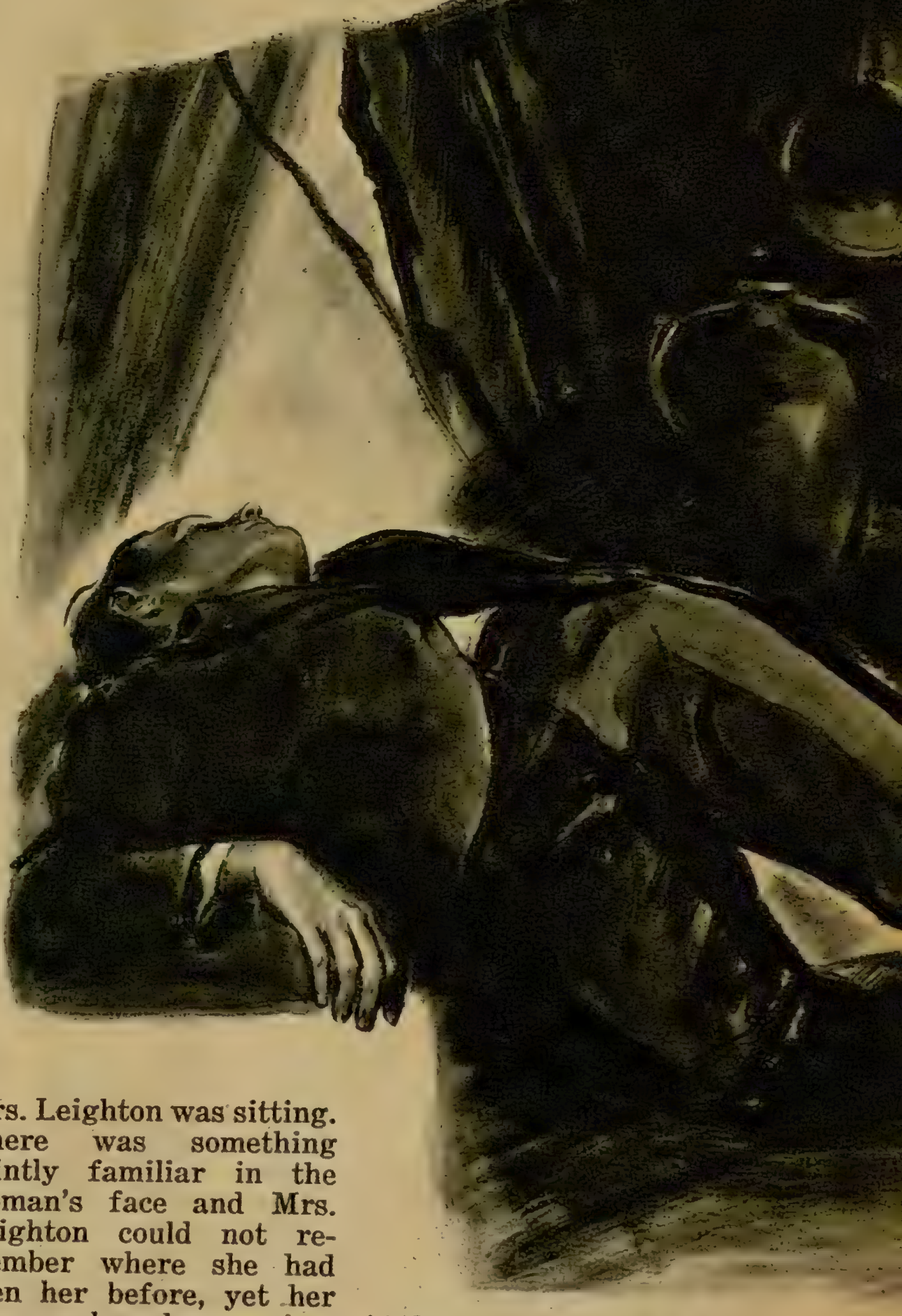
A Story of a Second Look at Love

By

FOXHALL DAINGERFIELD

of the glamorous Daingerfields of Virginia. His aunt Elizabeth has bred some of the finest horses in the world. He is 43 and unmarried, left college to go on the stage with Mrs. Fiske, and for the last six years has been writing novels and (he admits) playing the stock market.

Pictures by CARL MUELLER



(Reading time: 31 minutes 5 seconds.)

MRS. LEIGHTON stood on the dock, her hands folded across her parasol, waiting for the signal for passengers to board the ship. The day before she had taken the train from Mexico City and now she was at Vera Cruz on the first lap of her homeward journey. The winches were grinding steadily and there was a film of coal dust settling over everything it touched. The noise was intolerable, coupled with the heat. But Mrs. Leighton stood watching, heedless of the confusion about her.

She had reason to test her courage upon the first obstacle. She was nearing forty, a big woman with a certain dignity of carriage. Her long hands were incased in doeskin gloves, a wide hat sheltered her face from the sun. Her ash-blonde hair was gathered into a soft bun at the back of her neck; her eyes, wide set and gray blue, looked steadily before her at the confusion of departure. She had kept her figure, was slender without being thin; her shoulders, wide and evenly balanced, showed white through the fine texture of her dress. She carried a pale yellow traveling coat and an expensive gold-clasped bag was slung across her wrist. She was a woman of dignity and character. She must have been very beautiful in a youth where poise and dignity were counted as values.

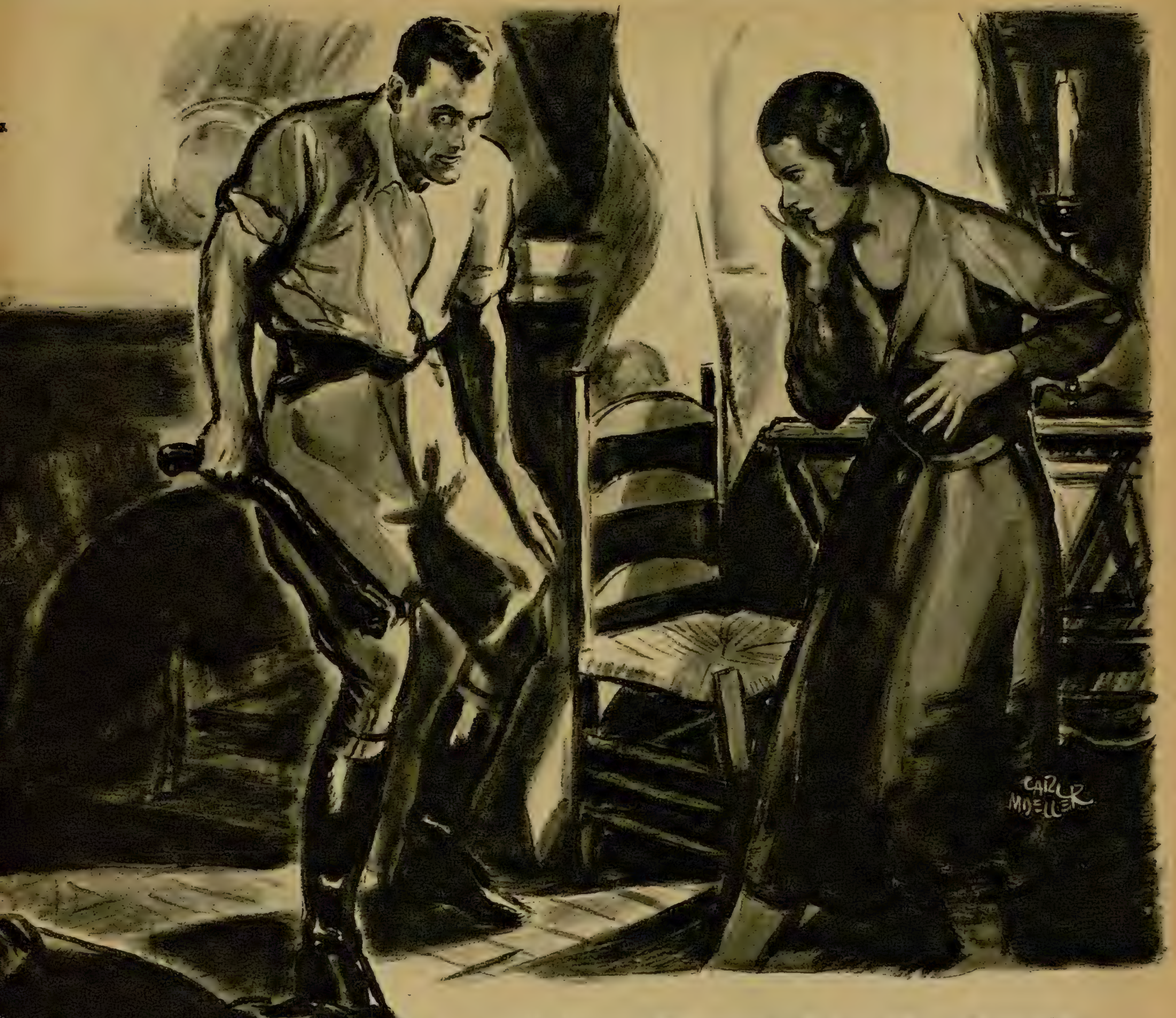
Presently, when the loading was finished, she went on board and, for want of anything better, watched the arrival of the other passengers from a deck chair on the farther side of the boat.

There were the usual groups of tourists. A single man or woman here and there. An English nurse, in bonnet and blue cloak lined with red, leading a smartly dressed reluctant child. A group of men, foolishly drunk, as though it would be their last before entering the dry territory of America.

There was one woman among the rest. She appeared quite alone and selected a deck chair in the row in which Mrs. Leighton was sitting. There was something faintly familiar in the woman's face and Mrs. Leighton could not remember where she had seen her before, yet her eyes awakened memories. At first she had thought her well dressed, but a second glance showed her clothes two years behind the fashion, expensive once, now worn and down at the heel.

There was a certain appeal for protection in her manner as though she had known nothing else all her life. She had approached the deck chair with a deprecation, as though she expected someone to tell her to go away. There was something disturbing in the woman's face. Mrs. Leighton was annoyed. She turned her eyes away with a frown. She had troubles and sorrows of her own, infinitely deep. She did not wish to look upon those in the face of another.

Her reasons for being on the ship were perplexing, more so as the ship drew away from the dock and passed into the open sea. She had left her husband. Left him



" As I stared at him a dreadful thing happened. His great chest, under his blue linen shirt, lifted and fell in a dreadful heave. Even then I knew it was the passing of his soul."

suddenly and irrevocably. He was a handsome man, Vincent Leighton. Dark and big and sluggish in his movements. The climate had intensified this, yet she, for the eighteen years of their marriage, had felt so full of life. Now, slowly he had grown away from her. It began with faint, blind rages at his slowness, at his endlessly planning everything which otherwise might have had the sudden joy of adventure.

THERE came the time when she would awaken earlier than he and lie in the dawn raging inwardly to herself at the slowness of his very existence. She could not bear to look at him lying there asleep in the other bed. His hair would be rumpled and his face stolid with sleep. His dark jowl, as yet unshaven, bulging over the neck of his pyjamas. He was letting himself get fat.

He had never cared for another woman nor she for another man, yet here, nearing forty, the snap had come. She had left him forever and entirely. Was returning to New York. She would buy a small farmhouse on Long Island. She would lead her own life now.

She wondered if Vincent would ever marry again. What would be his feelings when he returned from his three-day business trip to his mines and found her gone? It was this trip which had thwarted her plan for going away to their camp in the hills with some friends from the States.

She had known it would be like this. Had wondered when the time for breaking would draw near. Then it had leaped upon her suddenly and she had not realized the enormity of her act. A ring at the telephone, a few words, quickly on her part, sluggishly on his. She had left a letter. Telling him she was saying good-by forever. Well, at last, that would rouse him. While she sat there in her deck chair her mouth twisted at an old thought. A slow tear slid from under her lashes. She was glad there were no children.

Mrs. Leighton's thoughts were once more drawn to the girl—she was hardly more than that; twenty-five perhaps—in the chair near her. She was conscious of some heavy, rather stale perfume borne to her on the air. She drew away her eyes, knitting her brows, and looked at the vanishing shore line. She had wanted this glimpse of old Mexico, her last, to herself. She rose presently and went below to dress for dinner.

Lying in her chair on deck that night, it was past mid-

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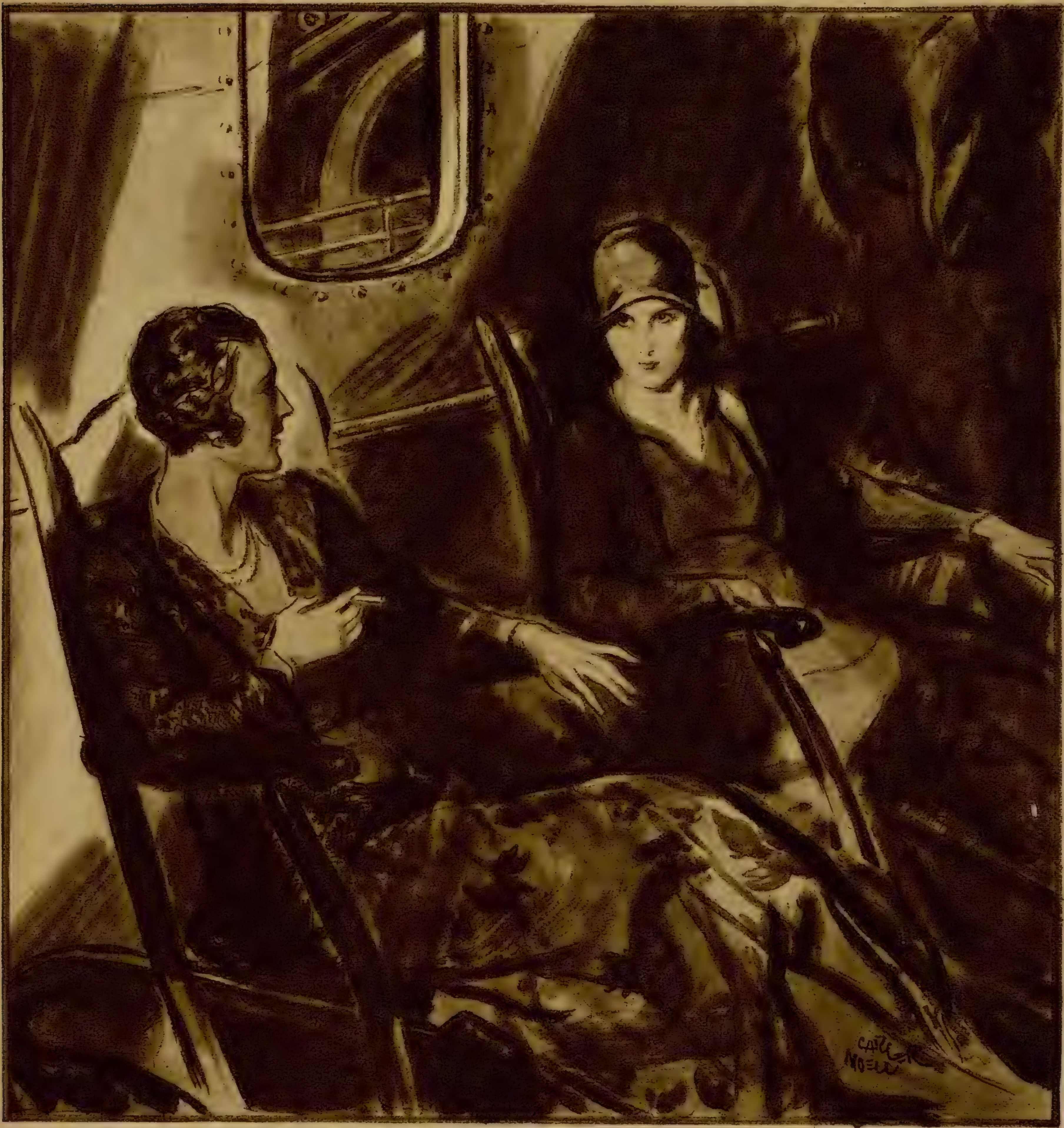

Mrs. Dennis was sitting next her. She was very pretty, quite like her picture. She did not look the sort of woman, early in life, to destroy her home.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

night before her mind cleared for consecutive thought. The lights in the salon were out and the ship had fallen into a ghostly silence. Above was the sound of the wind sighing in the aërial. A row of empty deck chairs stretched along the side of the ship toward the bow. It was very quiet save for the rush and hiss of the waves against the prow of the ship as she cut her way through.

Mrs. Leighton rose and walked slowly forward along the promenade deck. The night wind blew warm and hard against her face. She drew the mantilla closer over her hair and walked to the forward rail and stood for some time looking out over the empty restless sea. The coolness brought a sense of relief. She need not go below yet. The thought of her stifling cabin was unbearable.

Beyond, in black shadow, were some deck chairs, and in one of these she seated herself, leaning her face on her hand. The mantilla slipped back and she let the wind blow over her hair. The press of its soft hand was vastly comforting. Now it brought again that faint, heavy scent of perfume of the woman she vaguely remembered. A shadow in a chair near her own stirred and Mrs. Leighton sat erect.

"I beg your pardon," a voice said. "I'm sorry if I startled you. I will go away if you would rather."

Mrs. Leighton leaned forward. She recognized the woman she had noticed when first she came aboard.

"Oh, no," she answered. "I always stay up late crossing the gulf. The cabins are frightful this time of year."

Her companion seemed faintly interested.

"Do you know," she said suddenly, "I am most awfully glad you came along. You see, this is my first voyage alone. I had certain misgivings. It's rather nice meeting someone who has crossed before."

Mrs. Leighton was again conscious of a curious appeal for protection. She had pride in her own capabilities;

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-EIGHT]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-SIX]

ered how it would seem to be afraid to travel alone.

shouldn't worry. You're as safe as on a Pullman."

hank you," the other replied. "It's nice of you. rather gives me courage."

ith long hours of watching the sea since dinner ething of Mrs. Leighton's normal state of mind had rned. She felt comforted and at ease. In the morning perhaps, her thought of her husband, soon to know as solitary and alone forever, would hammer at her iousness, but now she was glad for the relief of talk. he slow roll of the boat, bringing the dim horizon her, then gently lower, against the white line of the , was soothing. She leaned back against her chair.

was interested in the woman next her. here had she known her before? When she ed to accompany her husband to various rts of Mexico on visits to his mines she et so many people. It was rather difficult. erhaps this woman was one of them. Now she offered her cigarette case and lighter.

"Will you smoke? It's rather windy, but I think we can manage a light."

"Thank you," the other said. She took the offered cigarette and cupping her hand against the wind snapped on the lighter. The flame illumined her face and Mrs. Leighton glanced at her. More certain was she that the woman's face was familiar. In the flame of the lighter she noticed her eyelashes clung together in tiny points of tears, that her nose was faintly pink and swollen, her face drawn as she drew unsteadily at the cigarette. Mrs. Leighton took a cigarette.

"Do you know," she said kindly, "I am sure we must have met before. Your face is very familiar."

The girl did not answer immediately. She drew at the cigarette; its pink glow showed her eyes looking steadily over the sea.

"Yes?" she answered presently, taking the cigarette from her lips. "I suppose it is. That is if you attend murder trials."

This was unexpected. Mrs. Leighton looked at her curiously. She had evidently been mistaken in the woman's appeal for protection. Her voice was hard as flint, veiling completely the deprecation of tone when she had offered to go away.

"Perhaps I shouldn't have said that," the girl continued. "You see, I'm unaccustomed to friendliness just now and your kindness took me off my guard. It's odd to be talking to you like this. I have not had the chance to talk to anyone for almost a month."

SHE was silent again. Mrs. Leighton felt that if she were to continue she must make some reply. She was at once sorry for the other's distress. She was sympathetic. Perhaps that was why leaving her husband stabbed her so relentlessly since boarding the ship. The knowledge of her unfairness, at the same time knowing, without knowing why, that hate had conquered her love completely and unwillingly and she was in its power. This knowledge gave her a nervous self-determination to be kind.

"I don't believe I follow you in what you said about murder trials. I don't remember ever attending one."

"You read the papers," the girl continued. "It is almost the same thing."

Mrs. Leighton felt, saw rather, in the darkness the gleam of her white face and it was turned toward her.

"You will remember the Dennis case? Well, I am Mrs. Dennis."

It came over her now. She leaned back in her chair, her lips parted with surprise. A month ago the papers had been full of it. There had been a picture of Mrs. Dennis almost every day. There had been a ghastly murder on a ranch near an out-of-the-way town. Silva. That was the place. Some hundred miles from Mexico City.

A man, Dennis, had come in unexpectedly from the ranch and found his wife in the arms of her lover. The husband had killed the despoiler of his home in a peculiarly brutal fashion. Had beaten him to death with a broken plow shaft he had happened to have in his hand. The woman had taken the stand and admitted her guilt, had acknowledged the dead man as her lover, and the husband was acquitted.

There had been a demonstration of approval at the verdict and the judge had been obliged to clear the court. There had been several editorials in praise of the husband's magnanimity in taking his wife back to their ranch. Mrs. Leighton herself was more or less interested, had had several conversations with her husband at dinner regarding the aspects of the case.

One point only had struck her as unusual. The crime had occurred at ten o'clock in the morning and the murder committed in the living room of the bungalow. There had been no sordidness of a bedroom. No drink. No previous meetings hinted at on the part of the neighbors.

MRS. LEIGHTON, curiously self-centered now in her own unhappiness, remembered with a stab that these discussions of the case had been the few occasions which had roused her husband from his sluggishness to actual animation. They had agreed at the unusual point of the case, and wondered why the defense had not played upon it. Still, the woman had taken the stand and admitted her guilt and that had been the end of it.

Now Mrs. Dennis was sitting next her. She was very pretty, quite like her picture. She did not look the sort of woman, early in life, to destroy her home. Her face was ever so much nicer than that of her husband in the newspaper pictures. His was long, and rather cruel. He had short-cropped curly black hair, growing rather low on his forehead; his mouth was thin and fixed, and in the close-ups of him his light eyes, set rather close together, had shown a steadiness of glance which was disconcerting.

A wave of pity, not unmixed with a certain thrill of interest in the situation, crept over her. She had never talked with a woman who had passed through such an experience. She had known unfaithful women. But they had been women of whom one never exactly faced the knowledge of their unfaithfulness, even to one's self. Continued going to their parties, watching with acid amusement their intrigues, with a contempt at the husbands' stupidity. Finding it difficult to accept their apparent unconcern. Mrs. Dennis was speaking again.

"The reason I told you who I was is because I felt I had you at a disadvantage. You would stay and talk; offered me a cigarette. I felt if you knew, despite the heat, you would go below." She said this without bitterness, a certain justice, even.

Again the ageless quiet of the slow-rolling sea swept over Mrs. Leighton. The feeling that happenings of life, past happenings, too late to alter, were of little matter, grew very strong.

Were she and this woman, from one cause or another, not in reality in the same boat? She smiled faintly at the comparison. The woman, Mrs. Dennis, must have had at bottom some genuine love for her husband. Witness her willingness to take the stand for her own damnation. Yet surely she had loved this lover better. Had she not brought her home about her ears, risking that moment's love? Strange how the mind may think two utterly separate and distinct truths at the same time.

There came again the comparison of their cases. This woman had felt two things, different and apart. So had she. There was the underlying knowledge of her love for her husband. A consciousness she would not now admit, yet withal knowing the certainty of its existence. And there was the hate, the wish to make him suffer, which had written her letter, had driven her to the boat.

"You read it?" the girl broke in upon Mrs. Leighton's thoughts.

"Yes."

"And you thought, of course, what everyone else thought who went to the trial or read the papers." There was finality in her statement.

"No," Mrs. Leighton said reflectively. "No, I don't

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY]

Ann Leaf, popular organist, pictures at the left the distorted tone that comes from a radio set whose units are but partially balanced. At the right is pictured the true, clear, undistorted tone produced by Philco's exact balancing of all units in the set

THE SUPERHETERODYNE-PLUS RADIO WITH

ELEVEN TUBES

SUCH TONE—DISTANCE—SELECTIVITY—YOU HAVE NEVER HEARD BEFORE!

Now, for the first time, three great principles of radio are *combined* in one 11-tube receiver. They are—Balanced-Unit Tone—Screen Grid Power—Superheterodyne Selectivity: *Philco Superheterodyne-Plus.* It is frankly "more radio" than the average owner can ever need, but *you* will find it wonderful to bring you many more entrancing programs—"big shows" of the air, which you have never before been able to enjoy or even get ◦ ◦ ◦ Philco Automatic Volume Control makes this enormous 11-tube power useful by holding the reception at constant level *without fading and without blasting* as you tune from station to station ◦ ◦ ◦ Tone-Control enhances your delight with four degrees of tone quality "Brilliant," "Bright," "Mellow," and "Deep," instantly available at a touch of your finger ◦ ◦ ◦ Added to the Superheterodyne split-hair selectivity, you have the most accurate tuning set in the world because of the Glowing Arrow Indicator on the Illuminated Station Recording Dial. You log your favorite stations and ever after tune with perfect accuracy by simply bringing the call letters under the Glowing Arrow ◦ ◦ ◦ And as for realism, this new Philco brings programs to you with such breath-taking fidelity you will think that the great artists, opera stars, jazz bands and famous men are right in the room with you! ◦ ◦ ◦ Never before such a radio—Let the nearest Philco dealer demonstrate it to you. He has the most complete line of radios in the world from Baby Grands at $49.50 to Screen Grid at $110; Superheterodyne-Plus Radios at $129.50 and $155; Radio-Phonographs, $99.50 to $272, less tubes; Philco Balanced Tubes for balanced performance; Philco-Transitone Automobile Radio, $65, including tubes. All sets are sold with Philco Balanced Tubes. Prices slightly higher in Canada, Denver and West.

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HIGHBOY

With doors—built-in Electro-Dynamic Speaker; Illuminated Station-Recording Dial with Glowing Arrow "Finder;" 11 tubes; Tone-Control; Automatic Volume Control and all new features $155.00 less tubes

In an exquisite Lowboy . . . . . $129.50 less tubes

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The Philadelphia Orchestra

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TUNE IN — NBC Network. Watch radio page of your newspaper for local time and station.

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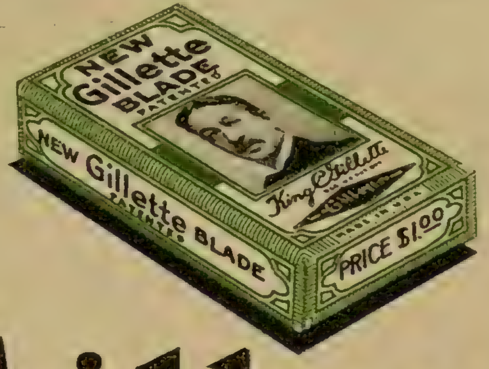


Gillette

RAZORS Gillette BLADES

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-EIGHT]

believe I felt exactly as everyone else. Do you know, I have always had an odd sort of sympathy for you? In fact, I have thought about it many times. Despite the fact of your husband's life hanging in the balance you showed rare courage in declaring yourself as you did. It was obviously your duty. Still, only a woman knows what it must have cost."

She was surprised at her own frankness. The intimacy of sudden, unexpected talk upon such frightfully delicate matters—the darkness, the whine of the wind in the aërial, most of all the dark roll of the sea—brought them strangely together. Together as two women have before this linked themselves against the whole race of man. That there was something in common the older woman had not the slightest doubt.

"I suppose," the girl went on evenly, "having nothing but my thoughts—no word of speech with anyone since that time—has made me callous. Perhaps, had I talked to someone before this, before I went away, I should not be talking like this to a stranger. Perhaps, had I talked to someone before, I should not have left at all."

"You have left your husband?" Mrs. Leighton's question came gently, rather a matter of course that she should ask it. The oddness of the situation vanished. It seemed a most natural thing to be discussing the tragedy with this girl who had shown her such open trust.

"Yes, I have left him. This is the first time I have been entirely alone in my life. That was why I was afraid of being on the boat by myself. It is funny I should mind—after so many worse things." This last was reflectively, as though she were speaking her thoughts to herself.

"Do you know"—Mrs. Leighton lighted another cigarette, offering the case to the girl, who refused—"Do you know, I rather wonder why you have left him. After all, from a man's point of view, it was rather the nice thing—his taking you home." She had not intended anything so personal. Yet there was the idea that the girl was expecting her to say something of the sort.

"Yes. I went home with him."

Mrs. Leighton wished her to continue, but she was silent for some minutes. "I suppose you are married?" the girl went on. "Sure—because of your understanding. But then you have never left your husband—of your own free will, if you will forgive my suggesting such a thing."

"Haven't I?" But the girl was too occupied with her own thoughts to notice the slight rising inflection upon the two words which might have told Mrs. Leighton's story.

"If anyone ever had an excuse for leaving her husband, I had."

"You don't think there ever is an excuse?" Mrs. Leighton said absently. The girl, taking her happiness, her security in her own husband, for granted, had momentarily turned her thoughts into other channels.

"DO you, by chance, remember the pictures of Carl Lester, the murdered man, the one I said on the stand was my lover? There were enough of them in the papers."

"Yes, I remember the picture," Mrs. Leighton replied. "Big and rather handsome, I thought him. He struck me as quite a part of all outdoors."

"Yes, he was all of that. I still remember him as the handsomest man I had ever seen. He was quite a good friend of my husband. I have never understood just how"—here she paused, then she said slowly—"how he was able to murder him like that."

The callowness of this made Mrs. Leighton wince. That this girl, who had so blatantly wronged her husband, should now have run away from him when he had taken her back, should say what she had said, was unthinkable. Instinctively she drew away from her. Retreated into herself, her eyes were fastened on the white spot in the darkness that was the other's face.

"I can see you are much surprised. Doubtless you think me fortunate to be taken back," Mrs. Dennis said. "In fact, I believe I would have been disappointed had you not felt so. But during this last month of silence—you see, I have always had others who would think for me and it has taken me some time to quite make up my mind—now I have come to believe that things that have happened do not matter very much. I wonder if I am right. I wonder, can't help wondering, what would happen if I told the truth. I seem to remember it written somewhere that the truth shall make you free. I wonder what the truth would do for me."

"You may tell me the truth," Mrs. Leighton said presently. "In fact, I believe I should feel very much flattered at your trust. I am sure my silence would be very little to offer one who has passed through what you have passed. You must not tell me though, unless the telling would make life less difficult. It is difficult enough now as it is."

"VERY well," the girl said slowly. "If you are willing to listen, I am willing to tell. We aren't apt to see one another again after we reach New Orleans. I am quite alone in the world. I am fairly strong. I believe I can look out for myself. In fact, I shouldn't mind very much if everyone knew. After the trial it couldn't be proved. The truth rarely can be, it seems." She paused a moment, seemed to reflect upon something before she continued.

"Once I was willing to do everything in the world to keep his secret. I think I proved that. Still, it is difficult to foresee the consequences of loving very much. I think it was the willingness of everyone to believe I was telling the truth that has changed me. It's strange, isn't it, how sure they were of my speaking the truth when at the same time I was declaring the sort of woman I was? I am sure now what people want to hear is the thing they are most willing to believe."

Mrs. Leighton pondered this. Finding certain angles of truth and doubt. She was listening to the girl carefully. Her sudden interest had swept all thoughts of her own problems and sorrows very far away. Now she said: "And what was it they wanted to believe of you?"

"The worst."

To this Mrs. Leighton had, of course, no answer. The girl herself had willingly confessed the worst.

"Now, if you are willing, I will tell what happened that morning. I am sure I can face life better with someone knowing." A gust of warm wind blew the girl's hair across her face; she pushed it back impatiently.

"I lived in Canada. On a ranch there. When I met my husband and he asked me to marry him I felt a certain security, elation almost, at the thought of living on another ranch in Mexico. Seemed rather like home, not like going away. My husband loved me very deeply, I thought, and before I had known him two weeks he had asked me to marry him and I consented. I felt I knew him very well—knew all his qualities, good and bad. There was a charming sense of power about him that rather swept one off their feet. I was eighteen—still, I knew the kind of man I was marrying. In some things he was cruel, but he could be just. There was his violent temper, yet he could be kind. He loved me very much and it was not until years later that I was to learn he loved himself as well."

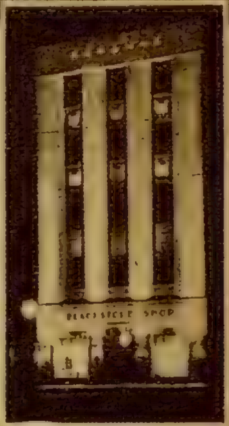
Her voice had rather caressed these words of their early love-making. As though they were very precious to her, that nothing could shake her faith in those things she had believed. As though the later part of her life had nothing whatever to do with them. Almost that they were in some sacred place, shut away to themselves where nothing could ever touch or disarrange them.

"That is all about the first part. The good in him was stronger than the bad and I married him and we went to Mexico. Our ranch was charming. My father, after the English fashion, had settled a considerable dot upon me. This I placed in my husband's hands and we prospered very well.

"Then came two years of drought and the cattle and crops fared badly. It was during this time my little child was born. A girl. She only lived two months. It took some time to readjust ourselves to this. All that

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-TWO]

The Stanley Korshak Blackstone Shop Originals Take Their Smart Lines from GOSSARD Moulded Figures



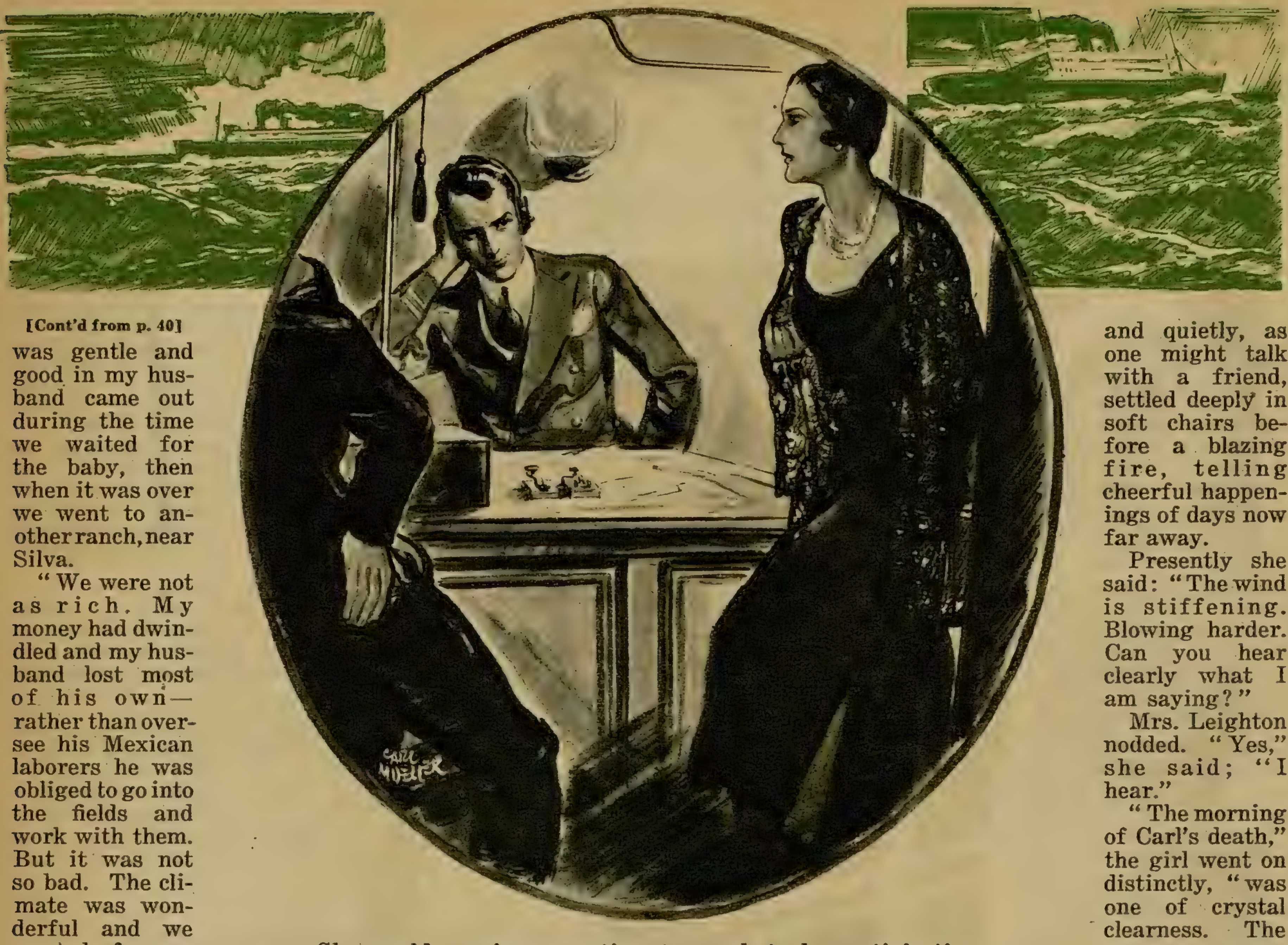
"The lines of today's clothes reveal the idealized, rather than the natural feminine figure. Gossard foundation styles, months in advance, accurately guide the designer to a correct interpretation of the silhouette. Smart women find that modern clothes show their lines to best advantage when worn over a Gossard foundation," says Stanley Korshak, head of the Blackstone Shop of Chicago. The Blackstone Shop has gowned Chicago's social leaders and debutantes for many years. Chicago's fashionables have faith in Blackstone originals — because they are always so delightfully wearable.

THE Blackstone gown, pictured, heralds a new note for Spring—fabrics cut on the diagonal, and dependent entirely upon the foundation garment for its lines! Shapeless on the hanger—it takes on charm and line when worn over a Gossard foundation, and clings to the figure with a smoothness hitherto unknown. The lovely Gossard combination is of dainty peach lace with narrow sections of hand-loomed elastic at side back. It is finished with an eight-inch lace flounce ...Designed to mould the figure to slim curves. *Model 1630*

GOSSARD

Line of Beauty

The H. W. Gossard Co., *Division of Associated Apparel Industries, Inc.*, Chicago, New York, San Francisco, Dallas, Atlanta, London, Toronto, Sydney, Buenos Aires



She would require some time to word, to her satisfaction, the radiogram she wished to send her husband.

[Cont'd from p. 40]

was gentle and good in my husband came out during the time we waited for the baby, then when it was over we went to another ranch, near Silva.

“We were not as rich. My money had dwindled and my husband lost most of his own—rather than oversee his Mexican laborers he was obliged to go into the fields and work with them. But it was not so bad. The climate was wonderful and we wanted for no actual comforts. There was a Mexican cook for me, and my husband managed to keep a horse or two for his own amusement. We played a good deal of tennis and occasionally had friends from the neighboring ranches for dinner.

“That was how we came to know Carl Lester. He was Canadian also, though I had never heard of his family. They lived near Calgary. His ranch joined ours and when we'd known him for a year or two there was a plan for a partnership, buying some land together. This was put through eventually and we had high hopes for the future. My husband told me little of his business. Yet I could not help seeing things were not going so well as we had hoped.

“Then I noticed, three months ago, that Carl ceased coming to the house. He used to drop in rather often and I fell into the way of expecting him—missing his gay banter. You say you remember his picture. He was the sort of person who lightened everything when he was about. I had heard Carl was rather a keen business man in a trade, yet this side of him I'd never seen. To me he was always gay and light-hearted and charming. So when he ceased appearing, I noticed it.

“ONCE or twice I asked my husband what had become of him, why he had not dropped in for a drink or tennis? He would be surly at my questions, and I wondered if their partnership was going well. I knew they had each put in ten thousand dollars—but it was not till later that I was to know that Carl had put up the cash, had taken my husband's note for his share. I don't know why it never occurred to me to couple Carl's absences with taking my husband's note. Of course, I see now, foreclosure on Carl's part would have ruined us.”

Here Mrs. Dennis broke off her story and relaxed into her chair, looking silently over the heaving sea. Once she sighed. Perhaps at memory of those earlier times when there had been no thought of sorrow. The bitterness had left her voice. She was telling her story simply and quietly, as one might talk with a friend, settled deeply in soft chairs before a blazing fire, telling cheerful happenings of days now far away.

Presently she said: “The wind is stiffening. Blowing harder. Can you hear clearly what I am saying?”

Mrs. Leighton nodded. “Yes,” she said; “I hear.”

“The morning of Carl's death,” the girl went on distinctly, “was one of crystal clearness. The sun was warm, not hot, and the wind from the northeast was crisp and cool. I had awakened with a certain sense of elation. I wanted to be about my work, had that feeling that comes to some of us that something particularly nice was about to happen. Which only shows, I think, how carefully the future is hidden from us.

“MY husband had not been himself for all that week. Was angry and abrupt with me. Would sit for hours, his chin pressed in his hand. He cared little for his dinner. On two occasions he had been away all day and had no luncheon. That was why I went into the kitchen. There was a sort of Spanish cream I made, a favorite of his. There was a shelf below a window hung with vine where I could work and at the same time look out over the ranch. I loved cooking, could make certain dainty things the Mexicans could never master.

“My husband had gone out directly after breakfast and when things were cleared away, I gathered flowers, set the rooms to rights, and put on my yellow smock and went into the kitchen. I had always loved my yellow smock and today it seemed part of my mood.

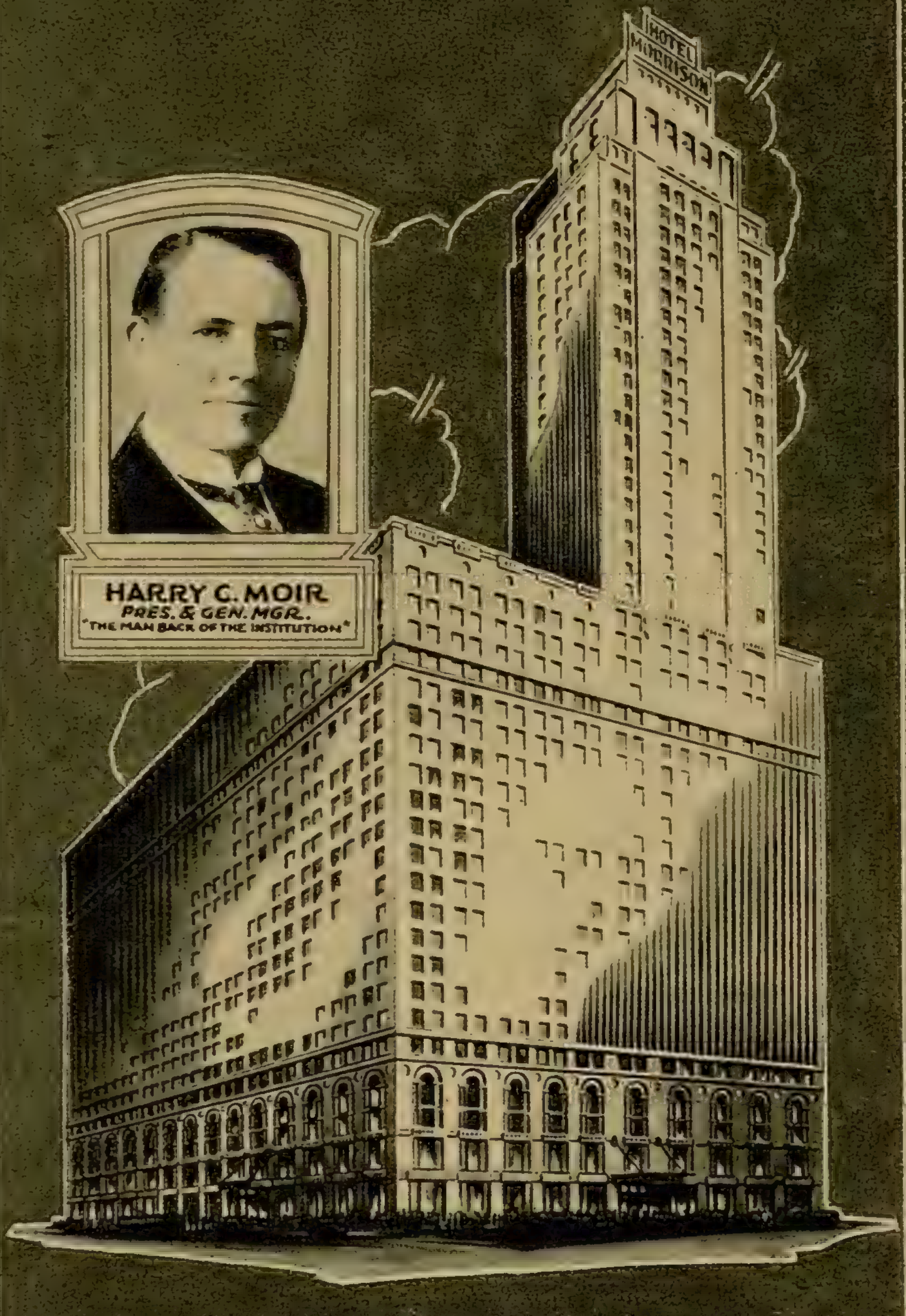
“It was ten o'clock. I was standing at the open window, my arms deep in a bowl of yellow cream—I had a silly way of mixing things with my hands—and presently I looked up from my work at the sound of footsteps crunching along the path. And there was Carl. I had not seen him for weeks. I called out ‘Carl!’ He stopped just outside the window. He was tall and big and sunburned, very blond. His face broke into wrinkles when he laughed and he was laughing now.

“He had yellow hair and sunburned skin and wide blue eyes and looked as though a spotlight had suddenly been thrown on him when he smiled. ‘Hello,’ he said. ‘You look just like a primrose.’ And I answered, ‘Where have you been for all these weeks?’ He laughed again and said, ‘I want to see your husband,’ and I said, ‘He has gone out on the ranch. Go around to the living room

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-FOUR]

Your Stay in Chicago *will cost you less* *at the*

MORRISON HOTEL



The Morrison is the tallest hotel in the world — 46 stories high with 2500 outside rooms.

A downward revision of rates has followed the construction of the new 500-room section at the Morrison Hotel.

With Chicago's business life steadily concentrating at the corner of Madison and Clark, patrons might naturally expect to pay far more for rooms. Yet the rate-changes have offered new economies to the guests.

This is because subleases at this focal intersection earn a rental that offsets the rate reductions. In the new section alone, the annual revenue from ground-floor store-rents is $140,000. Throughout the hotel, the rates of many of the rooms have been scaled down in proportion to this increase in income.

For years, the rates at the Morrison have been $2.50 up. Rooms renting above these figures are now obtainable in many cases at lower charges than ever before.

There are 2,500 rooms, each with bath, running ice water, bed-head reading lamp, telephone and Servidor. There is first rate garage accommodation. Theatres, stores, offices and railroads are nearer than at any other hotel.

THE MORRISON RESTAURANTS

At the Boston Oyster House and its predecessors, perfect meals at moderate prices have been served for sixty years. The dazzling Terrace Garden offers fascinating dance music at all meals. Entirely different, both are equally famous for delicious, tastefully served menus.

MORRISON HOTEL
THE HOTEL OF PERFECT SERVICE
and TERRACE GARDEN CHICAGO'S WONDER RESTAURANT
CLARK AND MADISON STREETS
"IN THE HEART OF CHICAGO"

THE UNKNOWN QUANTITY
Continued from page forty-two

and I'll join you. I have put the gelatin in and this must set.'

"He walked around to the porch and I heard the screen door open and shut and afterward his whistling to himself. I hurried with my mixing. I wanted to hear him talk. I said to the Mexican cook, 'Go out and see if you can find my husband. Tell him Mr. Lester is waiting to see him.' My cook went to the door and out across the yard. That is how it happened that we were quite alone in the house when it happened.

"Presently—I was almost finished—I saw my husband striding through the fields. I believe now he knew Carl was coming to the house. He passed the window and I called, 'Carl Lester is in the living room. He wants to see you.' There was a broken plow shaft in his hand, a great thick piece of oak, and I asked, 'Have you had an accident?' and he answered, 'Yes; I broke this plow shaft. I'll have to order another.'

"It was then he looked at me deliberately. He was very white and his nails, where he clutched the plow shaft, were blue with their pressure. He seemed making up his mind to something. His look surprised me and I said, 'I'll come in when I have finished this. I should like to see Carl.' He continued looking at me, then he answered, 'Yes, come in.' That was all.

"I heard him walk around to the front of the house, go inside, and then the murmur of voices. They rose and fell and there seemed nothing unusual. I remember looking out of the window and seeing my cook going across the fields and thinking I must send someone to say my husband had come in. But there was no one. The Mexican boy who did my errands was out upon the ranch.

"I was standing at the sink washing the cream from my hands when inside the living room I heard a sort of whack. It was followed by another, then a third. They came swiftly and in rapid succession. I stopped drying my hands and listened. Then I heard a groan. A deep sound and the thud of something falling.

"For a moment I held my breath and listened. There was a dreadful stillness for a moment and the towel slipped from my hands to the floor. Presently, through the dining room, I heard my husband call. 'Come here!' he said. Just that. He did not even use my name. I hurried through the dining room. At the farther end of the living room my husband was standing with his back against the mantelpiece. I shall never forget his face. He was like wax. Like something dead, propped up. Then I looked down at his hands. In his right he held the broken plow shaft. It was covered with blood.

"I saw him look past me to the far side of the room and there was Carl. He was stretched on his back, his legs half crumpled under him. As I looked his yellow hair began to mat. A trickle of blood crept down across his face. As I stared at him a dreadful thing happened. His great chest, under his blue linen shirt, lifted and fell in a dreadful heave. A sound came, stole across the room. A heavy sigh. Even then I knew it was the passing of his soul.

"I RAN over to him and stood looking down. It was then my husband spoke. 'Come away!' I would not have known his voice. Then he said, 'He is dead.' 'Denny,' I said—I always called my husband that—'call—call a doctor.' After what he had said it must have sounded very foolish. I knew in my heart Carl was dead.

"I snatched up a cushion and would have lifted his head, but my husband moved forward and I sank upon a chair. He walked deliberately to Carl's body and dropped the plow shaft near it on the floor. Then he turned to me. 'You see,' he said. And he held out a paper to me. It must have been the note. I did not look at it. 'Do you see this? He came to collect. He would foreclose on us. I owed him ten thousand dollars. He would wait no longer. I knew him. He would ruin us and I killed him.'

"I sat looking at my husband for fully a minute. I had a sort of idea that if I said anything to him he would kill me too. But I was not afraid. Then do you know what he did? He walked over to the empty fireplace and taking a match out of his pocket struck it and held it to the paper. Together we watched it burn.

"When it was in ashes he bent over carefully and crumbled them with his hands, blowing the dust into the fireplace. After that he turned to me. 'You have got to see me through,' he said. And I answered stupidly, 'Through what?' His lip twitched back and he stood looking down at me. There was a fury, a deathly determination, in his face, but there was also fear. It was the first time I had ever seen that in my husband. Then he said, without looking at Carl, 'Through that.' I tried to understand, but could not.

"DENNY waited for a moment, then he crossed the room to a sofa and lifting a red-and-yellow Mexican blanket he handed it to me. 'Put that over him,' he said. 'Then sit down. I want to talk. There is very little time. Where is the cook?' I did not answer him. I lifted the blanket and laid it over Carl. Wanted somehow to stretch out his legs, crumpled under him. From far away it seemed more decent. I had never looked into a dead face before. Save for the blood, Carl might have been asleep.

"It took only a moment to cover him, and I stupidly faced Denny for further orders. He had closed and locked the dining-room door. I sank into the chair again and he came and stood over me. He was breathing less heavily now. There was a deadly look upon his face.

"'There is a way out of this, you know,' he said. And I remember answering, 'What?' And he took out a cigarette and his hands shook so his case fell on the floor. I had an idea I must pick it up and hand it back to him, but I did not move. He did not speak for a moment or two. Just stood looking down at me, crumbling up the cigarette in his fingers. I saw him feeling for a match. 'They will hang me for this. You can prevent their hanging me.' I don't remember for a moment after that.

"Then I felt Denny had my shoulder in his hand. He was shaking me. He said again, distinctly, 'They will hang me.' I looked at him, could not take my eyes from his. I thought how unlike his eyes they were, small and black, twisted around with lines I had never seen before, sunk far back in his head.

"'How can I save you?' I said. Something seemed to draw his eyes to Carl hunched there under the red-and-yellow blanket, just as though he were taking a nap upon the floor.

"'You will say he was your lover. That I came in and found you together and I killed him.' That was all. He stood, still looking down at me. I don't think he thought I understood. I didn't really. I put what he had said to one side, as some foreign words which as yet meant nothing. I remembered the paper, the note. 'That paper you burned up,' I heard myself say. 'That paper. They will know you owed Carl money.' I saw him shake his head. 'Nobody knows. You did not know. That was a gentleman's agreement.' I think I understood after that. It took me a long time to say, 'What am I to do?'

"There was a noise in the kitchen. I heard the door open and shut, the sound of running water in the sink. Knew the Mexican cook had returned, was washing up the bowl in which I'd made the Spanish cream. Then, afterward, I knew my husband and I must say Carl was my lover."

When she had finished, when Mrs. Leighton was sure there would be nothing more, Mrs. Dennis turned her face clearly toward her companion. The boat seemed very still; the blackness surrounding them was part of the empty rolling sea. Instinctively Mrs. Leighton put out her hand in the darkness to find the hand of the other. Lifting her eyes, she saw she had risen from her chair. Was standing looking down at her, the warm wind buffeting her hair. With the same swift gesture she put her hair in place.

"It's been nice to tell you the truth," she said in the same voice she used when she had offered to go away—to leave the deck chairs to Mrs. Leighton.

"You know all the rest of the story—that was told at the trial. Also you understand the magnanimity of men when Denny offered to take me home. I am going below now, I think. We dock some time early tomorrow and I shan't see you again. But remember I am grateful; Shall remember the comfort of your presence tonight. Compare our meeting—well, shall I say an apt comparison would be this ship we're on and that other whose light, passing, we watched while I talked?"

THE wind blowing around the forward promenade deck brought to Mrs. Leighton faintly the heavy perfume to which now she was accustomed. A shadow passed between her and the dim line of dusky sky. For a moment she fancied the other had turned, smiled back to her before she was lost to sight.

Mrs. Leighton sat for a long time, very still. Once as the air grew cooler she drew her mantilla about her shoulders. And once she lighted a cigarette. But it was past three before she rose and walked toward the wireless room. The operator would be on duty, quite alone. She would require some time to word, to her satisfaction, the radiogram she wished to send her husband.

THE END

Bright Sayings *of* Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address

Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380,
Grand Central Station,
New York, N. Y.

Solos Preferred

A friend of mine is a violinist. Her daughter has a pet Airedale named Pal. One day the mother was practicing for an appearance at a social function. Pal, outside the window, was giving a howling accompaniment. Finally the little girl came over to her mother and pleadingly said:

"Oh, mother, won't you please play something that Pal doesn't know?"—Helen M. Witmer, 114 E. Columbine Rd., Wildwood Crest, N. J.

* * *

He Wasn't Properly Introduced

Our small son had never been spanked. When punishment was necessary we used other methods. None of these cured him of the habit of loitering on his way home from kindergarten. So finally I tried the old-fashioned method. That evening he looked at me reproachfully, and said:

"Mother, why didn't you punish me, instead of doing that to me?"—Mrs. Joseph Heinen, 1703 Florida St., Long Beach, Calif.

No Fat *at* Forty
for the folks who know

Fat Turns to Vim

HERE are three statements which any modern doctor will confirm:

1—Science has discovered that a great cause of excess fat lies in a defective gland.

2—One purpose of that gland's secretion is to turn food into fuel and energy. When the gland is weak, too much food goes to fat.

3—The best help in such conditions is a gland substance which supplies that lack.

Doctors the world over now accept this discovery, and they prescribe for obesity accordingly. The results are seen in every circle. Abnormal figures have been disappearing fast in late years. Not by starvation, not by over-exercise, but by supplying a gland substance which is scanty.

The Easy Way

A world-famous medical laboratory embodies this method in Marmola prescription tablets. The formula, given in every box, is adapted to the average case.

Marmola has been used for 24 years—millions of boxes of it. Its fame has spread almost the world over. Users have told others the results, and the use has grown. Now almost all of you have friends who show what Marmola does.

You see mothers who look as youthful as their daughters. You see men who are energetic at an age when many men slow down. Slender figures are the vogue in every social, every business circle. And a major reason is a factor embodied in Marmola.

No Secrets

Marmola has no secrets. A book in each box gives you the full prescription. Show it to your doctor, if you wish. The book also explains the reasons for results. With the fat reduction comes better health, more vim, for this gland is supposed to make other glands active.

The directions are to take four tablets daily until weight comes down to normal. Stop then, unless you start to gain again. Use Marmola just as needed to keep conditions right.

No abnormal exercise or diet is required, but moderation helps.

If you are over-fat, try this right method of reduction. Most ways of the past have been hard or harmful. Many have been based on impossible claims. Try now the method which has done so much for so many people everywhere.

Go get Marmola now. Read the book, watch the results. When you lose what you wish to lose, and gain what you wish to gain, please tell your friends about it.

Don't wait longer. Why not start today?

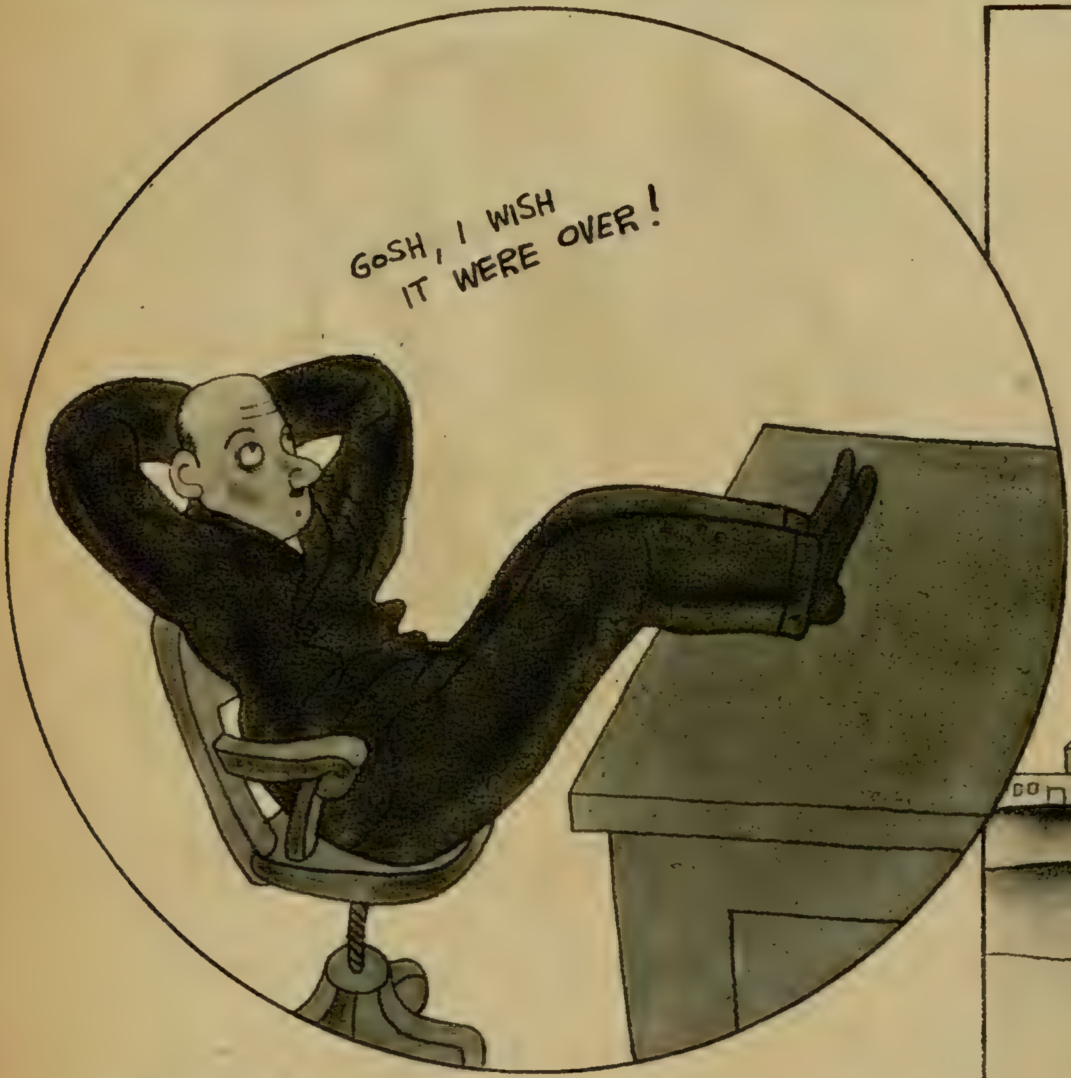
MARMOLA Prescription Tablets
The Right Way to Reduce

● At all Drug Stores—$1. Book and Formula in each box

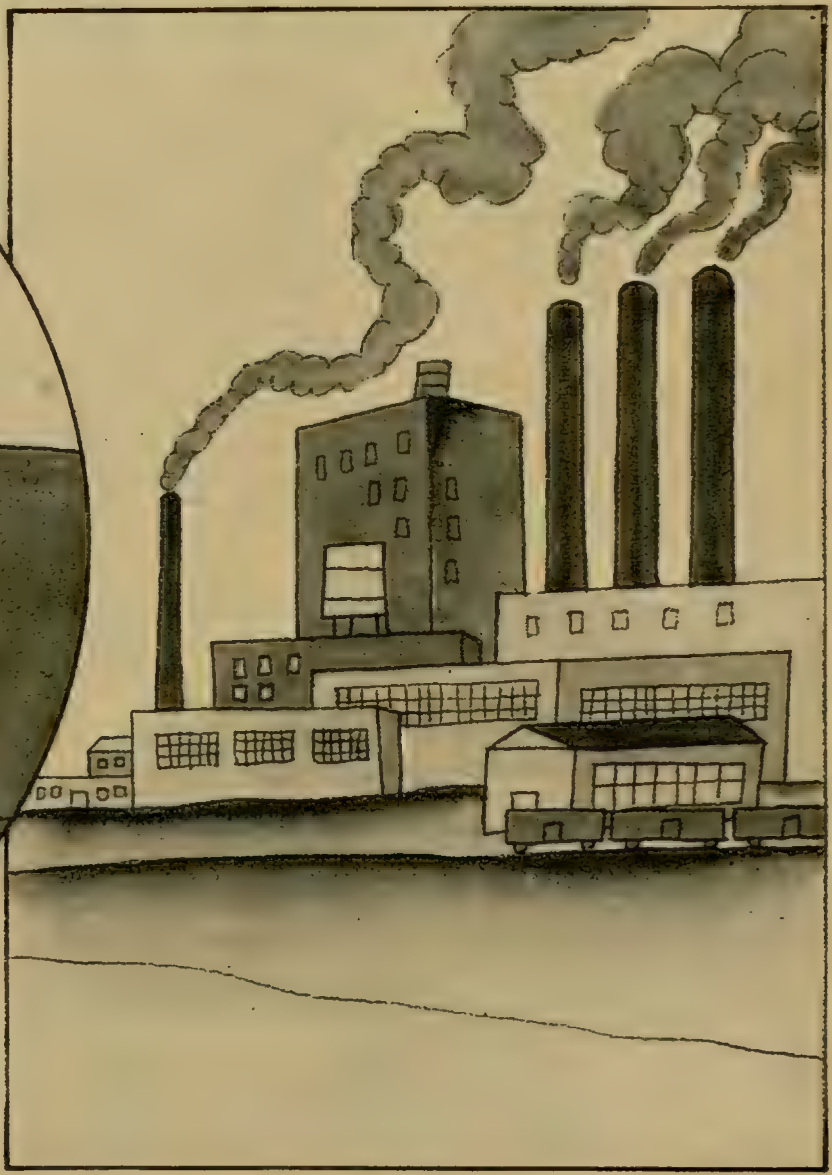
GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

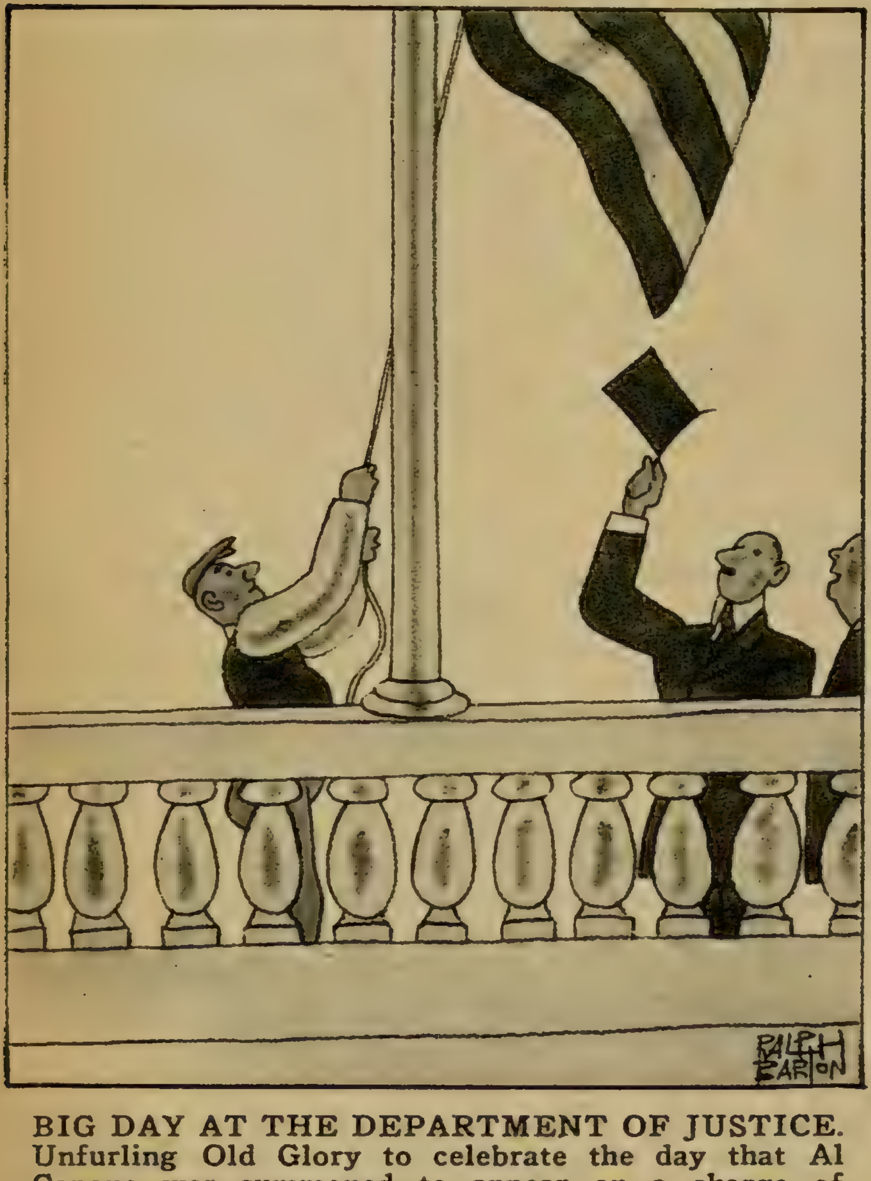
By RALPH BARTON


GOSH, I WISH IT WERE OVER!

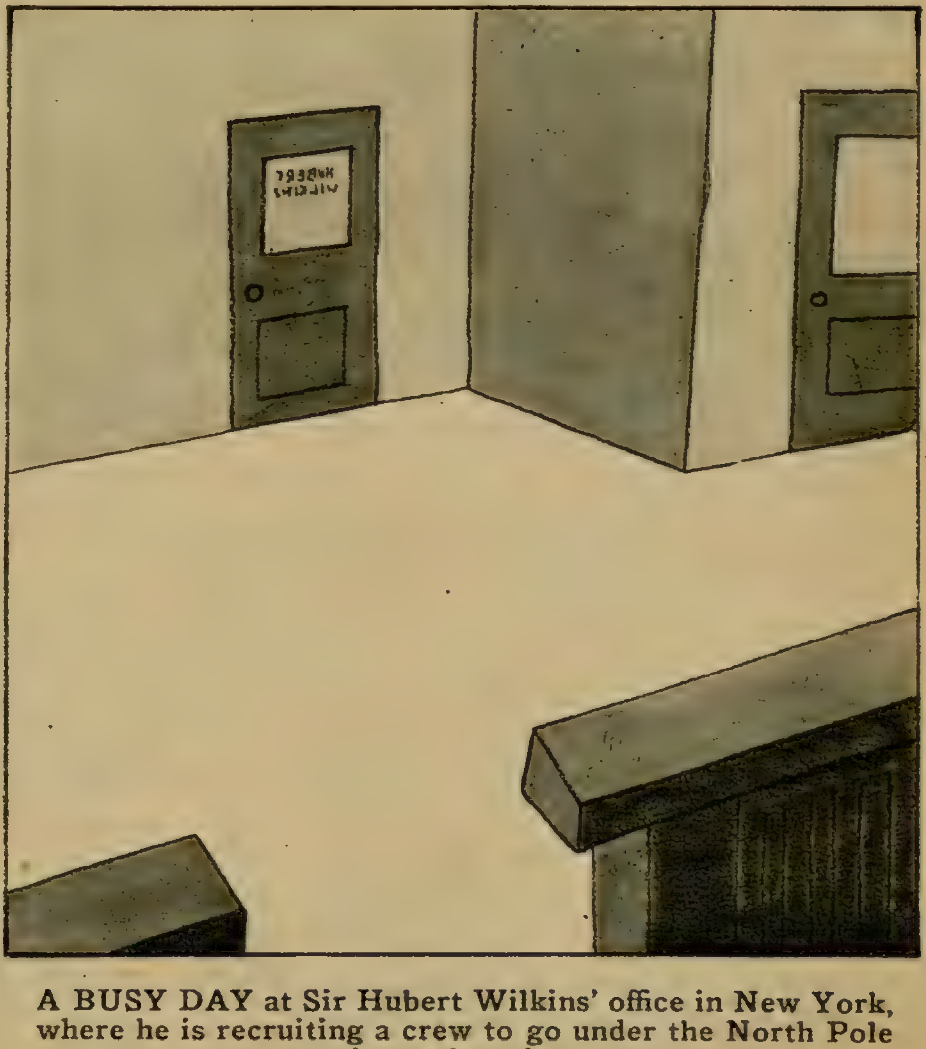
HOW MOST OF US ARE HELPING to put an end to the Business Depression.



VIEW OF THE STRADIVARIUS VIOLIN WORKS at Cremona—a reconstruction based on the number of genuine Stradivarius violins now in existence.



BIG DAY AT THE DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE. Unfurling Old Glory to celebrate the day that Al Capone was summoned to appear on a charge of contempt of court.



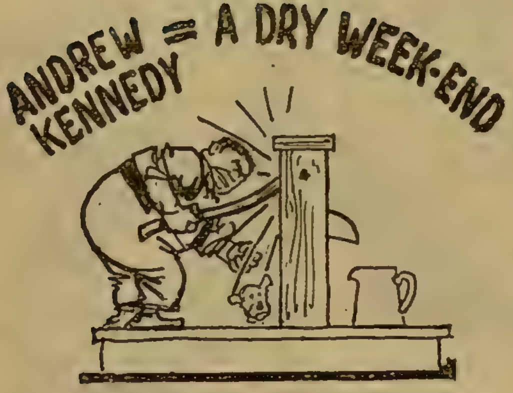
A BUSY DAY at Sir Hubert Wilkins' office in New York, where he is recruiting a crew to go under the North Pole in a submarine.

There's Gold hidden in your name! . . . . . .

$1,000 A WEEK

for . . . . . . the cleverest NAME ANAGRAMS

LIBERTY will pay $1,000 a week in ten cash prizes of $100 each for the cleverest and most ingenious Name Anagrams published. And all you've got to do to win some of this easy money is shuffle the letters in your own name or the names of your relatives or friends. Move 'em around until they spell a word or a coupla words that'll knock the judges' eyes out. Glance at the examples on this page. They'll give you the idea. Then take a peep at the rules—and you'll be all set. And after you've taken your own name apart and put it together again—see what you can find in your girl friend's name, or the name of your boy friend. It may be an eye opener—to say nothing of a pocketbook opener! You can play this game with any name—and compete as often as you like. And remember—what you get out of the name you're playing with depends on how you shuffle those letters! It's like rolling the ivories—only you can't lose here. And fun—well, try it! It's the nation's latest and best indoor and outdoor pastime. And if you dig a golden word out of your name—there's that $1,000 a week! Get your share!


ANDREW KENNEDY = A DRY WEEK-END

EXAMPLES

from THOMAS DAWE
you get WHAT A DOME

JOHN ROBERT ENRIGHT
gives RIGHT ON THE JOB

MARION DAVIES
becomes A DREAM VISION

in FREDERICK RAUSCH
you find A FRESH KID

GERTRUDE BLOOMFIELD
makes I FEEL BLUE TOO

NOW TRY YOUR NAME!

RULES

. . . they are simple

1—Liberty will pay $1,000 a week in ten prizes of $100 each for the cleverest and most ingenious Name Anagrams published.

2—All you have to do to win some of this easy money is form a word, or a combination of words, using the letters in your name, or the letters in the names of your parents, brothers or sisters or friends.

3—First pick the name you want to use. Then juggle the letters—shuffle and move them around until you find clever and ingenious words. They're the kind that win.

4—Use all the letters in the name or only as many as you need. But don't use any letter that doesn't appear in it.

5—Don't use the same letter twice unless it appears twice in the name.

6—You may use your full name.

7—It isn't necessary to find a lot of words in one name, for the number of words won't count. It's the ingenuity and cleverness of your words or word combinations that'll win you a $100 check. One word may do the trick.

8—You may compete as many times as you like. This contest is open to everybody, anywhere—men, women, boys and girls—except employees of Liberty and their families.

9—Write the names you used, and the words you found hidden in them, on a piece of paper. Sign your name and address and send them to NAME ANAGRAMS, Post Office Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Another $1,000 in Prizes in Next Week's Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

HOME FOLKS

Two Pages of Movie Reviews by

KATE CAMERON

(Reading time: 6 min. 30 sec.)

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ EAST LYNNE

CAST

Lady Isabel	Ann Harding
Robert Carlyle	Conrad Nagel
Captain Levison	Clive Brook
Cornelia Carlyle	Cecelia Loftus
Mount Severn	O. P. Heggie
Sir Richard Hale	David Torrence
Barbara	Flora Sheffield
Joyce	Beryl Mercer
William, as baby	Ronald Cosbey

Produced by Fox.
Directed by Frank Lloyd.

EVERYONE who remembers Then You'll Remember Me will gladly stand in line before a box office in order to agonize once more over the trials and tribulations of Lady Isabel, and all those admirers of Ann Harding, after her famous performance in Holiday, and those fans who adore Conrad Nagel and Clive Brook, will line up also wherever the sign East Lynne appears over the marquee of a theater.

There have been other movie productions of Mrs. Henry Wood's popular story, and although I haven't seen the others, I doubt if they were given the careful direction, the beautiful costuming, the elaborate settings, the clever acting, and the beautiful photography which distinguish Frank Lloyd's production.

Ann Harding presents one lovely picture after another of Lady Isabel as a bride, as chatelaine of East Lynne, as wife, mother, and later as divorcée. Conrad Nagel is a creditable puritan husband. Clive Brook is hardly menacing as the disreputable Captain Levison, but gives an interesting performance.

Although I can't say just what changes have been made from the original story, as Mrs. Wood's book escaped me somehow, I am sure some liberties have been taken with the tale, as the Franco-Prussian War plays a part in this production and the book was written in 1861, ten years before that event.

The story is probably all the better for the changes, for I'm afraid I went, secretly, to sneer, but stayed to shed a tear.

★ ★ ★ FATHER'S SON

CAST

Bill Emory	Leon Janney
William Emory	Lewis Stone
Ruth Emory	Irene Rich
Dr. Franklin	John Halliday
Vestibule Johnson	Robert Dandridge

Produced by First National.
Directed by William Beaudine.

A simple domestic tale of an old father, a middle-aged mother, and a young son furnishes the drama and the comedy of this excellent production. The story is one of Booth Tarkington's penetrating expositions of human character. It was originally entitled Old Fathers and Young Sons, which is more descriptive than the above title.

Do you remember Leon Janney's fine performance of Bill Colbrook in Courage? His Bill Emory is even better than that. Irene Rich can almost always be depended upon to give a good characterization and her Ruth Emory is a most human and understanding mother. Lewis Stone has the ungracious rôle of the aging, brittle-tempered father who so far forgets his own youth as to make his little son miserable enough to run away from home. His performance is fine. The little colored boy who plays Vestibule, one of Bill's pals, very nearly runs off with the scene he's in. And John Halliday fits gracefully into the secondary rôle he is assigned to here. The direction is simple but most effective.

Bernice Claire, the Mlle. Fifi of Kiss Me Again.

Lewis Stone, Irene Rich, and Leon Janney in Father's Son.

★ ★ SIT TIGHT

CAST

Dr. Winnie O'Neil	Winnie Lightner
Jojo	Joe E. Brown
Sally Dunlap	Claudia Dell
Tom Weston	Paul Gregory
French Girl	Lotti Loder
Walter Dunlap	Hobart Bosworth
Olaf	Frank Hagney
Charley	Snitz Edwards

Produced by Warner Brothers.
Directed by Lloyd Bacon.

The starring team of Lightner and Brown keeps up a steady rough-and-tumble pace through the reels of this farce. Winnie owns and manages a health institute and Jojo is her assistant. He learned his business in a correspondence school.

There is a lot of rough-housing in it and some of the situations are funny, particularly Joe Brown's wrestling match with a former champion wrestler.

There is also a real wrestling match, which will appeal to the men customers but not greatly to the ladies.

The lines lack originality and the accompanying love story is silly.

In the Talkie Manner: East Lynne and Mr. Tarkington

★ KISS ME AGAIN

CAST

Mlle. Fifi	Bernice Claire
Paul de St. Cyr	Walter Pidgeon
René	Edward Everett Horton
Count de St. Cyr	Claude Gillingwater
François	Frank McHugh
Mme. Cecile	Judith Voscelli

Produced by First National.
Directed by William A. Seiter.

Victor Herbert's Mlle. Modiste under the above title is presented on the screen in technicolor. The Herbert music is retained and it is still delightfully tuneful, but an old-fashioned musical comedy is hardly suitable material for the sound screen.

Bernice Claire and Walter Pidgeon sing charmingly, but neither their singing nor the Herbert music makes up for the long dull patches of the story.

In two leading rôles of East Lynne are Ann Harding as Lady Isabel and Conrad Nagel as Robert Carlyle.

Joe Brown and Winnie Lightner, the rough-and-tumble pair in Sit Tight.

★ PARLOR, BEDROOM, AND BATH

CAST

Reginald Irving	Buster Keaton
Polly Hathaway	Charlotte Greenwood
Jeffery Haywood	Reginald Denny
Bell Hop	Cliff Edwards
Angelica Embrey	Dorothy Christy
Nita Leslie	Joan Peers
Virginia Embrey	Sally Eilers
Leila Crofton	Natalie Moorhead
Detective	Edward Brophy
Frederick Leslie	Walter Merrill
Butler	Sidney Bracy

Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.
Directed by Edward Sedgwick.

Not even Charlotte Greenwood's famous leg work could make this old stage farce very funny.

It might have been hilarious entertainment in 1918, when Lowell Sherman, Florence Moore, Francine Larrimore, and Alan Dinehart cavorted in it on the stage, but too much water has flowed out of the bathroom taps since, and in 1931 it is no longer diverting.

It is the least amusing of Buster Keaton's pictures, and when Buster fails to make you laugh there is something seriously wrong with the play.

There is a lot of chasing around a hotel suite with ladies in pyjamas and negligees and Buster in pyjamas, but after a few feet of this it ceases to be anything but boring.

There are a number of pretty girls tripping in and out, but they hardly make up for the lack of real comedy evinced by the comedians.

Do you know that—

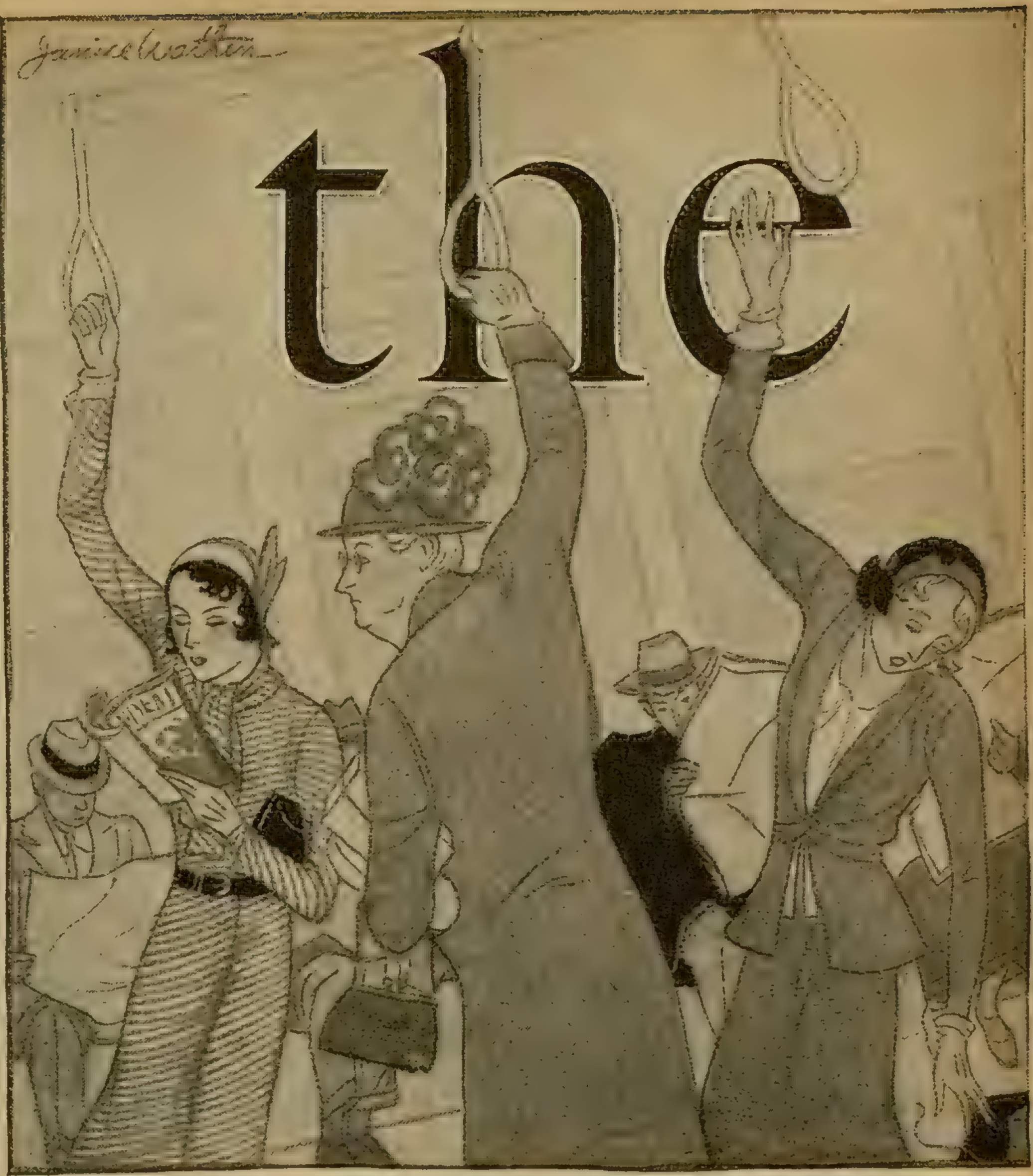
Edmund Lowe is a talented pianist as well as a clever organist, but these accomplishments have never been made use of on the screen? . . . Mlle. Gabrielle Chanel, the famous French creator of women's fashions, who was herself imported by Samuel Goldwyn to design clothes for his feminine stars in Hollywood, pays the highest income tax of any woman in France, with an income reported to be more than a million dollars a year from her various factories and shops? She designs and manufactures costume jewelry, artificial flowers, glass and bead ornaments, buttons, the tweeds and jerseys and the silk and metallic fabrics which are used in her costumes.

Four- and three-star pictures of the past month

★★★★—City Lights.

★★★—Honor Among Lovers Trader Horn, Rango, Stolen Heaven Cimarron, Fighting Caravans.

To the



By

ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, traveler, and descendant of the first czar of Russia.

(Reading time: 8 minutes 17 seconds.)

MELBA, Dame Nellie Melba, the Australian Nightingale, has by her recent death revived our memories of a brilliant social era. For Nellie Mitchell, as she was named originally, became during her rapid ascent to fame an undoubted star and a terrific snob. The exceptional career which her magnificent though somewhat soulless voice made for her gave her entrée also, for forty years, into the smartest society of America and Europe. Her acquaintances with royal persons and celebrities were always a source of the greatest satisfaction to her, as were her jewels and foreign decorations, of which she was inordinately proud.

Much has been written of her great determination to become a singer. She was a pupil of the famous teacher, Marchesi.

Others who studied with Marchesi at the same time, and who were not too fond of Melba apparently, have none the less acknowledged her tremendous zeal. They say she worked like a fiend to "create" her voice.

Romantic gossip linked Dame Melba's name with that of the Duke of Orléans, descendant of kings of France, who lived for many years in England, at a sort of château a few miles from the town where I spent my girlhood. I was too young then to hear such gossip, but I do remember neighborhood stories about the duke's stinginess, which was far famed. Guests who came to visit him without bringing along extra rations for themselves were apt to go very hungry during their stay at the ducal residence. In fact, I have helped feed a half-starved, ravenous young man who called upon my parents while spending a week-end with the Duke of Orléans.

"SPEECH CLINIC" is the name given to an interesting experiment now going on at the College of the City of New York. This new scientific departure began when many students were found afflicted by speech disabilities to such an extent that their progress was seriously retarded.

The clinic has already discovered that common defects of speech are not necessarily caused by actual impediments (stammering, stuttering, or lisping), but often result from foreign accents, blurred diction, or from an inflexible monotone voice.

Private help has been given by the teachers heretofore, but has not been systematized.

Now a special class in this subject is being conducted by Mr. Victor Kleinfeld, who told me some facts which will be of interest, I think, to a great many parents. In nearly all cases, says Mr. Kleinfeld, defects of speech can be corrected at home during childhood. Stammering, he explained, usually comes from a badly adjusted social environment. Fear or shyness will not only aggravate impeded speech in a slow-thinking child—it may also cause it.

"Mothers should be careful not to make their children talk too soon," said Mr. Kleinfeld. "Especially slow-thinking children. Speaking very slowly to them gives them the best possible start. Talking to them rapidly often blurs their sound images and leaves them with an undeveloped sense of the real sound of words."

Inability to spell correctly can be traced to this source. One of the most brilliant and highly educated girls I know is an atrocious speller. Her mother speaks so rapidly that her words become completely blurred. Since talking with Mr. Kleinfeld I have realized the connection.

THIEVES broke into a New York bookstore recently. They stole some letters signed by Washington and Franklin. This recalled an interesting story to my mind.

I have heard numerous accounts of theft syndicates, of their highly organized methods. I always doubted such tales until a friend of mine told me about a personal experience she had with a member of one of those high-powered crime corporations.

My friend is a writer. For some reason her published work appeals to criminals. Convict readers write to her from their prison cells.

For years she has received such communications, has answered them personally, and sometimes her jailbird admirers call on her when they get out.

From one of them she learned in detail how the pilfering of rare antiques and collectors' treasures is managed.

Tips on likely jobs, she was told, come from special scouts who live like solid, respectable members of society and who take no further part in the proceedings. The theft is then planned by an entirely different unit

Ladies!

Pictures by Janice Wathen

of the organization, after which a third group of experts commits the actual theft.

Most interesting, I thought, was the information that all such robberies are carried out at the request of special customers.

In other words, the crooks take orders for certain precious objects, steal them, deliver them, and collect their fee.

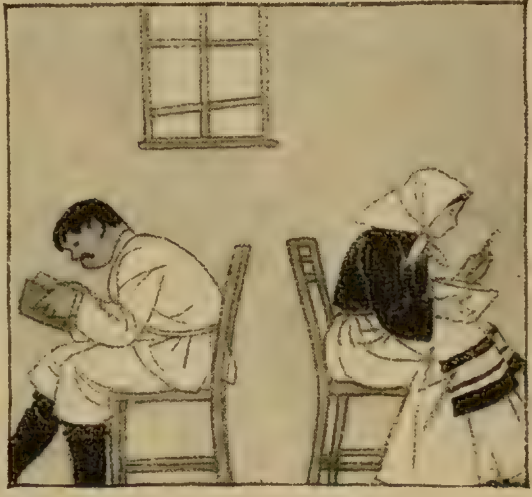
"You'd be surprised," said my friend's protegé, "if you knew how many private collectors are willing to pay any price for a thing they want, and no questions asked. Of course they never dare show the thing to anyone else after they get it, but that doesn't matter. They keep it locked up to gloat over, all by themselves."

What a dismal vice!

DIVORCE may be argued pro or con in theory, but there cannot be much argument about the idea that our divorce laws should be just, humane, and reasonable if we are to have divorce laws at all.

Attempts are being made to improve the divorce laws of New York State. Marital infidelity, at present, provides the only valid grounds. Nothing else counts.

To New York couples who seek divorce the only legal avenue in their own state is that which requires the most humiliating evidence — often as humiliating to the innocent as to the guilty.



This leads, quite naturally, to degrading forms of collusion—to deliberate infidelities committed merely for the sake of creating valid grounds, to false confessions, to the use of hired corespondents.

By validating cruelty and desertion as legal grounds, it is proposed to make New York's divorce law less irksome to unhappily married New Yorkers, so many of whom now do their divorcing in other states where the process does not compel bedroom testimony.

For a nation which will not permit the people of its individual states to determine how they may or may not quench their thirst, it seems particularly strange to me that so much state authority should attend the making of laws as important as these which involve disunion of the family and the home.

Hard or easy, divorce is a problem. I've just heard a dreadful divorce story from Soviet Russia, where the bonds of matrimony may be severed as easily as rolling off a log. A Russian couple, it seems, were divorced three years ago. They obtained their divorce without any trouble, but they couldn't find separate rooms to live in afterward—such being the housing shortage in that Red paradise. So for three years they have shared one little room, those divorced Communists—but not on speaking terms!

CHILDBIRTH mortality among women in this country amounts to more than 150,000 deaths a year. That is the figure reported by the medical service section of the White House Conference on Child Health and Protection. No less sad is the report that 85,000 infant lives are lost by stillbirth annually, and that more than 80,000 babies die in earliest infancy.

Such figures are scandalous for a country as advanced as this one is in matters of hygiene. An enormous number of women die in childbirth "as a result of careless methods," said Dr. Polak of the Long Island College Hospital School of Medicine.

Specified among these "careless methods" is the lack of consecutive prenatal, natal, and postnatal attention and of dental attention in most maternity cases.

A little more than a year ago I had occasion to speak on this subject over the radio. At that time the United States stood *thirteenth* in a list of sixteen nations reporting childbirth mortality among mothers. That is to say, only three other countries in the list had higher death rates. These figures have not changed materially in the last year. This very grave question seems to me to be one in which all women should take an active interest.

I cannot help feeling that some of the more *advanced* women who appear to have plenty of time and energy to spend on politics might well devote part of their enthusiasm toward the bettering of conditions under which future Americans are born.

TAFFETA dresses of all types — even taffeta suits — will be seen during the coming summer. Little coats with peplums and ruffled neck trimmings are charming either in black taffeta or colored. Old-fashioned pinking or fraying finishes the edges of the ruffles.

I have just seen some lovely dresses from Paris. They are made of very heavy black taffeta with a satin pin line of white forming large irregular checks. One had the quaintest apron at the front and a large bow behind.

One of the smartest tricks I have noticed lately is a white taffeta Ascot tie. The material should be of the stiff type, but not too thick. This is known as *faille* taffeta. It should be doubled and the ends should be frayed.

By the way, I advise against the thin papery variety of taffeta. It never looks or wears well.

A little extravagance that will give you a new sensation . .

Fougère Royale After-Shaving Lotion is frankly a luxury. But its use quickly becomes an unbreakable habit.

Dabbed on the face after shaving, its action is instant. You feel the glow it causes, lines of fatigue disappear as the stimulated circulation finds its way to the skin. All traces of razor soreness instantly vanish as its styptic properties blandly heal.

Besides the After-Shaving Lotion, Houbigant offers two additional essentials to perfect grooming . . . Fougère Royale Shaving Cream and the specially tinted Talc.

After-Shaving Talcum 50c
After-Shaving Lotion 75c
Shaving Cream 50c

Fougère Royale
(PRONOUNCED FOO-ZHAIRE ROYAL)
After-Shaving Lotion
HOUBIGANT
PARIS

$200 for the Best Answers

to the Problem of Conduct in Liberty for February 28 has been divided among those whose names appear below.

THE problem was:

Suppose you were a young married man, devoted to your wife and baby. The concern which employs you has formed an export division, with headquarters in South America, and has offered to place you in charge of it, with a three-year contract and semiannual increase in salary.

Your wife is devoted to her parents, refuses to leave them for three years, and says you must choose between her and a career. Reasoning does not change her attitude.

Love for your wife and baby is strong. Your employer intimates that he has no use for a man who lets his wife retard his progress.

Would you give up your loved ones or pass up the chance of a lifetime?

By L. E. McLEOD
45 State Street, Brewer, Maine

I SHOULD go to South America. Suppose I were called to war: I could not refuse, and my family could not go with me. My wife would accept and doubtless glorify the situation.

I realize, as my wife cannot, that business can be as inexorable as war. Refusal of this promotion might end my career with my employer and—unjustly perhaps, but inevitably—influence other employers against me.

If my wife will not go with me in success, I can hardly hold her love by staying at home to become a plodding failure. My own love for wife and child forces me to succeed for their sake.

My wife might change her mind later. If not, her devotion to her parents promises constancy to me and loving care of our child. In the end, with our position in life secure, we might be all the happier together because of the years of separation.

By JESS FRANCIS
1812 Clay Avenue, New York City

I'D stick to my wife, of course. She is unreasonable, but, then, most of 'em are.

What would the wonderful opportunity mean to me without her and the baby? Three years of exile in South America and an empty existence for the rest of my life.

With her it could be a glorious adventure; without her it isn't worth considering.

She has her side of the question. It would be hard to leave her home, her friends, her relatives, to go with a young baby to a strange land. She would be worried constantly about the baby's health, about the welfare of her parents back in the States. What means a big chance to me means three long years of misery to her.

When I married her I picked her out for certain qualities. It is too late now to wish I had chosen her for different ones—for pioneering spirit, for courage, for love of adventure. I loved her for what she was and I love her now for what she is.

If I'm worth that much to the company, they can use me here. If my boss is disgusted with my attitude I'll have to find a different boss, but I can't choose a job before my wife and child. When I married her I made a lot of promises. They are just as binding today as they were then. So, "leaving all others, I'll cling only to her."

By MRS. V. J. LUCIA
411 East Seventeenth Street
Minneapolis, Minnesota

IT seems that the words "forsaking all others" might answer the question either way, but in my opinion it only strengthens the husband's right to choose his career. Down through the ages it has been the husband's duty to provide for his family and in all justice he should be permitted to choose the most profitable way of doing so.

Should he sacrifice this opportunity of assured success in order to gratify his wife's desire to remain with her parents, he would not only lose his own self-respect but the respect of his employer also.

It is not fair that the wife should demand a choice between herself and his career when she is not excluded from sharing it with him. The real decision is up to her and she should be willing to bear a three-year separation from her parents when it means a lifetime of happiness with the man of her choice.

In any case, he had better accept the position, for there could be no real happiness for either of them if he remained at home.

By JOSEPH F. MARHEINEKE
412 N. Kingshighway, St. Charles, Missouri

FOR me there would be but one answer: Pass up the chance of a lifetime. I would rather live in a hut and enjoy the love and happiness of a wife and baby to any position that might be available, if by the acceptance of it I must sacrifice the former.

A man whose capabilities are such that his employer would place him in charge of an export division hasn't much to worry about. His services would find a ready market. If I am willing to give my life for my wife and baby (and I am), passing up an opportunity such as the one in question sinks by comparison into insignificance.

Answers to the question in Liberty for March 7 will be published next week.

Please, Mister, What Time Is It?

A New FOR THE LOVE o' LIL

GWENDOLYN SMITHERS slammed her front door and ran down the steps. She had a good reason for hurrying. It was April Fools' Day and she had just filled her mother's powdered-sugar jar with flour, sewed up the cook's apron pockets, and put a mousetrap in her father's humidor.

"Taxi!" she called sweetly.

A yellow one stopped. The driver opened the door.

"I want to go to one fifty-seven Atlantic Boulevard," she told him, trying not to giggle. "Oh, I forgot, I don't want to go anywhere 'cause it's April Fools' Day."

"You're a divil!" the man said in a mad voice, but Gwen didn't hear him. She shot across the street and headed for the Jenkins' house.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," she whispered to a fat lady who was walking up and down with a poodle, "but you have a hole in your stocking an' I know you won't mind if I tell you." She patted the dog while the lady danced on one foot.

"I don't see it," she said.

"Neither do I!" Gwen shouted, running off. "April fool!"

Gwen jumped over the Jenkins' front hedge. Then she took a deep breath and looked up at the windows.

"Extra!" she called in a harsh voice. "Extra! Big murder on Elm Street! Fifty people hurt! Ten babies burned! Extra—get your extra!"

Windows flew open. Dusting caps, curl papers, and finger waves appeared.

"April fools," Gwen told them delightedly.

This week's cover picture.

Nannie had her hands in water, washing spinach, when Gwen rang the bell. She dried them hurriedly, slipped a white apron over her blue one, and shuffled to the door.

"Can Ulysses come out?" Gwen asked.

"No, he can't," she was told.

"Then I'll come in," Gwen announced, ducking under Nannie's hefty arm. "I'll come in an' entertain you an' perhaps you'll make me some tea? Oh, one of your fingers just fell off! Don't it hurt?"

"Which one?" Nannie yelled in pain.

"April fool!" Gwen shrieked. She ran through the hall and out the back door.

"D'you want me?" little Ulysses asked. He was playing in the garage and he poked his head out of the window.

"You've got a thumb tack in your heel," Gwen said. "Look!"

He looked. Of course he didn't find one. And Gwen yelled "April fool!" so loudly that the sparrows spending April around there flew to the other side of town.

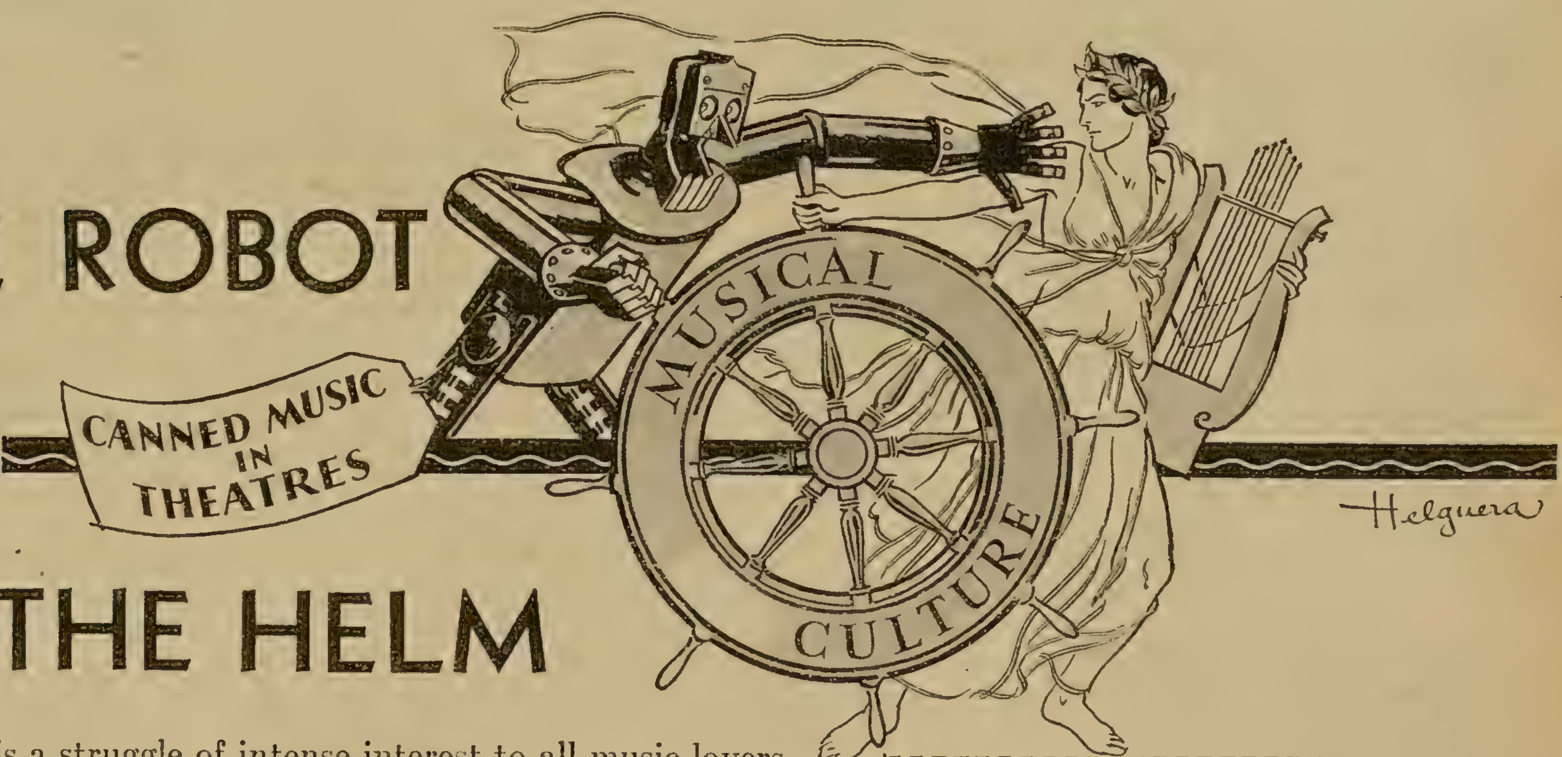
"Gimme a crayon, quick," she whispered, grabbing a piece of cardboard. "I want to write a pretty sign. This is a big day an' we ought to do something about it."

They did something about it a few minutes later when a grouch of a man passed the house.

"I think it's gettin' late," Gwen said sweetly. "Please, mister, what time is it?"

And as he took out his watch she tried not to giggle. She knew Ulysses was pinning her Kick Me Hard sign to the man's coat tail.

(Next week's cover adventure: Easter)



THE ROBOT AT THE HELM

HERE is a struggle of intense interest to all music lovers. If the Robot of Canned Music wrests the helm from the Muse, passengers aboard the good ship Musical Culture may well echo the offer of Gonzalo to trade "a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of ground." Are you content to face a limitless expanse of "sound" without a sign of music?

Monotony in the theatre—corruption of taste—destruction of art. These must inevitably follow substitution of mechanical music for living music.

Millions of Music Defense League members cordially invite you to join them in putting the Robot in his place. Just sign and mail the coupon.

L-4-4

AMERICAN FEDERATION OF MUSICIANS
1440 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Without further obligation on my part, please enroll my name in the Music Defense League as one who is opposed to the elimination of Living Music from the Theatre.

Name..........

Address..........

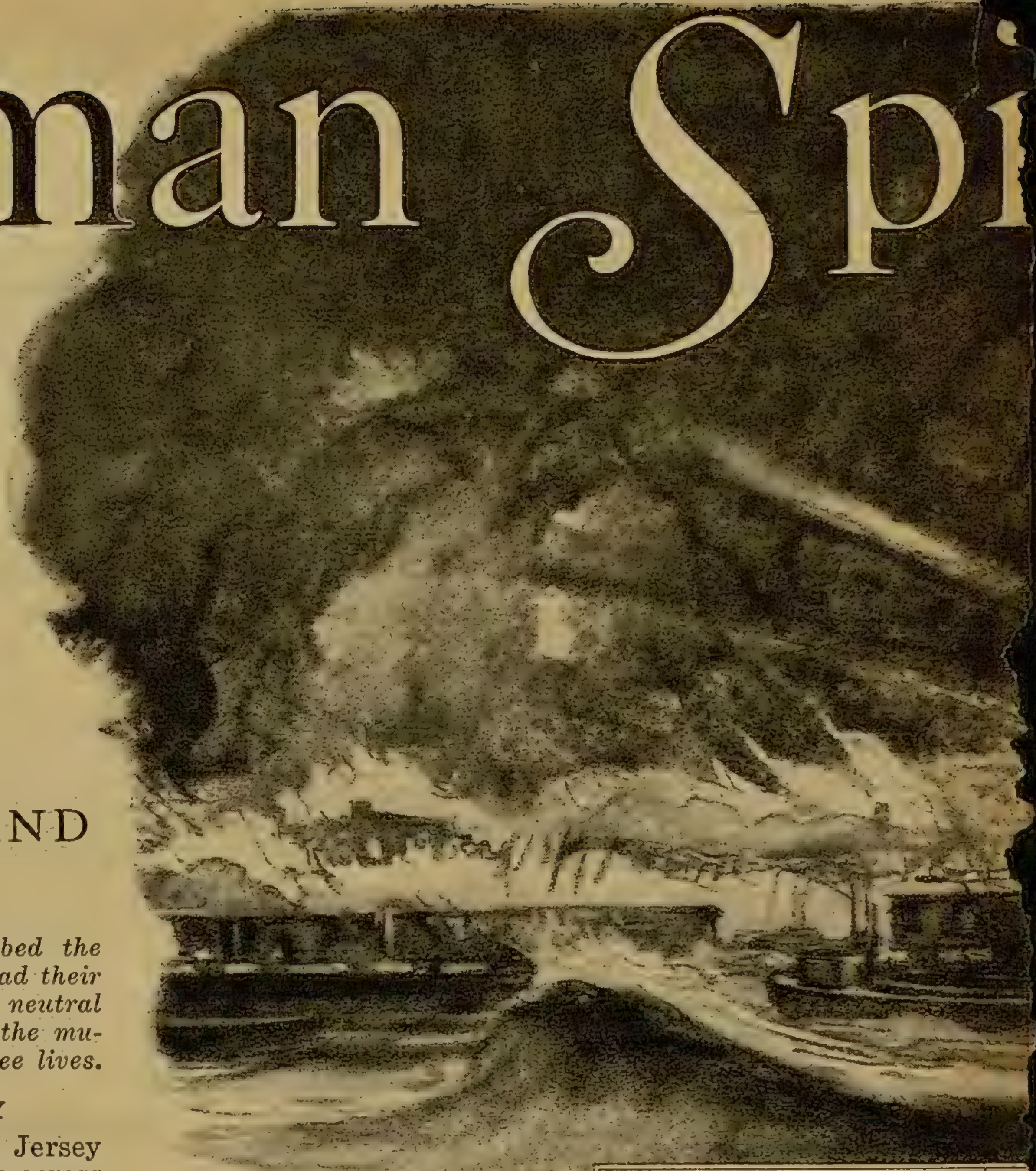
City.......... *State*..........

THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF MUSICIANS

(Comprising 140,000 professional musicians in the United States and Canada)

JOSEPH N. WEBER, *President*, 1440 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

German Spi



Death and Destruction in New York Harbor; The Missing Barge; Cargoes of Germs

By SIDNEY SUTHERLAND

(Reading time: 21 minutes 26 seconds.)

IN last week's Liberty, Mr. Sutherland described the activities of the band of German agents who had their headquarters in New York while waging war on neutral America; in this installment he tells the story of the munitions blast which rocked the harbor and took three lives.

PART SEVEN—THE BLACK TOM TRAGEDY

BLACK TOM is a neck of land on the New Jersey shore of New York harbor, almost directly across from Bedloe's Island, where the Statue of Liberty stands. But for a narrow strip connecting it with the mainland Black Tom would be an island.

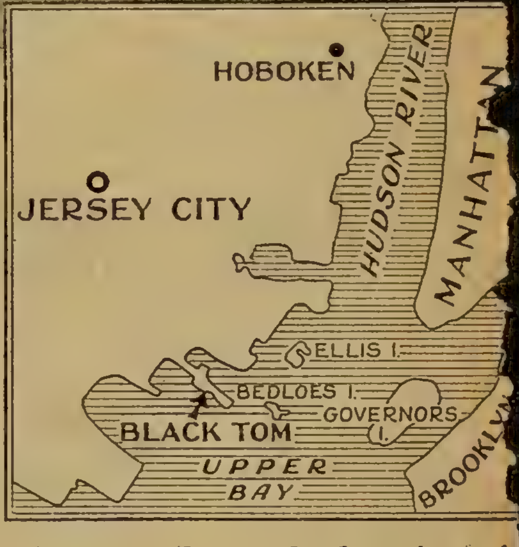
On Black Tom the Lehigh Valley Railroad Company had built immense warehouses, numerous piers, and covered the site with a network of tracks. Within a short time after the World War commenced in August, 1914, Black Tom became the most important shipping point in America for the immense stocks of munitions and supplies purchased by the Allies. Palpably, it would excite, more than any other spot in the United States, the interest of German agents striving to prevent such shipments.

At the end of July, 1916, the terminal was guarded by Lehigh Valley patrols and by several private detectives furnished by the Dougherty Detective Agency. On June 1 Dougherty had assigned his operatives to Black Tom, among them Jesse Burns, Bertram Scott, Ben Keller, and Tom Orkell. These men worked from 6 P. M. to 6 A. M., when they were relieved by Dougherty's day shift, Flynn, Russell, Harrington, Western, and Inch. Burns was in charge of the night crew. Conrad Leyden was the chief in command of the railway guards.

At 5:30 P. M. on Saturday, July 29, Black Tom was a dead yard: that is, the locomotives had been detached from the strings of munitions-laden freight cars and sent to the mainland; the barges loaded with explosives had tied up at the terminal piers; the hordes of workingmen had departed for the week-end. All activity had ceased, to be resumed the following Monday morning.

There was no gate on the peninsula to exclude prowlers, and there would be no difficulty whatsoever for anybody in a rowboat to approach the site in the darkness. That Saturday night the wind was from the southwest, and the tide was flowing slightly.

And that night there were thirty-four carloads of munitions on Black Tom, consisting of eleven cars of high explosives, seventeen of shells, three of nitrocellulose, one of trinitrotoluol, and two of fuses, comprising 2,368,803 pounds of sudden death.



The map shows the location of Black Tom in New York harbor.

Among the barges, most of them loaded with similar explosives, was one called simply Johansen Barge 17, because its skipper was a man named Johansen. This barge contained 100,000 pounds of TNT and 417 cases of detonators.

The night was quiet and there was nothing to arouse the interest of the guards, who drifted leisurely out of their shanties from time to time to take a look around.

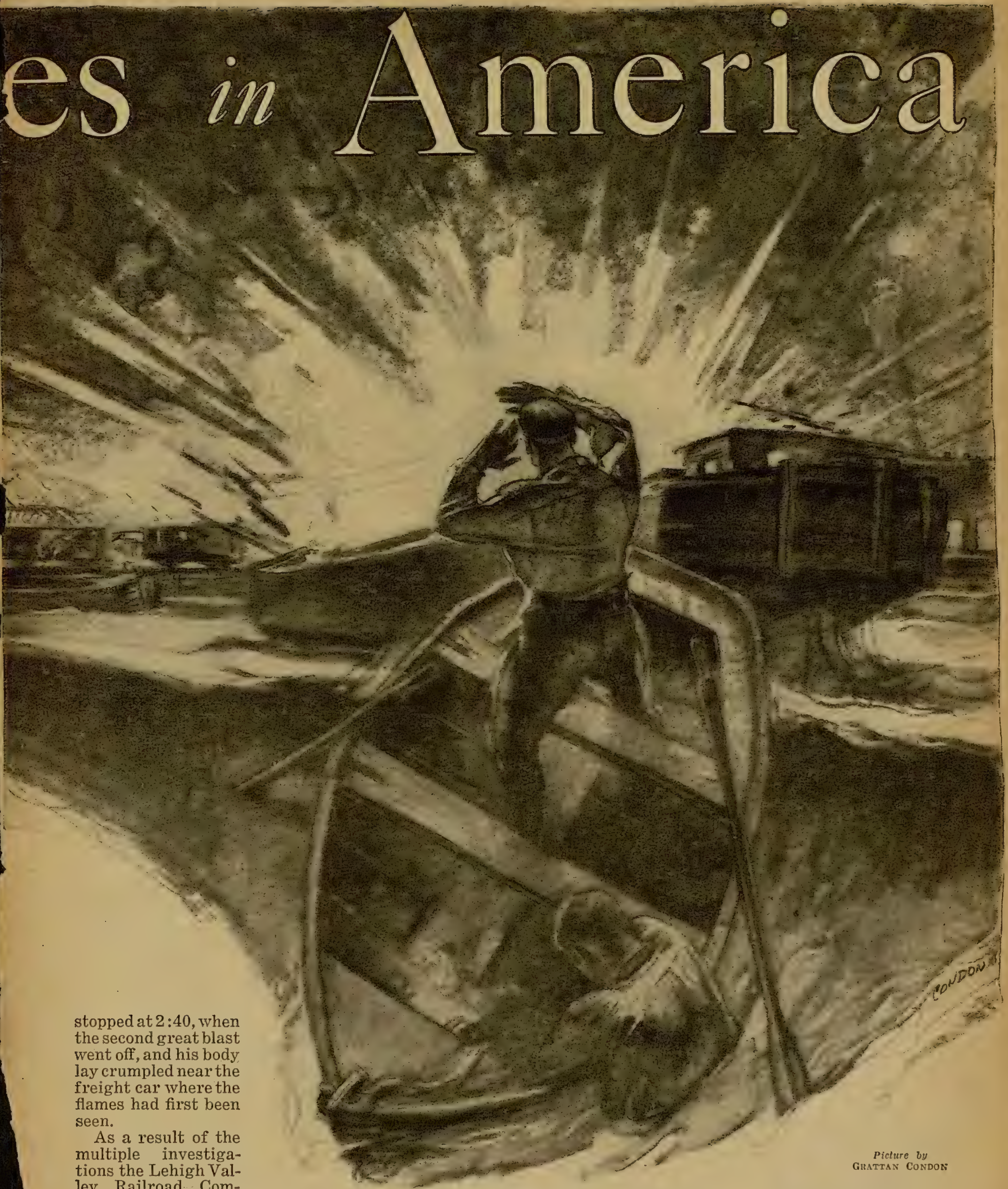
At 1:50 o'clock in the morning of Sunday, July 30, the guards noticed flames and smoke coming out from beneath the closed sliding door of a freight car containing shells packed four to a box and standing near the northernmost pier. An alarm was turned in, but before the town fire engines could respond there was a deafening, earth-rocking explosion at exactly 2:08 o'clock.

Instantly the entire terminal was in flames, and explosions began to rend the night in different parts of the yard.

At 2:40 there was another fearful detonation—and before day broke on a horrified metropolis and a panic-stricken harbor Black Tom was in ruins. The damage was estimated at $40,000,000. Three men are known to have died: Chief Leyden; a policeman named James Doherty, and Captain Johansen. Barge 17 never was seen again, and Johansen's body was not found until more than three months later, when it floated against Bedloe's Island.

Of course, a whole series of investigations was immediately launched. Leyden's watch was found to have

es *in* America



Picture by Grattan Condon

There was a deafening, earth-rocking explosion. . . . Instantly the entire terminal was in flames.

stopped at 2:40, when the second great blast went off, and his body lay crumpled near the freight car where the flames had first been seen.

As a result of the multiple investigations the Lehigh Valley Railroad Company was accused of negligence by a coroner's jury, and later that company and the National Storage Company, which controlled some of the Black Tom warehouses, were involved in manslaughter charges.

Numerous suits were filed against the railroad by the Russian government, which had bought most of the munitions that were exploded, and by the underwriters. The Lehigh Valley based its defense on a theory of spontaneous combustion, a defense that seemed the most logical at the time, but one which was to haunt and plague that

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

GERMAN SPIES IN AMERICA
Continued from page fifty-five

company before many years had passed—for it was the very defense advanced by Germany when the United States sued that nation in behalf of the claimants damaged by the Black Tom explosions as well as by the Kingsland fire.

As the years passed, however, the Lehigh Valley and the other claimants began to dig up interesting and significant data in connection with the Black Tom blast and the whole series of fires and explosions which marked the progress of Germany's sabotage campaign in America during the period of our neutrality.

Keystone photo

A ship, fired by the Black Tom blasts, burning in the harbor.

Michael Kristoff, for example, became a figure of singular importance in the hunt for clues. On July 30 Kristoff, an Austrian laborer, then about twenty-three years old, lived in the home of Mrs. Anna Rushnik at 76 East Twenty-fifth Street in Bayonne, New Jersey, close to Black Tom. He was employed by the Eagle Oil Works, near the scene of the tragedy, but for several days prior to the explosion he had been absent from work.

He was not at home the night of the explosion, but he reached there about 4:30 Sunday morning. He was frightfully agitated, tramping to and fro in his room, and finally awakening his landlady. He mumbled something about fearing he had killed a lot of people.

Mrs. Rushnik reported to the police, and Kristoff was arrested on suspicion of having participated, in some way, in the destruction. He said he had been calling on a girl in Yonkers, New York, that night, but this was quickly proven to be a lie. Although he was grilled for several days, the police had to let him go when Mrs. Rushnik declined to appear against him and repeat her earlier statements to the authorities.

Kristoff then disappeared for a couple of months, but showed up again in November. He met Alexander Kassman, who said he was an Austrian anarchist, and who had a job in the same factory where Kristoff worked. They became friendly for nearly a year, meeting after working hours and dining together and calling on friends each introduced the other to. These friends were either anarchists or pro-Germans or radicals.

Kassman won Kristoff's confidence, and presently Kassman reported to his real employers, the W. J. Burns detective agency, that Kristoff had admitted to him that he had been associated with a couple of Germans and that with them he had gone to Black Tom in a rowboat and planted time bombs which destroyed the terminal in less than an hour after they had rowed away in the darkness. He said he had gone to New York later and received $500 from a German in a Broadway hotel room, and that he never again saw his accomplices.

Kristoff also said he had traveled about the country quite a bit as the companion of, and an observer for, a German agent named Grantnor. He had also told the police about Grantnor.

IN May, 1917, about the time Detective Kassman was turning in his report, Kristoff again vanished, and the next time he appears in the record he was in jail in Albany, New York, in 1921, under the name of John Christie and charged with larceny. He was questioned again about Black Tom, but vigorously denied any complicity or any confession to Kassman.

What happened to Kristoff is not clear, but on April 3, 1928, he died penniless and was said to have been buried in the potter's field on Hart's Island, New York.

When Paul Koenig was arrested in his mysterious bureau in New York City, and his records, such as he had not concealed or destroyed, were confiscated by the American secret service, immense interest was displayed when the names Burns and Scott were found several times in the list of agents and spies Koenig hired.

On August 5, six days after the explosions, Burns and Scott made affidavits about what they saw that night, and nothing they said directed any suspicion against them or their fellow guards. But after study of Koenig's files corroborated so many other sinister discoveries made by Peaslee & Brigham, attorneys for the Black Tom and Kingsland claimants against Germany, renewed interest was felt in the coincidence that two such names should appear in the records of a confessed German agent and saboteur. So Walter H. Russell, owner of the Greeley Detective Bureau, a private New York City agency, was retained by the lawyers to locate Burns and Scott and see if he could find out anything.

ON March 30, 1929, Russell signed an affidavit that he had found the men, Scott then being on the New York police force and Burns living in Huntington, Long Island. Russell's affidavit says that Burns and Scott saw Mr. Peaslee and told him they knew nothing about Koenig. Burns said that about June 21, three weeks after he had begun to protect Black Tom and about five weeks before the explosions, a man stopped him on the street and asked him if he was one of the terminal guards. He said the man thereafter gave him small sums from time to time "with the understanding that I was to relax a bit—not be too careful in watching what might go on. I didn't see no particular harm in taking any money that was being handed about; I'd have been a fool if I hadn't. It wasn't much; just small pieces of change from time to time. Most of it was used for liquor."

Scott, according to the affidavit, said Burns gave him small amounts occasionally but he didn't know why. He was frequently sent to a nearby saloon to buy liquor with the money Burns gave him. Scott also said that after a time Burns had run away to Oakland, California, and stayed there for quite a while.

Scott also admitted he had met Kristoff around the water-front saloons. When Grover Whalen was commissioner of police in New York City, Peaslee & Brigham appealed to him for help in getting a statement from Officer Scott. Scott made a statement, but after reading it over he wanted to make so many changes that Whalen became impatient and refused to have anything more to do with it.

Germany's defense against the accusation of the American claimants in the Black Tom case was that the explosions and fire were due to spontaneous combustion. In any event, the Germans said, no evidence had ever been presented to show, first, that Germany ordered the destruction of Black Tom, and, second, that German agents consummated it.

Conceding that most of its evidence in this particular case was of a circumstantial character, Peaslee & Brigham maintained that in view of the mountain of proof they had produced that Germans had committed countless other acts of sabotage, most of which they were convicted of in American courts or confessed later, it was common sense to conclude that Black Tom, the Allies' most important plant in America, naturally would be the logical target of German agents.

The American lawyers claimed that Barge 17 went off before the freight car did. Leyden was killed near the freight car at 2:40, which the Americans held was the second major blast.

It is conceded that TNT cannot explode of its own accord, and the barge therefore must have been blown up by a bomb. Barge 17, it was further held, had been cut loose and allowed to drift with the southwest wind and the tide after a time bomb had been planted on it. At a point 325 yards northeast of the pier where Barge 17 had been anchored was found a crater in the floor of the river twenty-one feet deep, whereas a geodetic survey report, made a few days before the explosion, showed the depth at that point was seven feet.

Furthermore, a string of freight cars which had not been destroyed but which were on the side of the pier nearest the crater were all tilted to the southwest and covered with mud—proving the first explosion had come from the barge out on the river.

Michael Kristoff, arrested as an incendiary suspect.

© U. & U.
Captain Frederick Hinsch, expert destroyer for Berlin.

And the German assertion that the shells in the freight car had gone off from spontaneous combustion was branded as ridiculous. First, because smokeless powder in good condition and carefully handled doesn't go off that way; second, because this powder had been treated with a stabilizer known as diphenylamine, which chemists agree precludes such combustion; third, because the powder would have to reach a temperature of 356° Fahrenheit before exploding spontaneously; and fourth, if the shells had gone off thus the guards would not have seen flames destroying the freight car for fifteen minutes *before* the first explosion at 2:08.

Long afterward, corroboration of the American attorneys' thesis was seen in boastful admissions attributed to Lothar Witzke in Mexico City—as will be related in detail when we come to the story of that interesting young man.

An absolute and unequivocal confession to this mammoth destruction of course never has been and never will be made—because, while many other acts of sabotage were confessed, punishment for the guilty is wiped out by the statute of limitations; whereas at Black Tom three men were murdered, and murder is not expiated or condoned by any passage of the fugitive years.

On February 18, 1916, there was a conference in Berlin which was portentous as far as America was concerned. It was held in the rooms of Political Section 3-B, a highly important branch of the intelligence department of the German General Staff.

Present at this conference were Major Hans Marguerre and Captain Rudolph Nadolny, in charge of this section from September, 1914, to July, 1916; Paul Hilken, Frederick Laurent Hermann, and Dr. Anton Dilger. Incidentally, it was Nadolny who sent the famous Sir Roger Casement cablegram of January 26, 1915, which Zimmermann signed, and which I quoted verbatim in the first article of this series. Nadolny in 1930 was German ambassador to Turkey. Marguerre later confessed the plot revealed below. He first lied about it from time to time, telling the truth only when the evidence was too much for him.

I shall now treat, separately and fully, of the three guests of Messrs. Marguerre and Nadolny at that crucial Berlin conference.

PAUL HILKEN was born in the United States. His father, Henry G. Hilken, was born in Germany in 1847. He came to America in 1866 and married an American-born girl. The elder Hilken was connected with A. Schumacher & Co., Baltimore representatives of the North German Lloyd Steamship Company. The firm was composed of Mr. Hilken, Karl Ruhrstadt, and Karl Luederitz. Paul Hilken was a junior member. In 1914, 1915, and 1916 Herr Luederitz was German consul in Baltimore. In 1930 Hilken senior, then eighty-three years of age, was the consul.

International News photo
Captain Paul Koenig of the submarine Deutschland and his Baltimore host, Paul Hilken.

Paul Hilken got sound training in the company's affairs by spending about six months in the home offices of the North German Lloyd: he was there from December, 1913, to May, 1914. Thereafter he was with the American representatives in Baltimore.

In the spring of 1915 young Hilken returned from a lengthy South American trip and met Captain Franz von Rintelen, whose exploits as an active and efficient German agent have already been narrated; and likewise became acquainted with Captain Frederick Hinsch, another busy spy and agent who will be fully covered in this story. Von Rintelen told Hilken that he was in America on a sabotage mission, and otherwise confided in him.

In February, 1916, Paul Hilken received a cable from Herr Stapefeldt, a prominent official in the steamship company, and as a consequence he went to Bremen and talked over affairs in America, with special emphasis on the contemplated journey to America of the super-U-boat Deutschland.

© Keystone View Co.
Rudolph Nadolny, German diplomat who led in spy work.

Hilken went on to Berlin and there he met von Papen, lately kicked out of the United States by President Wilson. It occurred to somebody that Hilken might be a valuable American adjunct to the general sabotage scheme, particularly as the paymaster to handle the funds required by the roving agents and spies and saboteurs then devastating the munition factories of the United States. He was approached on the subject and he consented to serve the Fatherland. So he was taken to several departments in Berlin and the general plot was discussed and perfected. One of the most important conferences this new American-born recruit attended was the celebrated February meeting already referred to. The details of the plot and the incendiary devices furnished by Marguerre and Nadolny will be described when I tell the story of Fred Hermann.

OFFICIAL Berlin then established funds for Hilken to draw against in America with Lohmann & Company and Grossman & Sielcken, and upon his return to Baltimore Hilken became the purse into which were dipped the talons of Hinsch, Hermann, Dilger, Woehst, and anybody else of a deserving character Hilken was acquainted with. No receipts were required of these saboteurs by Hilken, and Hilken was held to no accounting by Berlin for the sums disbursed.

From the above credits and other sums that von Rintelen furnished, Hilken paid out more than $100,000, a least $60,000 going to Hinsch and Hermann. For example, early in August, 1916, a few days after Black Tom was destroyed, Hilken attended a dinner in the Hotel Astor in New York City at which were present Hinsch, Hermann, Benjamin Lowenstein, and Sir John Hammer, and there he paid Hinsch $2,000 the latter had asked for after boasting that Black Tom was to be credited to him, since he had had the great terminal blown up. . . .

On September 20, 1914, the German steamship Neckar put into Baltimore for internment. Her captain was Frederick Hinsch, and he speedily became acquainted with Hilken, from whom he was presently to receive such funds as he needed in his atrocious sabotage. Hilken said a Mrs. Leona Dirlam accompanied Captain Hinsch and was supposed to be the German skipper's cousin.

Amos J. Peaslee, senior partner o Peaslee & Brigham, first heard of Hilke when, in London, he examined the thou sands of cables to and from Berlin whic Sir Reginald Hall had intercepted an decoded.

Mr. Peaslee approached Hilken fo helpful testimony in the American suit and Hilken was examined and made a series of statements. In December, 1928, he uttered thousands of words in response to questions asked by Peaslee. On February 8, 1929, he made an affidavit in which h somewhat reluctantly admitted that most of the statements in his previous examination were untrue. The affidavit, however, showed he was softening up a bit and he was sent by the lawyers all the way to Chile i South America to persuade Hermann to return to Ame ica and testify for the claimants. For this voyage Hilk received all expenses and $2,000 in cash, paid by t American claimants.

On May 16, 1930, following an oral examination o Hermann (to be related presently) Hilken was con pletely softened up, and on that date he made a sworn affidavit in which he admitted that nearly every one o his preceding statements had again been evasive an false. He now goes the limit in baring his soul, and hi confession becomes a bewildering document.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

GERMAN SPIES IN AMERICA
Continued from page fifty-seven

He attempts to excuse, or at least explain, his previous falsehoods by swearing that he didn't want to get mixed up in the sabotage investigation, and did not care to implicate the guilty German agents, especially those of American birth. He then narrates in great detail the activities of himself and his accomplices in the violations of American neutrality.

He had often conferred with von Rintelen, who was the real organizer and brains of the sabotage in its more overt phases. He tells how Hinsch and Dilger propagated anthrax and glanders germs and inoculated countless thousands of horses and mules purchased by the Allies in this country. He admits he was present at the Berlin conference when Marguerre and Nadolny and Dilger and Hermann planned the sabotage campaign.

When Hermann received the incendiary pencils, Nadolny and Marguerre suggested that they be weighted at the eraser end in such a fashion that they would float upright if tossed into a stream. They wanted Hermann and Hilken to drop dozens of these arson pencils into the stream above Niagara Falls so they would float down and be caught in the machinery of the great power houses there.

Hilken patriotically asserted, in his 1930 affidavit, that he demurred at this scheme, because it would damage American property!

Finally, when Hermann had to flee this country, it was Hilken who reminded him on his departure for Mexico City that he had received orders at the Berlin conference to encompass the destruction of the Tampico oil fields, a violation of another neutral country's rights.

When the Deutschland startled the world by coming underseas across the Atlantic and tying up at a Baltimore dock on July 10, 1916, it was Hinsch who bought the tugboat in which he went down Chesapeake Bay and guided the great submarine safely in; and it was Hilken who organized the Eastern Forwarding Company, which handled the cargo brought by the Deutschland and the cargo of nickel and tin it took away.

Liberty is offering

$100 Apiece

for Short Short Stories

THEY must be short enough to be printed in a single page of Liberty—the shorter the better, but in any case not over 1,200 words. One hundred dollars apiece will be paid for any accepted and published.

All rights in such stories as are bought will be the property of Liberty, but any possible proceeds from book, picture, or dramatic rights will be divided with the authors on a fifty-fifty basis.

Otherwise the customary rules for submitting manuscripts will apply. Use one side of the paper only, and if possible use a typewriter, though legible handwriting will not be barred. All manuscripts are sent at the owners' risk. If you want rejected ones returned, inclose a stamped and addressed envelope—NOT MERELY STAMPS.

And when you send them address them simply to SHORT SHORT STORIES, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 220 EAST 42nd STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Authors and Authoresses!

Please remember that if you do not inclose a stamped and addressed envelope with your manuscript we cannot return it to you or write you concerning its destiny. We are receiving an enormous number of short short story manuscripts, and it has become necessary to enforce this rule very strictly.

We cannot undertake to enter into correspondence concerning these stories.

THE Dilger family, a numerous brood, moved a long time ago from Germany to Virginia. Anton was graduated from Johns Hopkins University with an M. D. degree. In 1914 he returned to the Fatherland and placed his services at the disposal of Berlin.

In Chevy Chase, almost in the shadow of the Washington Monument, he established a "germ factory," where he cultivated anthrax and glanders germs. His brother Carl, later a rancher in Montana, was his assistant in the bacillus work. Carl went to Berlin and n his return smuggled a tubes of fresh disease ultures for Dr. Anton to propagate. When the Deutschland arrived in Baltimore it also brought over an item or two not included on its manifest: incendiary pencils and still more tubes of live germs for the Dilger brothers.

Anton Dilger fled to Mexico early in 1917 and then continued his espionage under the name of Dr. Delmar.

Hinsch, the Neckar's interned master, was an arrogant, boastful, daring, dangerous agent. He hired J. Edward Felton, a colored foreman of the Negro stevedore crews that worked for Hilken's company, to inoculate horses and mules and sheep and cattle with the anthrax and glanders germs. He hired him in Hilken's office, and Eddie, as they called Felton, hired more than a dozen of his colored workers to inject the microbes. Felton, in 1930 employed by another steamship line in Baltimore, made an affidavit that in the fall of 1914 Hinsch hired him to cause strikes and incite colored wharf workers to violence, as well as poison animals bought by the Allies. Felton went to Norfolk, New York City, and other ports to carry on this work.

THE anthrax and glanders cultures were contained in thin glass vials two inches long and three-quarters of an inch in diameter. Attached to each stopper was a steel needle, and the colored men would simply walk alongside the pens where the horses and mules and cattle were corraled and jab the needles into the animals' shoulders. At other times they would scatter a little of the fatal fluid in fodder bins and water troughs.

Later Hinsch gave Felton incendiary bombs to place in the holds of ships carrying munitions or grain or cotton or live stock. Other Negroes who took part in this Hinsch-inspired and Hilken-paid labor made affidavits that Felton had hired them and that they had performed the duties he explained to them.

Hinsch, among several aliases and code names he used while he was in neutral America, sometimes was known as Grantnor, according to Fred Hermann's confession. It will be remembered that Kristoff told the police and Kassman, the Burns detective, that he traveled around the middle west with a German agent named Grantnor.

And it is interesting to recite this fact: when the final hearings were held before the Mixed Claims Commission at The Hague in the fall of 1930, in order to controvert Hermann's sensational testimony in behalf of the American claimants, the Germans used Hinsch's affidavit in their defense—and Hinsch confessed everything he had been accused of, with two exceptions: the destruction of Black Tom and the three murders there, and the burning of Kingsland. He made four affidavits, and he lied fluently in the first three, telling the truth, or part of it, only after Hermann confessed.

Hinsch, under the name of Harry Inwold, fled to Mexico as soon as America entered the war—an illuminating commentary on Germany's contention that all these agents were in America merely to *observe*, and only to go into action if and when we joined the Allies!

Hinsch now lives in Lehe, Germany.

In Liberty next week Mr. Sutherland reaches one of the weirdest chapters in this series, the story of Frederick Laurent Hermann.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 14

1—Managua.
2—Thirty-five years.
3—Maryland and Pennsylvania.
4—Lactic acid.
5—Four thousand eight hundred and forty.
6—Missouri.
7—Latin America.
8—Thirty-two.
9—Allegheny and Monongahela.
10—The membrane which lines the cavity of the abdomen.
11—A Negro.
12—Ethan Allen.
13—The ovule-bearing organ of a seed plant.
14—A composition for two or more solo instruments.
15—China.
16—A collection of poems or epigrams.
17—Walter E. Edge of New Jersey.
18—Parishes.
19—Philip Nolan.
20—James Buchanan.

Get Your Man

A Short Short Story

By ROBERTA YATES

who lives in New York, and used to be Sunday editor of the Daily News of that city. This is a new version of a story with which she has already had success in a newspaper competition—which is explained so that, if you have read the newspaper version, you will not think she has been plagiarizing herself.

(Reading time: 5 min. 31 sec.)

"I'M glad to see you, Ellen. Of course I am. But I—I wish you hadn't come to New York."

Julie Andrews looked at her kid sister with troubled eyes. Ellen looked back with the clear, laughing eyes of eighteen.

"Afraid the big town'll get me? Don't worry. I've learned about life in Freesburg. The men there keep up with the attacks of the times."

"Do they?" Julie asked dryly. "I hoped you'd marry some nice boy there."

"Five nice ones asked me. It's easy to get a man to ask you to be his wife. You just refuse to be anything else."

"So it's that simple."

"Or else you run in a rival on him. Depends on cases. I use a couple of systems. Say, you do yourself well, you plutocrat." Ellen surveyed the penthouse living room with its expensive, modernistic furnishings. She looked at Julie's frock, which bore the stamp of Paris. "You know, sis, it surprised me when you made good in New York. You're so sweet and not a bit hard boiled. But you're awfully clever to manage all this on a hundred a week and send money home too."

"—I—I manage."

Fear in Julie's voice and in her averted eyes. Ellen didn't seem to note it.

"Modeling must be nice work—wearing pretty clothes and all. It isn't hard, is it?"

"No, it isn't hard," Julie said. "But I'm not working now. It's the off season. We're going to the theater tonight. A friend of mine is bringing a friend of his."

Ellen gave her an athletic hug. "I'm so tickled with everything. Remember when you said you'd make a mint of money in New York and marry a millionaire? Well, you've made your mint. Have you made your millionaire?"

Julie's smile was strained. "Don't be silly!"

"Millionaires tonight?"

"Whitney Randolph has a bit. Wallie Langford hasn't so much."

"And I suppose he's for me. Oh, you bum!"

ELLEN had a grand evening. She gushed and squealed, but now and then her bright eyes rested thoughtfully on Whitney Randolph. She liked him. Oh, a lot! Who wouldn't? He had movie-star looks—lean and brown, with a crinkly grin. But she didn't like his possessive attitude toward Julie. And Julie— Well, she let him get away with it.

Wallie Langford was a drab young man. Ellen paid him little attention until she saw him looking at Julie like a dog who yearns for a pat but expects a kick.

"I'm out of luck," Ellen murmured. "You're both in love with Julie."

"But Whit holds the aces," Wallie said.

When Julie and Ellen were alone together, Ellen said: "You're crazy about Whitney Randolph, aren't you?"

"I like him," Julie said guardedly.

"Are you engaged to him?"

"No. Oh, no." Julie's lips tightened. "His mother wouldn't let him marry me. She's a snooty dowager."

"The poor worm!" Ellen stormed. "Hasn't he the nerve to marry without his mother's permission? And where'll he find a gorgeouser girl than you?"

"Don't take it so hard, Ellen." Julie tried to be light.

"Julie, you oughtn't to let him think he owns you." Julie went scarlet. "You ought to go round with other men. I heard Wallie Langford ask you to dinner tomorrow night. Why don't you go?"

"Wallie bores me."

"Whit is going to a débutante dance. I'd show him."

"I'll go," Julie said.

On the next evening Julie departed with a Wallie who was dazed by his good luck. When the door closed behind them, Ellen sprang to the telephone. She gave the number of Whitney Randolph's club and waited nervously while he was paged.

"Hello," he said.

SHE spoke in a breathless squeak. "This is Ellen, Julie's sister. Oh, Mr. Randolph, can you come over at once? There's something wrong. I can't tell you over the telephone."

When Whitney Randolph arrived, she was still breathless.

"I know I shouldn't butt in on Julie's affairs, but I know she loves you. I can't imagine what makes her do such a thing, though I guess every girl wants to get married."

"What are you talking about?"

"I'm telling you. About Julie marrying Wallie Langford. He's been asking her to for ages, but she wouldn't, because she loves you. Then she got to thinking what would happen to her when you married a débutante. So Wallie and she went to Greenwich to have dinner, but really to get married."

"Let me get this," Whitney Randolph said hoarsely. "Julie eloped with Wallie Langford? Ellen, you're crazy."

"I tell you she did."

"I know that road house Wallie goes to in Greenwich," Whitney said.

"Can you stop 'em?"

Ellen was talking to air. Whitney had gone. She picked up a book and began to read it calmly, but now and then she looked at the clock. At eleven the telephone rang. Central said that Greenwich, Connecticut, was calling. Julie's voice came, shrill with excitement.

"Ellen, I'm married! . . . Who to? Why, to Whitney, of course."

"So he did fall for it," Ellen said.

Julie didn't hear her.

"He dashed in and accused Wallie of eloping with me. Poor Wallie was so surprised. Then Whit literally dragged me out by my hair. He said he didn't give a hoot what his mother said. And I'm so happy."

"Congratulations," said the kid sister. "I'll be getting back to Freesburg, now that you're fixed up."

"Fixed up?"

"Any darned fool could tell from your letters home that you weren't happy, darling, so I came along to help. There's always a way to get your man."

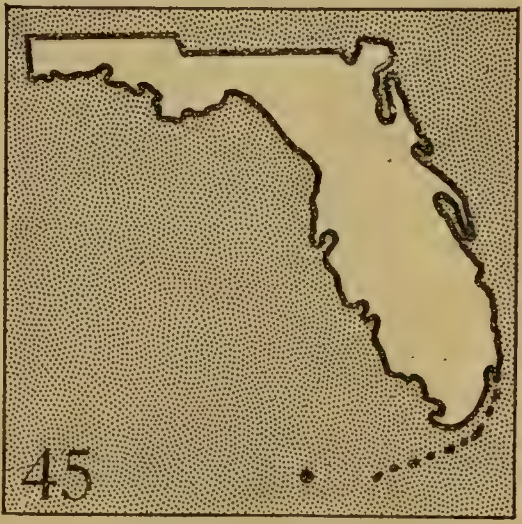
Ellen rang off. "Even if you're idiot enough to be hi mistress first," she added.

THE END

NOW!—It's Time to Send in Your

Liberty's Patriotic GA

HERE IS THE FINAL SET OF MAPS


45

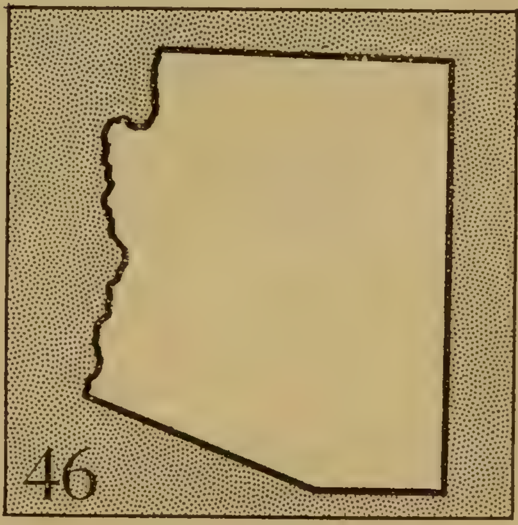
Deposits of phosphatic rock are a source of great wealth in this state, one of whose neighbors on the north is a state named for an English king.

Name of State ....

Bounded by ....

....

.... SET NO. 12


46

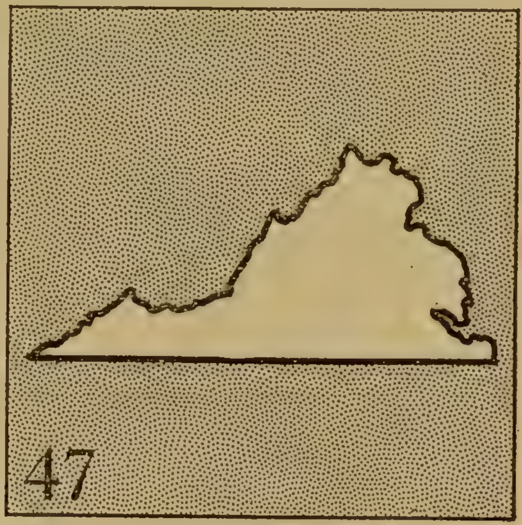
The growing of long staple cotton is an important industry of this state, whose eastern boundary is a state in which there are extensive Indian reservations.

Name of State ....

Bounded by ....

....

.... SET NO. 12


47

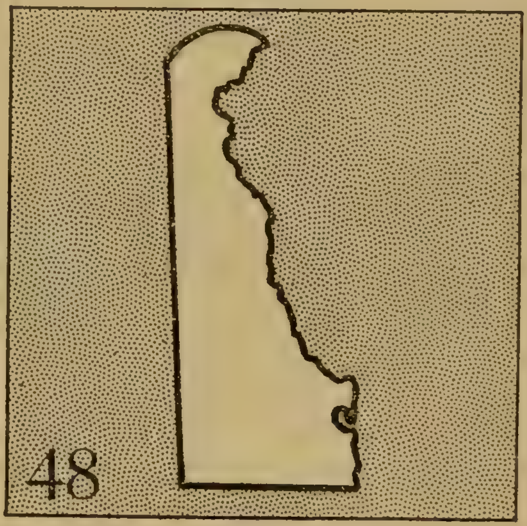
This is the birth state of eight of our Presidents. The Battle above the Clouds was fought in one of the states which bound it on the south.

Name of State ....

Bounded by ....

....

.... SET NO. 12


48

Agriculture is the chief industry of this state, which is bounded on the south and west by a state in which a famous government school is located.

Name of State ....

Bounded by ....

....

.... SET NO. 12

LIBERTY'S Patriotic Game of States is now complete. With the maps on this page you have, or should have, one for each of the forty-eight states.

Now it's your turn.

As you know, Liberty is offering $25,000 in cash prizes for the neatest and most accurate identification of all these states and their boundaries, together with the best essays of not more than fifty words telling which is the sender's favorite state, and why.

Now that you have all the maps, you may send them in with your essay whenever you like. The time limit is April 25—twenty-one days from the date of this issue—but it's well to be prompt.

Prize Awards

will be announced in Liberty as quickly as the conditions of the contest permit. After all the entries are in, the judges must choose the 1,540 prize winners. Then time must be allowed for the printing and distributing of the issue or issues in which the awards are announced. But it won't be long.

The game is quite easy. Don't try to make it difficult. Simply follow the rules as you find them on the opposite page.

Note particularly that all entries must be sent *by mail* to the post office box address as given, and that registered mail will not be received.

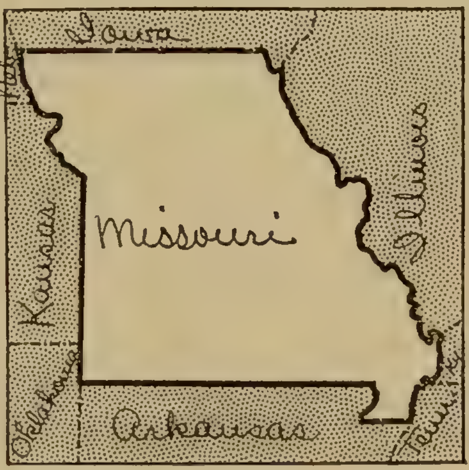
And above all, remember that *no elaborate treatments are necessary.* Compact simplicity is best. So, when you send your sets, be sure to

Keep the Package Small!

Entries for

ME of STATES

EXAMPLE



You may write on the maps, as above, or fill in the blanks below, like this:

Name of State *Missouri.*

Bounded by *Iowa, Illinois, Kentucky, Tennessee, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Kansas, Nebraska.*

NOTE—To avoid confusion, *don't give rivers as boundaries.* Give states, countries, or such waters as the Great Lakes, the oceans, and the Gulf of Mexico. Thus, in the example above, include Illinois, Kentucky, and Tennessee among your boundaries rather than the Mississippi River.

$25,000 IN CASH PRIZES

divided as follows:

First prize	$5,000
Second prize	1,000
Third prize	500
Fourth prize	250
Fifth prize	200
Next 180 prizes, $25 each	4,500
Next 1,355 prizes, $10 each	13,550
TOTAL (1,540 prizes)	$25,000

The Rules

1—Every week for twelve consecutive weeks Liberty has printed four outline maps of four different states of the United States: a total of 48 maps—one for each of the 48 states.

2—You are invited to cut out these maps (or, if you prefer, make copies or tracings of them) and write in the state's name and the states, waters, or countries that bound it. You may use the blanks or write on the maps themselves and around them, as you like.

3—When you have done this with all the maps, write an essay of not more than fifty words telling which is your favorite state, and why.

4—Liberty will pay $25,000 in cash prizes to the persons who send in the most nearly correct and neatest sets of state maps, together with the best essays, in accordance with these rules.

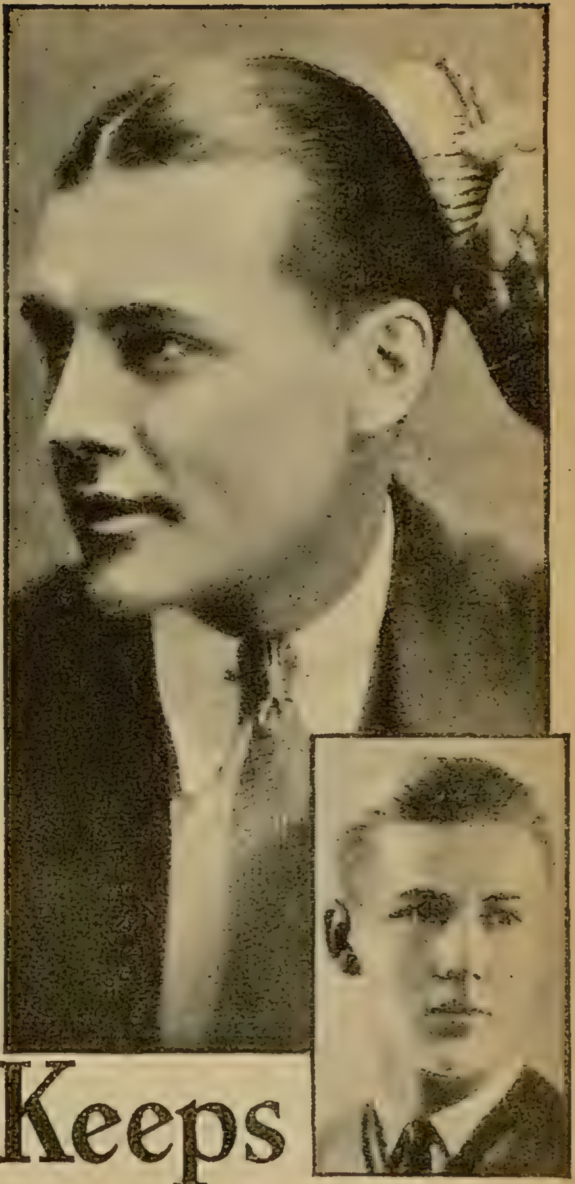
5—This contest is open to everybody except employees of Liberty and their families.

6—Maps are to be submitted only in complete sets. When you are ready, send all 48 of them, with your essay, to STATES, Post Office Box 612, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Be sure to write your name and address clearly on your entry. All entries must be in by midnight, 21 days after the final set is published.

7—Each entry should be sent by first-class mail, postage prepaid, to the post office box address as specified. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department. **Registered mail will not be received.** Contestants may send in as many sets of maps and as many essays as they wish, but no contestant will be entitled to more than one prize.

8—You need not purchase Liberty to compete. You may copy or trace the maps from the originals and use the copies you have made. Liberty may be examined at any of its offices or at public libraries free of charge.

9—The judges will be a committee appointed by the publishers of Liberty. Their decision will be final. Both accuracy and neatness will count in the award of the prizes. No elaborate treatments are necessary. Simplicity is best. In case of ties a duplicate award will be given each tying contestant. *We cannot undertake to return any entries, or enter into correspondence concerning them.*



Keeps Hair Neat

Rich-looking—Orderly

IF your hair lacks natural gloss and lustre, or is difficult to keep in place it is very easy to give it that rich, glossy, refined and . . . orderly appearance . . . so essential to well-groomed men.

Just rub a little Glostora through your hair . . . once or twice a week . . . or after shampooing, and your hair will then stay, each day . . . just as you comb it.

Glostora softens the hair and makes it pliable. Then—even stubborn hair—will stay in place of its own accord.

It gives your hair that natural, rich, well-groomed effect instead of leaving it stiff and artificial looking as pastes do.

Glostora also keeps the scalp soft, and the hair healthy by restoring the natural oils from which the hair derives its health, life, gloss and lustre.

Try it!—See how easy it is to keep your hair combed—any style you like—whether brushed lightly or combed down flat.

If you want your hair to lie down particularly smooth and tight, after applying Glostora, simply moisten your hair with water before brushing it.

A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store.

Glostora

Vox

Distressing Picture of What Would Happen if We Had No Eighteenth Amendment

KOHLER, WIS.—I wish to reply to "Another Young Mother," who had a letter in Vox Pop of February 28.

May I ask her what advantage would be gained by repealing the Eighteenth Amendment? Would liquor, if made lawful, become extinct? Would fires be unknown if we abolished our fire departments?

May I ask her to show what advantages are found in alcohol? In what way does it aid her that she is so anxious for it to become lawful? Does she want her chauffeur to be under its influence while he is driving her around? Does she want her surgeon to drink before he performs a delicate operation on her? Would she feel better if the clerks in her store were continually drunk? Just picture what would happen if they were. Would she care to have the policemen, whom she helps hire to protect her, walk around their beat with a red nose?

No, madam, I have yet to see a single advantage in alcohol.—*W. A. Behrens.*

From, By, and About the American Boy

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—I am twenty, a college student. I wish to state that the anonymous article, "At Seventeen," in your March 7 issue, is the most indubitably correct picture of a large portion of American youth that I have ever read, and my reading is catholic.

However, this group is by no means in the majority.—*Frank Taylor.*

HILLSBORO, OHIO—I have just finished the article, "At Seventeen."

I think the anonymous author's little brother is a plain fool.

Undoubtedly there are other youth, and many who have reached their maturity, who are as mentally ill as this seventeen-year-old youth, yet I fail to see anything to be gained, but much to be lost, by upholding either them or their idiosyncrasies. If they would put forth half as much effort to build constructive ideas for the future we might have a country of which to be proud.—"*Anonymous.*"

PITTSBURGH, PA.—A story describing just what the modern youth thinks—hooray! Let's have more stories like "At Seventeen." Although I am only fourteen, I denounce religion.

I have plenty of other high school friends and they all think the same—with no exceptions.—*Freethinker.*

ST. PAUL, MINN.—Some words about "At Seventeen."

If any American youth has any one of "brother's" heretical philosophies imbedded in his illusioned brain, all of us know what is wrong with him. Poor fellow! It's merely a matter of petitioning for a guardian, confining the ward to an institution, and reporting to the surrogate court.—*Ralph V. Woolsey.*

BLUEFIELD, W. VA.—It would be a good thing for the country if your "At Seventeen" article could be printed in letters twelve feet high and posted at every crossroads.—*Lorna Ball Konoitz.*

SOLVAY, N. Y.—Do you, as a promoter of the pursuit of happiness and liberty, think it proper to print, publish, or cause to be published such rotten views as are contained in "At Seventeen"?—*Also Anonymous.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—Just read "At Seventeen." Being young myself I agree with him excepting where he says the young men won't fight.

Youth don't give a damn whether they live or die.

War's a thrill and one we haven't had yet—so declare war and see how many volunteers you will have among youth.—*Gillbert Morisse.*

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—In your pernicious and dastardly attempt to strike at the roots of Christianity as signified in printing the anonymous story called "At Seventeen," you might have at least picked out an intelligent man to stage the farce.—*K. H. K.*

AURORA, ILL.—I don't doubt but what "Seventeen" exists.

In fact, I believe I am acquainted with two or three youths who are quite like him. But let me assure any alarmed parents that he represents a small minority.

I am eighteen, and, though far from an angel, I believe myself qualified to speak for a much larger class of young people.

We are the lawyers, doctors, teachers, and business men of tomorrow.

As long as we behave the way we do now, there is no need to arouse the nation with exposures like "At Seventeen." Because:

We do not get soused habitually.

We are proud to date a girl who permits no familiarities.

We don't swallow Schopenhauer and the like.

We don't read morbid or sexy novels.

We believe in a supreme Right.

We look forward to getting married—once—and raising good, clean sons and daughters.

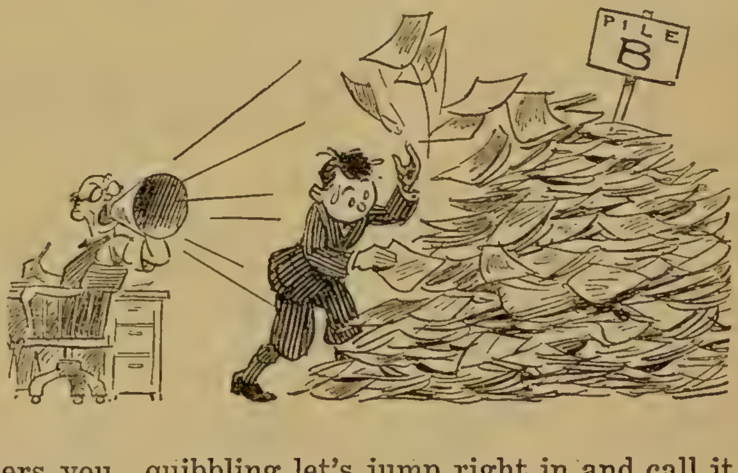
We realize "Seventeen" has his place in this world. Poe, Byron, and Shelley, though morally deficient, certainly were not wasted lives.

"Seventeen" is intellectual; we are intelligent. He has brains; we have common sense. After all, both types are very essential in the scheme of things, so why make a fuss about it?—"*Eighteen.*"

Aw, Let's Jump Right In and Call It 5,000,000—Why Not?

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I've been pondering ruefully these many months upon the apparent futility of successfully crashing the limited space of Vox Pop.

In glaring red letters on the front page you announce a paid circulation in excess of 2,500,000. Just to eliminate quibbling let's jump right in and call it 3,000,000. If one tenth of one per cent write to Vox Pop, that means you receive 3,000 letters weekly.



Now, don't tell me you read 3,000 letters each week! Even now I can hear the Vox Pop editor bellowing the following orders to the office boy as the deadline approaches: "Snap into it, Joe! (All office boys are named Joe and Liberty's is no exception.) Rummage around in pile B of Vox Pop mail and bring me two California, one from Arkansas, don't forget Arkansas, Joe, good old Arkansas, they haven't been in the limelight for a long time."

Now try and put me on the spot. If you do I'll will all my short stories to you. Yours in safety.—*Bill Watts.*

Wise Crack for the Week

SAN BRUNO, CALIF.—Times have advanced, for history tells us that, 156 years ago, Patrick Henry was willing to give his life for Liberty. Today we can have Liberty for five cents.—*T. W.*

Pop

Editorial Notes

TORONTO, ONT., CAN.—Your editorial, "Speed," makes wonderful reading to all Britishers, but you forgot to mention another marvellous British record—that of J. S. Wright on a motorcycle doing 150 miles per hour in November last. This, in my opinion, is better than Campbell's 245 m.p.h. when you compare the size of engines.

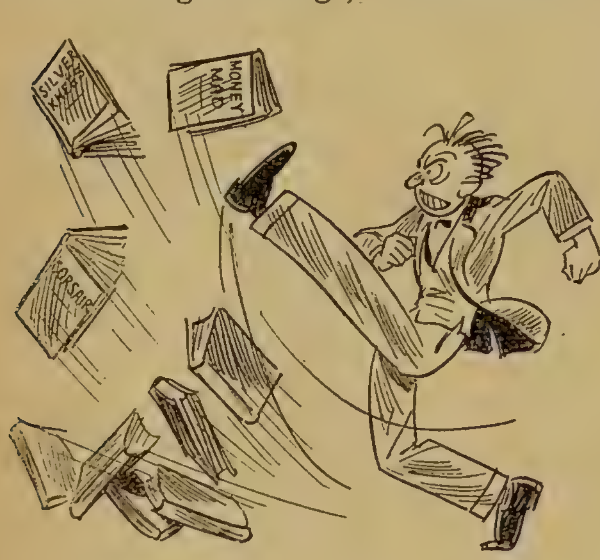
Yours speedily.—*An Easy-Going Britisher.*

WINNIPEG, MAN., CAN.—Your editorial, "The Bad Old Days," reminds me to send a note of appreciation. Nothing like your editorials on earth! True, clear, dry cut, understandable. Well written to suit the taste of a highbrow and plain enough for an ordinary mortal to understand. It is not the first time that I have been thrilled by your little magazine.—*James Friedman.*

COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.—I have just finished reading your editorial, "The Bad Old Days." If you have anything sillier please print it as soon as possible. I can't bear the suspense. If I understand you correctly, all our traditional greatness—the days of Washington, Lincoln, and Roosevelt—was traceable directly to the influence of the open saloon.—*Arthur E. Walker.*

Recipe for a Great Magazine with a Concrete Footing

NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Liberty *was* a great magazine, but apparently, like most other good things, it couldn't last.



Fiction stories have ruined the good established reputation of Liberty.

There is no sense or educational value in fiction—none whatsoever. Everything in fiction, in most cases, is just a matter of imagination.

I suggest that you cut it all out, and go back to your old concrete footing of good legitimate educational reading matter.

Let us have more like "The Red Knight of Germany" and "The Balloon Buster of Arizona."—*Roy Brown.*

F. P. Adams, and This and That

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—In answer to F. P. Adams' recent Liberty article, "I Hate Waiters," I want to say that they will bother him no more if he will follow my advice. He must just buy a can opener, stock his flat with canned goods, and have a servant to open them.

He should never enter a restaurant again, God help him. But if he should weaken and go to a café, tell him to ask the head waiter for Mickey, for the ambition of my life, now, is to serve him.

He likes dining car waiters. Can he compare a thing on wheels with a first class restaurant? Well, he will hate no more if I ever have the pleasure to wait on him.—*Mickey Finn.*

MT. PULASKI, ILL.—Believe me I agree with Mr. F. P. Adams on this subject of waiters. They are a pain in the neck and the tipping system a lot of bunk.

When I worked in Chicago it seemed to me that every waiter had his or her mitt out for every cent I could muster. Many a time I've left a restaurant scratching a hungry stomach just to leave some dizzy waiter or waitress a tip—knowing full well that he or she had ten times as much as I.

It's a pretty kettle of fish when a person has to leave a place casting furtive glances and wondering what a mere waiter is thinking of the paltry tip left behind.—*Small Towner.*

DUNCAN, ARIZ.—I should think it a good idea for F. P. Adams to go to a cafeteria for his meals. Then he could fuss at the right party.—*W. W. P.*

They Seem to Doubt Mr. Annixter

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Your story "Chinook," by Paul Annixter, was amusingly improbable. The wily grizzly he tells about would not have denned for the winter so close to the hated hunter's cabin, unless, of course, he intended to follow his winter's nap by a new spring offensive against the said hunter. The mighty snowslide would have awakened the bear, or the contact of the hunter would have.

Any sane hunter would have shot the beast, skinned it for the warmth of the hide, eaten of its flesh, and collected the reward.

Mr. Annixter might consider the case of Richard Dwyer, who, in early December, about forty-five years ago, on his farm in western Melrose township, Stearns County, Minnesota, fell through a crust of snow and about four feet of leaves on to a two-hundred-pound black bear. Mr. Bear awoke instantly in a fighting rage, knocked Dwyer's ax from his hand twice, and was killed only after he had clawed Dwyer's clothes to rags.

I wonder if the author himself would be willing to sleep with a wild grizzly. I'd prefer to use an anæsthetic of potent quality first.—*Bryan A. Gilkinson.*

JACKSON, MISS.—After reading Mr. Paul Annixter's story, "Chinook," I looked through Liberty three times trying to find the story of "Little Red Riding Hood," but was unable to find it. However, I still believe that it will be in a later issue. I will wager that Mr. Annixter had a good laugh up his sleeve when you accepted the story. Of course if you had a children's page it would have been quite all right.—*J. E. P.*

Multum in Parvo

PINCKNEY, MICH.—Having just read M. R. Werner's "The New Religion of Russia," in your February 28 issue, I wish to commend him and suggest that his article be printed in every first-class news medium in this country. He can convey so much with so few words that it's a real treat. So different from the bombast of so many so-called writers.

Get him again!—*C. M. G.*

He's a Modest Violet, but We'll Tell on Him—His Name Is Fred G. Cooper

WHITTIER, CALIF.—Please permit me to write my appreciation of the illustrator of Vox Pop. To read the boost, slam, or moan from some Vox Popper, then study the little picture along with it, is the most enjoyable thing in your mag. These pictures are consistently funny, clever, and original.—*S. S.*

The Wagon for Mr. Gallico!

OMAHA, NEB.—What a laugh I got when I read "Gene Tunney—Then and Now." Does the author, Paul Gallico, owe Tunney money, or did he get his paragraph reversed when he quoted Tunney as saying: "Paul, if I ever come back, so help me, you can send out the call for the loony wagon." Page the wagon for Mr. Gallico, please! Every one knows that Jack Dempsey is a better man physically, and every other way, than Tunney.—*A Dempsey Fan.*

WHOSE EYES ARE THESE?

Only 18, yet she's one of First National Pictures' most popular stars. This youthful beauty is 5 ft., 3½ inches tall, weighs 100 pounds, and has blue eyes and light brown hair. Name below*.

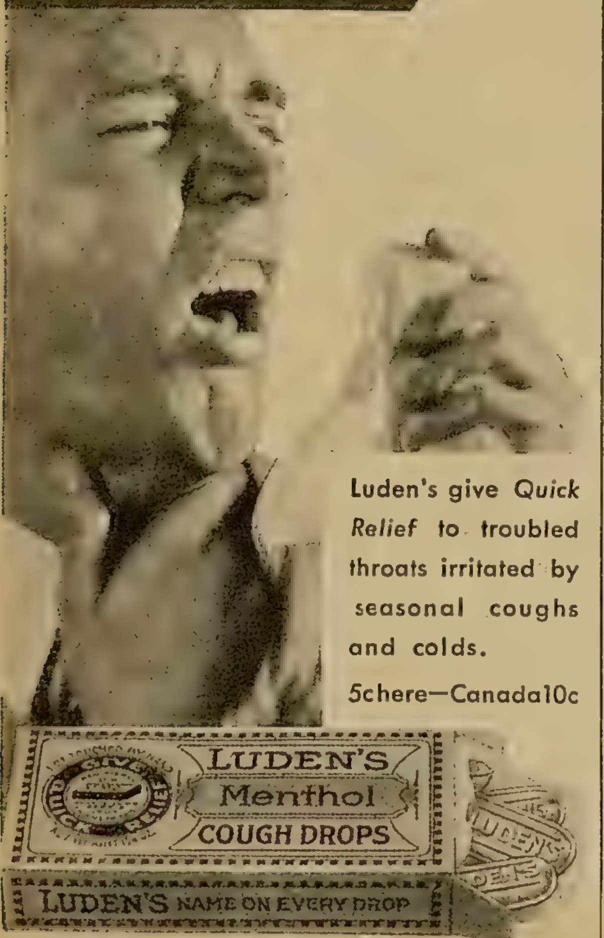
end eye strain this quick way

When reading, sewing or office work has left you with tired, aching eyes, simply apply a few drops of harmless *Murine*. Almost immediately they'll feel fresh and rested, and will look just as fine as they feel! Also use *Murine* after motoring and other outdoor exposure to soothe away the irritation caused by sun, wind and dust. 60c everywhere.

**Loretta Young*

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

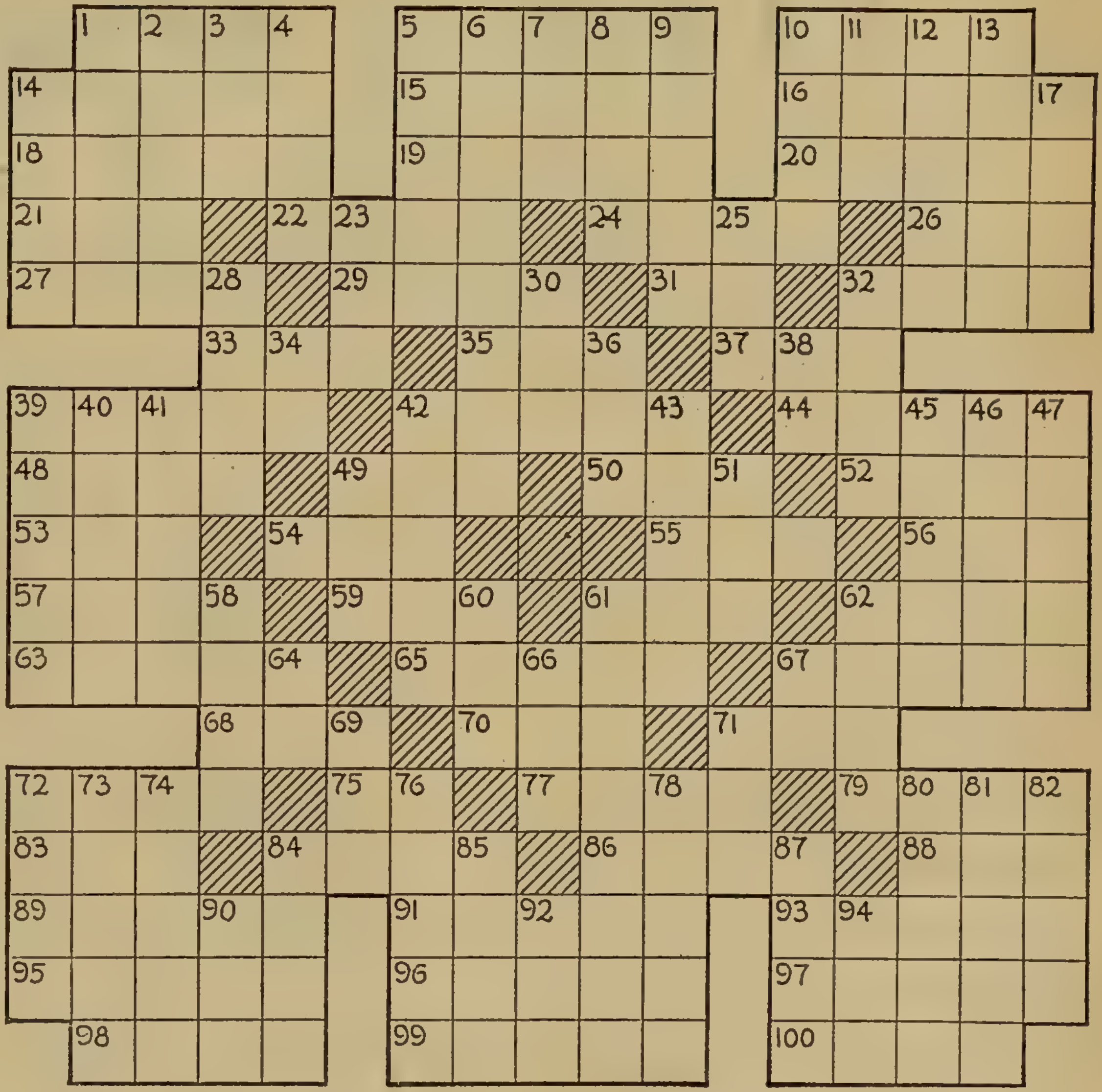
Watch out for Spring COLDS-



Luden's give *Quick Relief* to troubled throats irritated by seasonal coughs and colds.

5c here—Canada 10c

Liberty's Twin



HORIZONTAL

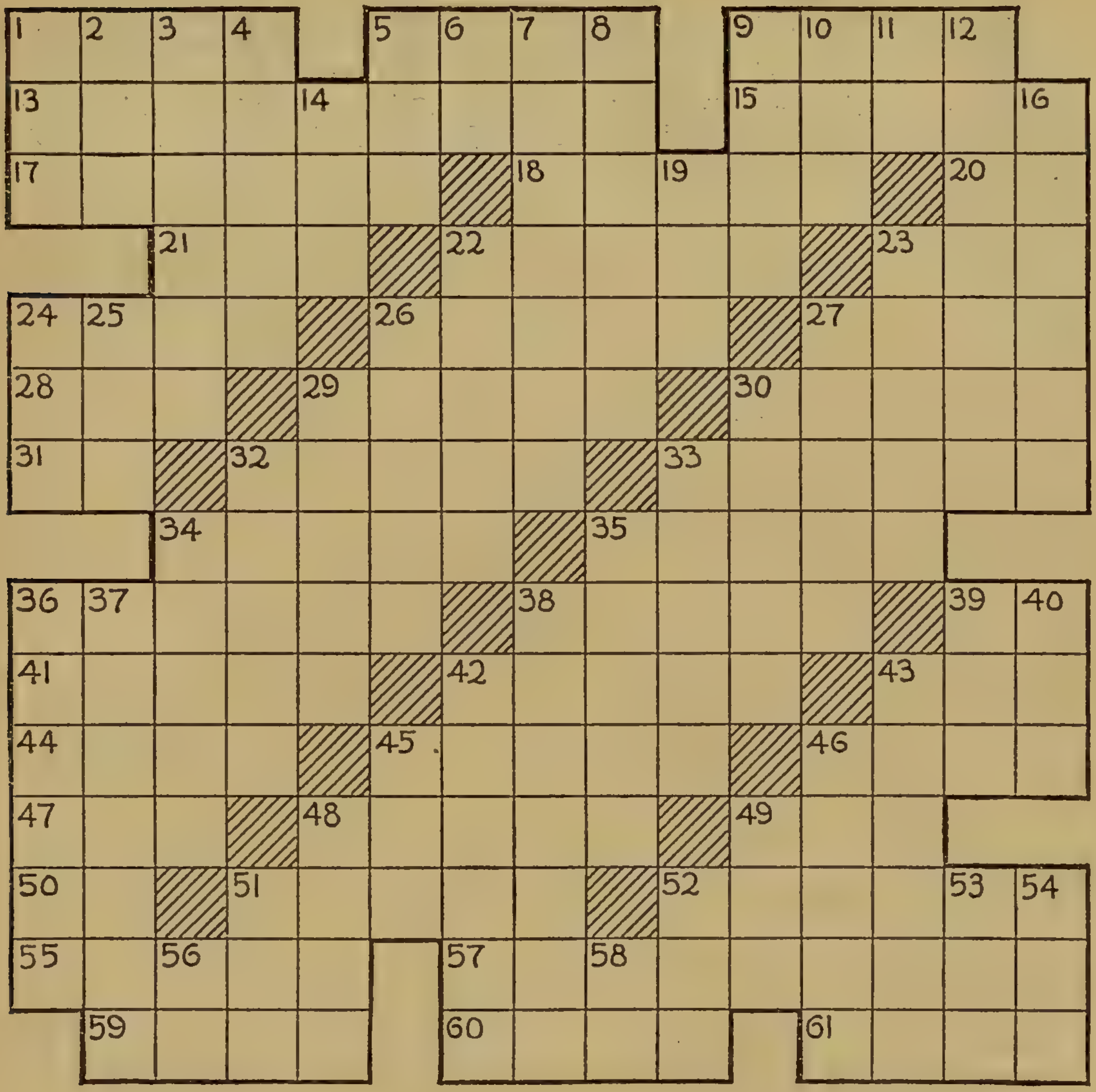
1 Glut; surfeit
5 Diminish
10 Former Russian czar
14 Indian of Brazil
15 Town in Canada
16 Phenyl salicylate
18 Ascended
19 Inactive.
20 Characterless
21 The mother of a quadruped
22 Region of a church
24 Fishes
26 Cardinal number
27 To make rough
29 Departed
31 Note of the scale
32 State of disorder
33 Pointed tool
35 Titular character in a Euripides play
37 African antelope
39 A thin, crimped fabric
42 An alloy
44 Complete; absolute
48 Swine
49 Form of to be
50 Small compact mass
52 A county in Pennsylvania
53 Woman's name
54 Of great magnitude
55 A squalid place of resort
56 County in Iowa
57 Prefix; partly
59 The beak of a bird
61 Chop; hack
62 In bed
63 Rubbish; refuse
65 Man's name
67 Prophets
68 Grassland
70 A cap
71 A constellation
72 A fruit
75 Hebrew letter
77 City in France
79 A fragrant ointment of the ancients
83 Period
84 Grant the use of
86 To prepare wool for spinning
88 Recline
89 Fur-bearing animal
91 Charge
93 City official of ancient Rome
95 Clay vessel
96 Avoid by artifice
97 A gland
98 The pen name of Charles Lamb
99 Hinder
100 Dregs

VERTICAL

1 Mother of Isaac
2 Agreeable odor
3 It is
4 Man's name shortened
5 Existent
6 Profits
7 A salutation
8 Part of a wheel
9 Compound ether
10 Egyptian deity
11 A conveyance
12 Winged
13 Day in the ancient Roman calendar
14 Ill-bred fellows
17 Part of a telescope
23 Entire
25 Part of a chair
28 Hiatuses
30 A digit
32 To silence
34 Pronoun
36 Having freshly come into use
38 Greek letter
39 Region of the body
40 Wanderer
41 Genus of lizards
42 Men of wisdom
43 Loaded
45 Series of families, clans, or generations
46 A duck
47 Peruses
49 Succeed
51 Condensed moisture
58 Island
60 Cutting tool
61 The killing of one human being by another
62 An eternity
64 Pronoun
66 Humanity in general
67 Japanese measure of area
69 A primate
71 Gaelic god of the sea
72 Minus
73 Ill tempered
74 Woman's name
76 Finished
78 Provide food
80 Living
81 Stirs up
82 A ruminant
84 River in Siberia
85 Mark for omission
87 A ravine
90 Hawaiian garland
92 Although; however
94 To cease to partake of reality

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page seventy-four

Puzzle Pages



HORIZONTAL

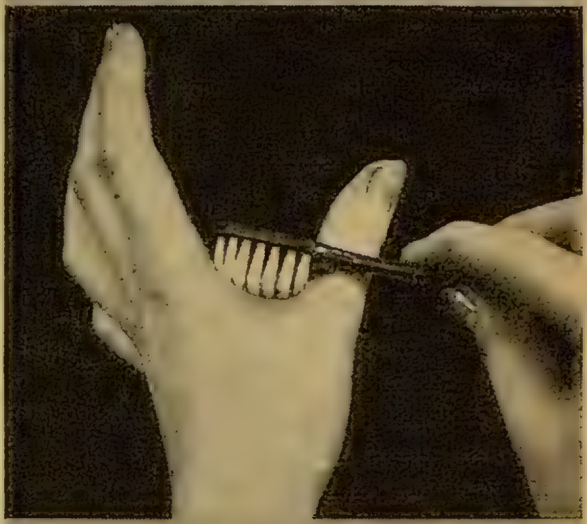
1 The solar disk in Egyptian mythology
5 A weapon used in fencing
9 Sound of a stone dropping into water without splashing
13 Act of being partitioned
15 Passageway
17 Called loudly to; accosted
18 Put out by virtue of a paramount right
20 Measure of area
21 The position of a golf ball on a course
22 Secluded and narrow valleys
23 Collection of facts or pieces of information
24 A mineral
26 Woman's name
27 Remains in a state of repose
28 One indifferently out of a number
29 Bewails audibly; laments
30 River in Germany
31 A pronoun
32 Characterized by sensible moisture
33 Directs a vessel in its course
34 Doorkeeper in a Freemasons' lodge
35 To resist without yielding
36 The males of certain fowls
38 One who plays at courtship
39 Toward
41 American operatic soprano
42 Species of goose
43 Conflict
44 Rims of vessels
45 Double in narrow folds
46 To be diminished
47 Man's name
48 Retinue
49 Cymbals used in religious ceremonies
50 Note of the scale
51 A quarrel; brawl
52 Religious festival
55 Endow
57 Opening from the exterior into the neurocœle
59 Kind
60 Mistakes
61 To part asunder suddenly

VERTICAL

1 A tree
2 Plant from the leaves of which a beverage is made
3 Badly
4 Containing nephelite
5 Hobby; whim
6 Preposition
7 Island in the North Atlantic
8 Devices used for transmitting and modifying force
9 Moccasins
10 Alighted
11 Bone
12 Machine used for planting
14 Sandpiper
16 Blots out
19 Feminine personal name
22 White of egg
23 Displayed ostentatiously, as an opinion
24 One of an Asiatic people
25 Pismire
26 Arrives at a scene
27 Exhausted
29 Hybrids
30 Commence
32 Tramps; marches
33 Small bird
34 City in Florida
35 Killed
36 Make public
37 Dried berries
38 More fragile
39 Japanese measure of area
40 Metal-bearing mass
42 American statesman (1830-93)
43 Author of The Compleat Angler
45 In favor of
46 Insects
48 Former allowance for waste
49 Peasant of the Philippines
51 Rough envelope of a fruit
52 Fabaceous plant of the genus Vicia
53 Period
54 A fabric
56 Note of the scale
58 A city of ancient Chaldea

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page seventy-four

BETTER SHAPE



BETTER BRISTLES

This picture proves Tek's *Better Shape* definitely! The curve formed by your thumb and forefinger is like the narrowest space back of your dental arch. See how naturally Tek fits into it. Tek cleans easily and efficiently all tooth surfaces and crevices. Tek's double value is in its *Better Shape* and *Better Bristles*, at no extra cost.

Sterilized and Cellophane-wrapped, at your dealer's 50¢; Tek Jr. 35¢. Guaranteed product of the world's largest makers of dental accessories.

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Silver Knees

A Romance of the Rio Grande

By

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Pictures by NORMAN PRICE

(Reading time: 31 minutes 10 seconds.)

THESE are the adventures, during the Mexican War, of Major Maddox and of Silver Knees, a half-Gypsy dancing girl. They loved, survived dangers together, and together rode away from the Mexican hacienda of Aguanueva, which the Americans had set on fire.

PART THIRTEEN—THE ESMERALDA

IT was nearly two o'clock in the morning. The entire country below us was now lighted up by a red glare from the huge conflagration at Aguanueva.

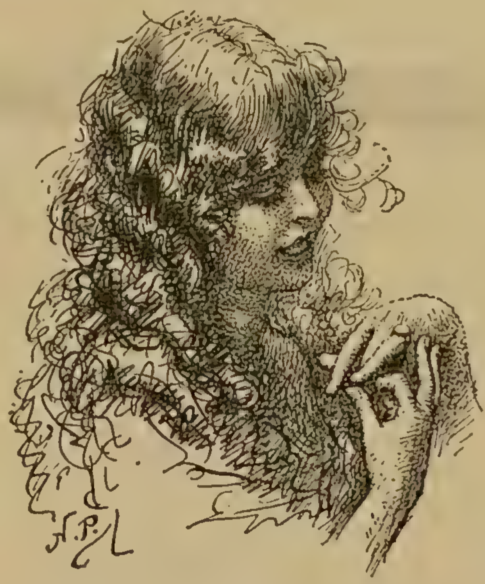
As we rode rapidly on toward Buena Vista, we could see, looking behind us toward the vast waterless desert stretching to the gate of the Carnero and the Encarnación, dark masses of slowly moving horsemen whom we knew to be the lancers of Torrejon from Bocas, the dragoons and cuirassiers of Juvera from the Venado, and the light cavalry of General Andrade from the Cedral.

Only Miñon's magnificent regiments were missing, and they, we feared, had already surrounded Saltillo.

It had turned very chilly, and by the time we had covered the eighteen miles to the hacienda of Buena Vista all our cavalry were riding swathed in their heavy riding cloaks and mantles, and steam came from the slowly moving column, rising like a thin fog from both horse and rider.

After sunrise Silver Knees became very tired, and she drooped, half asleep, in her saddle. Seeing Lieutenant Colonel May riding with his regular dragoons near a column of transport wagons, I called to him and asked if there was room in any of the Conestoga wagons for a woman.

But the only spaces were already filled with dead, wounded, and prisoners; so I ranged my big horse up alongside of Silver Knees, and, lifting her bodily out of her saddle, held her cradled in my arms, her head resting on my left shoulder.


"The esmeralda!" she whispered.

"Pio Pacheco," she called out, "have the complacence to lead my horse." And, in a rapturous murmur to me, "Darling of my soul," she breathed, "you are very kind to me who have defied you with a mind full of grief and evil. Oh, prala, let me be your tacho romanie and lie thus all night in your sheltering embrace!"

"Yes, when you are ready, hijita."

"I am ready now."

"No, you're not, querida mia."

"Oh, Mother of God—Madre—Daia! He says I am not ready to lie in his arms all night and love him like a woman! Santa Diosa, who was it caught fire when he first touched my hand at the baile flamenco last year in Matamoras!"

I said:

"You are busni, too, chiquita, and must not forget the leis Gorgios, or that you are to become both rani Ingrés and rani tani, because I am both Rom and Rye."

"Sangre de Dios, Don Juan, let me love you in both fashions and with all the passions before death plays me some dirty trick in this world of flying bullets—"

"Don Juan," mischievously interrupted Pio, who rode up beside me, "for God's sake stop her mouth with a kiss and have the goodness to look behind you!"

I looked up instantly, and saw, where the Parras road came into the San Luis highway, the leather-clad, silver-incrusted Cuerados cavalry of Torribio López. They were riding along the mountain pass on a road which climbed above us as our road gradually descended into the arroyo.

I could see that these glittering riders were not afraid of us and did not want to leave us, but seemed, reluctantly, to be obeying an order which carried them toward the Santa Elena trail.

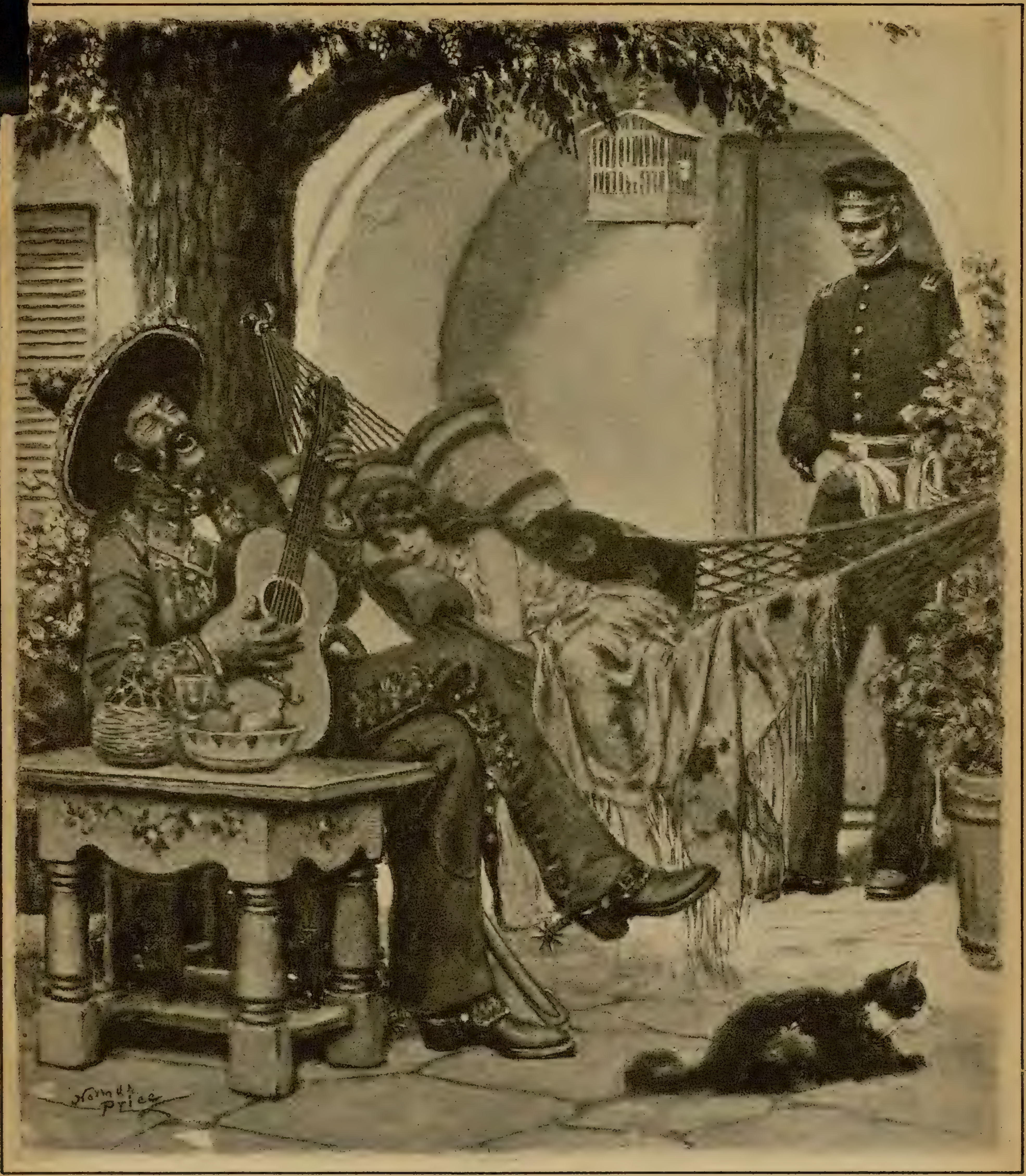
AS they rode on, almost parallel with us and our rear-guard column of Texas cavalry, they kept looking around at us, in the pale gold sunrise, with a kind of dangerous sullenness, like a troop of mountain lions moving unwillingly away before intruders of whom they had no real fear.

The pass through which we now were riding was a flat plain running north and south, and traversed laterally, east and west, by deep crevices, ravines, and cañons. This pass was flanked by rather high mountains on the east and west.

Through a cañon running north and south, beside a stream, our road ran between these mountains and close to those forming the western wall of the pass.

Captain Carleton of the First dragoons said to me: "Look at them, Major! They'd like to get at us; one can see that."

But already it was too late for them to do us any damage, for now we were in touch with our own army. Everywhere we began to pass tents, wagons, supply posts; Indiana and Illinois infantry on the march with field music playing; batteries of Washington's flying artillery; of Sherman's, Brent's, Reynolds', Whiting's, O'Brien's, and Bragg's commands, trotting jauntily out across the plain toward the eastern mountain wall



When I came into the patio, I discovered Silver Knees in a hammock under a pepper tree, and Dominguez playing the guitar and singing.

where, against the somber rocky parapets, something glittered like a winding mountain torrent: the polished lance blades of two thousand Mexican cavalry under General Miñon, which already had turned our left and were maneuvering to assault the city of Saltillo which was our base.

"I want to get on to my horse," said Silver Knees, with an enchanting smile.

"Do you think you can manage it?" I asked.

"Oh, yes. Besides, it is broad daylight and I don't want all these soldiers to see you carrying me like a baby!"

Her clear laughter rang out.

She slipped her blue military cap from her head, gave the shock of tawny hair a shake, put on the cap again,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SILVER KNEES
Continued from page sixty-seven

buckled the chin strap, and fastened the blue military cloak more tightly around her.

Then she gave me an adorable look and turned, delighted, to watch the picturesque and reckless arrival of my spy company, which, discovering me as they stood to horse, mounted at the bugle's warning and came galloping down the road, led by that burly, six-foot Mexican ex-bandit, Dominguez.

Pulling up his pinto, he first saluted, then, throwing discipline to the dogs, flung wide his huge arms and vigorously embraced me, to the enormous amusement of passing officers and men.

TEXAS
Rio Grande
W
E
Sierra Madre
Monterey
Saltillo
Buena Vista
Parras
Agua Nueva
MEXICO

A map showing the region in which General Zachary Taylor hoped to repeat the battle of Thermopylæ.

"Good day, Don Juan. How are you?" he shouted delightedly.

"Good day, Don Carlos. I am very well, thank you. How are you?"

"I thank God there is no change. . . . And Doña Encarnación—is she well?"

"I thank God, señor, I am in health," cried Silver Knees gayly. "And you, Don Carlos?"

"Why should I not be grateful to our Lady of Guadalupe for all she is ever doing in my behalf, señorita?" And, to me: "Don Juan, our stables are near to the great tank at the hacienda, where also are your honor's headquarters. We scout a little toward Santa Elena under orders from General Wool, and return at speed with news."

"Torribio López and his Encurados have ridden that way, Don Carlos."

"So much the better, Señor Major Don Juan!" he cried, with a bellowing laugh. "So, until we meet again, then—if God wishes it. May you and Doña Encarnación ride with God!"

"Many thanks, Don Carlos; remain with God!"

"Thank you, señor—if God wishes it!"

"Adiós!"

"Adiós! With your honor's permission—"

He swung his heavy macheta forward. His gaudily dressed command trotted across the road in front of us, and he and every rascally rider saluted us as they galloped along a path rising to the westward between the straight clay walls of a lateral arroyo.

WE rode into the hacienda of Buena Vista, where Peep discovered Bandara guarding a house reserved for my headquarters, near the main tanks and within two streets of General Taylor's headquarters in the luxurious house of the head steward.

Flying batteries of the Third and Fourth regular artillery passed us, moving out to the eastward on a trot, as Silver Knees, Peep, and I were conducted across the plazuela by Emilio Bandara and into a little one-story, thick-walled house of two rooms, facing a patio full of peach, pear, and pomegranate trees—the azotea set with flame-colored geraniums and flowering lemon trees in tubs.

Here Calixto the Mistec came to kiss my hand and—very gravely and evincing no surprise—the slender hand of Silver Knees.

The weather had grown very hot—an unpleasant contrast from the almost frosty chill of the night before—and even the little charcoal cooking fire on which were steaming Calixto's pots and pans seemed oppressive. So we had a breakfast of fruit, coffee, and tortillas served under the eastern balcony of the little patio, where humming birds whirred and a tiny fountain dripped crystal water through an old Aztec mask carved out of stone and pierced, for the purpose, with a tile of baked clay.

And here, in the very instant of battle and on the firing line itself, where from the elevated clay crests of the barrancas we could see the country which stretched away southward, all moving and crawling northward with twenty thousand Mexicans—here, to Silver Knees and to me, the happy circumstances and conditions of our Monterey romance came back to us again.

Calixto and Bandara found, with headquarters baggage, the mules and baggage wagon allotted to me; and they fetched to Silver Knees all the clothing and personal property which belonged to her, and which she had accumulated at Monterey.

The girl wept a little with happiness to see once more all these pretty things which she had abandoned: her gowns, slippers, stockings, underwear, toilet articles—everything in which she had taken such pleasure.

CALIXTO came with the little tin bathtub which she had shared with me at the Villa Zozaya; and I could hear her splashing cold water delightedly in her tiled room, and calling imperiously to Calixto for soap and towels and rose water. For neither the mild and gentle Indian nor the youthful Gitana seemed in the least degree self-conscious or, in fact, even aware of the girl's careless nakedness.

And she always had used the Mistec like a maid—he being gentle, willing, and almost feminine in his deftness, and very happy to help this girl whom, long ago, he had accepted as Doña Encarnación, and therefore as his respected mistress in authority, who always was to be honored and obeyed.

As soon as I had washed and shaved and changed into uniform, I went over to headquarters, where Colonel Jefferson Davis and Lieutenant Colonel May were engaged in polite conversation with the Mexican Surgeon-General Lindenbury, who had just galloped into Buena Vista from Encantada with a lancer, a trumpeter, and a flag of truce from Santa Anna.

"Hello, Maddox," said Old Zack genially. "Read this letter aloud to me, will you?"

He handed me a letter written in Spanish; and I translated it aloud:

"Summons of General Santa Anna

"To General Taylor:

"You are surrounded by twenty thousand men and cannot in any human probability avoid suffering a rout and being cut to pieces by our troops.

"But, as you deserve consideration and particular esteem, I wish to save you from a catastrophe, and for that purpose [I] give you this notice in order that you may surrender at discretion, under the assurance that you will be treated with the consideration belonging to the Mexican character, to which end you will be granted an hour's time to make up your mind, to commence from the moment when my flag of truce arrives in your camp.

"With this view I assure you of my particular consideration.

"God and liberty! Camp at Encantada, February 22, 1847.

"ANTONIO LÓPEZ DE SANTA ANNA.

"To General Taylor, commanding forces of the U. S."

When I finished translating this remarkable bit of Mexican literature, Old Zack looked about him with amiable gravity at the officers thronging headquarters, who had heard the reading of this communication.

"Say, Maddox," said he, "I guess it ain't necessary to ask opinions in this matter. So, if you'll just sit down at my camp table and kindly write out a little note to General Santa Anna, I make no doubt but that it will suit everybody."

I wrote as Old Zack dictated—everybody, including the Mexican surgeon-general, listening intently:

> Headquarters, Army of Occupation
> Near Buena Vista,
> February 22, 1847.
>
> Sir—In reply to your note of this date, summoning me to surrender my forces at discretion, I beg leave to decline your request.
>
> Your obedient servant,
> Z. TAYLOR,
> Major General U. S. A. Commanding.
>
> Señor General Don Antonio
> López de Santa Anna,
> Commander in Chief,
> La Encantada.

After a silence—"Well, gentlemen, does that cover the case?" he asked pleasantly of all the officers assembled. Everybody seemed to consider the reply a proper one.

"Fix it up politely, Maddox, and let this medical gentleman take it back to his C. O."

I altered the reply slightly, making it more courteous and less brief and abrupt.

General Lindenbury and our officers exchanged formal salutations; and off he went down the road at a plunging gallop, followed by his hussar trumpeter, gorgeous in a fur busby and green jacket laced with gold. Behind galloped the red-bonneted lancer, the white flag at his lance head snapping and whipping in the wind.

OLD Zack said to me:

"Well, Maddox, have you got a pretty fair notion of the enemy strength? Was Lindenbury trying to scare us?"

"I don't think so, General."

"Well, what have they got?"

"They have six thousand cavalry and about fifteen thousand infantry, sir."

"I want to know?"

"Their celebrated hussars from Mexico City are here. So are the cuirassiers."

"What are those?" he asked carelessly.

"Like the French cuirassiers, sir, wearing steel helmets and corselets."

"Do tell!"

I couldn't help laughing. General Wool scowled at me as though to say, "Do you think twenty thousand Mexicans against four thousand five hundred Americans is a funny joke?"

But Old Zack's rugged visage beamed with benign good nature.

"All right, gentlemen. Here's the map and here's the plan. . . . Just pin it up on the wall, Maddox. Thank you kindly. Now, Major Warren, if you'll lend me that walking stick—Much obliged—"

He walked over to the map and explained it to us as a teacher explains a blackboard problem with a pointer.

"Now, here's the situation, gentlemen:

"*First:* If we hold this mountain pass the enemy have got to drive us out before they can attack Saltillo.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

TOO BAD HE CAN'T DICTATE IN HIS BATHTUB

he's a
12-Minute Man

DICTATE in a bathtub? . . . what a fool idea! He just finished a bath before coming to the office. Why should he take another—so soon!

His secretary knows why—perspiration odor! The truth is—*a bath protects only 12 minutes!* After 12 minutes, pores are again secreting odor-causing wastes. After 12 minutes, we may offend.

How risky then to trust to bathing alone. How vital to adopt another precaution. And how easily we can do it—with Amolin, the *powder* deodorant. Just dust it on—after every bath—and keep safe!

Soft! Cool! Lastingly effective! . . . Amolin has won favor with men and women everywhere because it's quicker, pleasanter, easier to use. No muss. No waiting for anything to dry. No danger of Amolin's irritating the skin or eating away clothing. No fear of its sealing delicate pores. Pat Amolin on—that's all. Under the arms. Over the body. Safely, surely, Amolin does its job. And it doesn't smother odors, it actually neutralizes them.

For bigger success—for greater popularity—make sure of yourself. Do it the easiest way—use Amolin. After every bath. And as a quick freshener, when a bath isn't possible. Your druggist sells it—only 35c and 60c. Get a tin to-day.

Try it this way—it's great!
For itchy toes—tired, aching, burning feet—nothing beats Amolin, say chiropodists. And golfers, postmen, salesclerks everywhere heartily agree.

Amolin
The powder deodorant that brings lasting protection from body odors
Norwich

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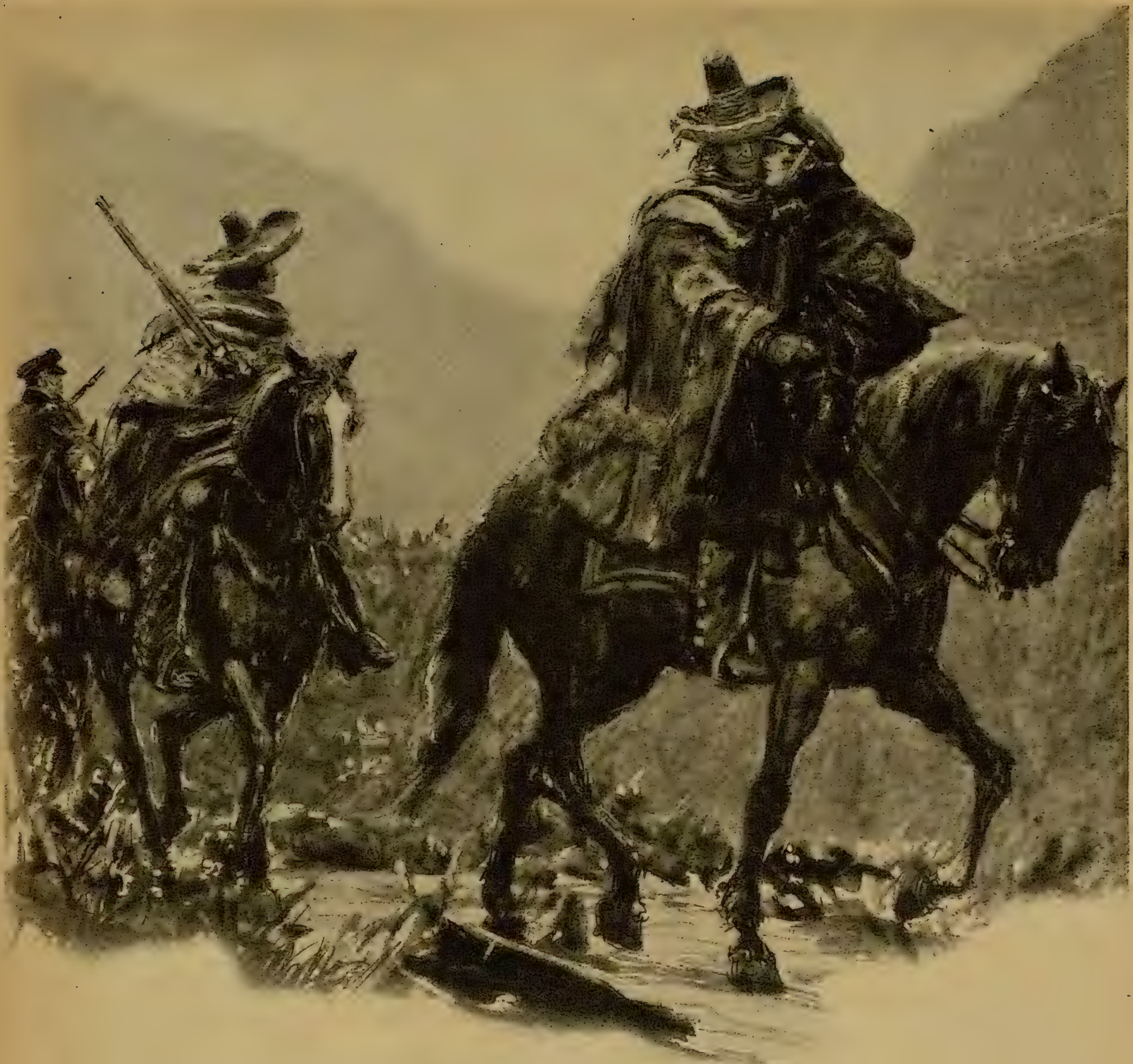
(*Print name and address*) L. 4-4-31



I held her cradled in my arms. "Darling of my soul," she breathed, "you are very kind to me who have defied you with a mind full of grief and evil."

SILVER KNEES
Continued from page sixty-nine

"*Second:* If they attack us they've got to come by this narrow road, because their artillery and cavalry can't cross all them ravines, and if their infantry tries to we'll blow 'em to flinders.

"Gentlemen, as I look at it, this pass and this battle are going to repeat Thermopylæ. And I don't care whether they've got twenty thousand or twenty million men—they can't get through unless they come through this arroyo; and if the whole world in arms came against us by that road we could stop them with a thousand riflemen.

"Gentlemen, I guess that's all."

As the crowd of officers began to separate and leave the building to rejoin their commands, I heard Colonel Davis say something to Old Zack about the ravines.

"They can't cross 'em," said the general. "What's on your mind?"

"Two thousand Mexican cavalry have crossed them," said Davis, "where the ravines are only shallow ditches to the eastward, General."

I stood near the door, listening intently to this conversation in which Colonel Davis was innocently revealing the imperfect strategy of Old Zack, who seemed mildly surprised to find a flaw in his own military knowledge. He said:

"But that fellow Miñon, with his fancy cavalry, has gone clean around us. He means to assault Saltillo—and I guess I better go back and take a look at the city, Colonel—"

"BUT," insisted Davis, "if Mexican cavalry can ride over the gullies and along the mountains east of us, their light troops can flank us and turn us from the eastward, General."

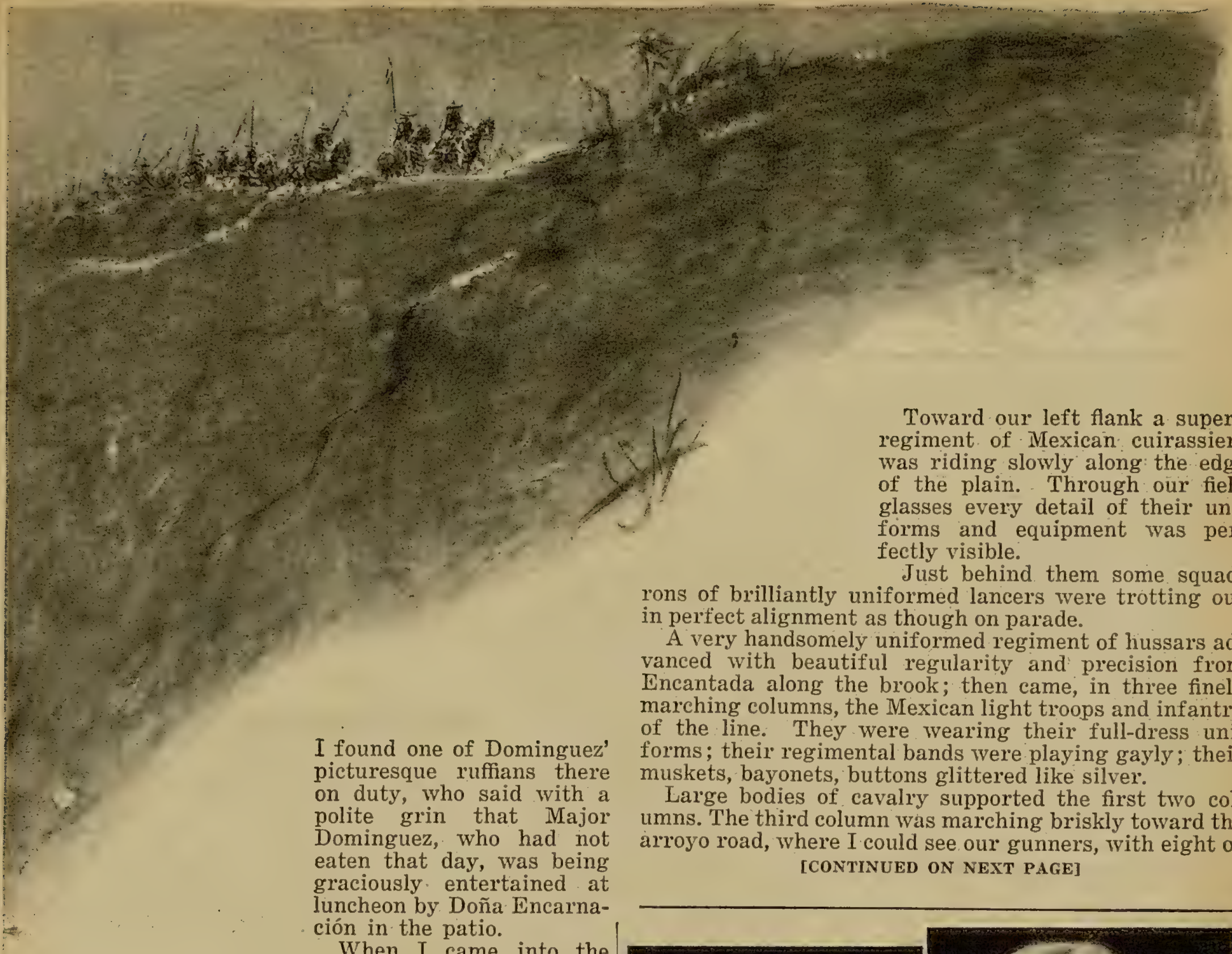
Old Zack turned a puzzled face from Davis to me. He had not taken that aspect of affairs into consideration.

"Say, Maddox," he said, "take a few of your people and ride over to them mountains."

"Very well, sir."

"And, Maddox—try to catch me a Mexican soldier—officer, if possible. I want to hear what he's got to say about twenty thousand troops coming out of the Encarnación."

When I came to the garita in front of my little house,



I found one of Dominguez' picturesque ruffians there on duty, who said with a polite grin that Major Dominguez, who had not eaten that day, was being graciously entertained at luncheon by Doña Encarnación in the patio.

When I came into the patio, I discovered Silver Knees in a hammock under a pepper tree near the fountain, and Dominguez, in his sky-blue, silver-embroidered jacket, playing the guitar and singing with all the sweetness and cherubic innocence of a choir boy the wailing, syncopated air of The Noche Triste:

"Virgin de los Remedios,
    In the black mist,
Who escaped thy foes
    Through the Noche Triste,
Where on Totoltepec the Aztec gods
Salute their Mother, who serenely nods,
The good fathers of San Gabriel,
    Virgin divine,
Shall build, to guard thee well,
    Thy holy shrine—"

When Silver Knees saw me at the doorway, she sprang from the hammock and made me an eager curtsy; and I went to her and kissed her hand as Dominguez rose respectfully, his spurs, saber, and silver trappings jingling musically.

"CAPTAIN," said I, "be good enough to take ten men as escort. I go with my lieutenants, Bandara and Pacheco, to find out why Miñon's cavalry can ride around my general's entire army."

Silver Knees, keeping tight hold of my hand, went with me to the smaller corral to see the saddling. Pio Pacheco, who was on the roof, called softly to me in Gypsy:

"Prala, be pleased to mount to the azotea, your honor, where every officer in Buena Vista is watching the Mexican army!"

I went up to the roof with Silver Knees, and stood in uneasy astonishment and admiration at the splendid spectacle.

Toward our left flank a superb regiment of Mexican cuirassiers was riding slowly along the edge of the plain. Through our field glasses every detail of their uniforms and equipment was perfectly visible.

Just behind them some squadrons of brilliantly uniformed lancers were trotting out in perfect alignment as though on parade.

A very handsomely uniformed regiment of hussars advanced with beautiful regularity and precision from Encantada along the brook; then came, in three finely marching columns, the Mexican light troops and infantry of the line. They were wearing their full-dress uniforms; their regimental bands were playing gayly; their muskets, bayonets, buttons glittered like silver.

Large bodies of cavalry supported the first two columns. The third column was marching briskly toward the arroyo road, where I could see our gunners, with eight of

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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BUT
POSITIVE
AND
PROMPT

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Another night of useless going to bed! Another night of tossing and turning and turning and tossing until you think you're going mad. No wonder you're more fit for a sanitarium than for a business office. No wonder you look old and worn. You're paying one of the heaviest prices of Acidity—*sleeplessness!* Besides causing acid-indigestion, excess acid forming in the stomach sets up poisons in the intestinal tracts which sap your strength and energy, irritate your nerves and make them so raw you can't work by day or sleep at night.

Acidity is stopped correctly today by a remarkable tablet called Pyrosan. Pyrosan consists of four simple, harmless, anti-acid ingredients in scientifically balanced proportions which not only afford immediate relief but three of them remain for a longer time in the stomach to prevent recurring Acidity between meals. In other words, Pyrosan is intended not only to afford you prompt comfort but permanency of results, as well.

To see what a difference it makes when you are normal and not "acid", get a package of Pyrosan tablets today from any good druggist and take for just one week as directed. If one week doesn't surprise you, your money will be refunded.

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GUARANTEED

SILVER KNEES
Continued from page seventy-one

our guns, awaiting them in utter silence.

Bandara said:

"Señor Major Don Juan, those troops have marched fifty miles without food or water in the last twenty-four hours."

"They are good troops," said I in a troubled voice. "Come, let us be off."

In the room below, Silver Knees began to beg that she might be allowed to ride with us, saying that she had a boy's suit of leather and silver which she could put on in a few moments.

"You had better let her come, Don Juan," said Peep. "God knows what might happen in Buena Vista if Miñon's cavalry assault Saltillo tonight."

ALL at once the full realization of Old Zack's strategical ignorance rushed over me, and I comprehended the devilish pickle we were in already.

At the same moment I heard bugles just in front of my quarters, and saw the Arkansas and Kentucky troopers, dismounted, marching westward, followed by the rifle battalion of the Indiana brigade. It was plain that Old Zack was realizing his mistake and had begun to try to rectify it.

Through the door I saw Bandara and Peep bringing up our horses, and an extra one—a big, handsome troop horse of the regular dragoons.

"Very well," I said to Silver Knees. "Get into your caballero's suit of leather and silver, and ride close to me—for, by God, I believe you will be safer there than in this hacienda, which seems to me already outflanked and doomed."

"Oh, Don Juan, darling of my heart and soul!" she whispered, embracing me rapturously. "What do we care for doom as long as we can live together and die together, when it pleases God to give His orders for our death?"

"We are not going to die," said I gayly, though there was no gayety in my heart, only an increasing resentment and disgust against the military ignorance that was so swiftly involving the lives of every man in this little army of ours.

Silver Knees ran back into her room, where I could see her, like a stormy, passionate child, tearing off her rose-colored gown and slippers and stockings, and flinging them in every direction.

"Calixto! Calixto!" she called excitedly. "I am going to ride with Don Juan, and I need my boy's suit of soft leather overlaid with silver—"

I closed the door so that nobody passing could see the state of dishabille she was in, and went out to the garita to watch three guns of Washington's artillery passing westward.

Bandara pointed to the right, where more guns and troops were hurrying toward La Angostura, and where I could see aides-de-camp riding about furiously with orders from headquarters, where, I hoped, this Mexican envelopment had begun to throw the fear of God into the wooden skull of our brave old Indian-fighter.

As I signaled Dominguez to ride up with his irregulars, Silver Knees came running out, glittering like a dragonfly, and flung herself joyously aboard her respectable American troop horse, which never before had carried anything that jingled and jangled and clinked and clashed like that, and which reared and danced a little under the admiring gaze of Dominguez, Bandara, Peep, and myself.

Off he went down the road, followed by

So, Silver Knees on one side of me and Peep on the other, and followed by Bandara, Dominguez, and a platoon from the Spies, we swept at a gallop through the streets of the hacienda, and very soon came out across the plain toward the eastern mountain rampart.

Here, to my disgust and alarm, I found that the going was not difficult for cavalry and perfectly easy for infantry.

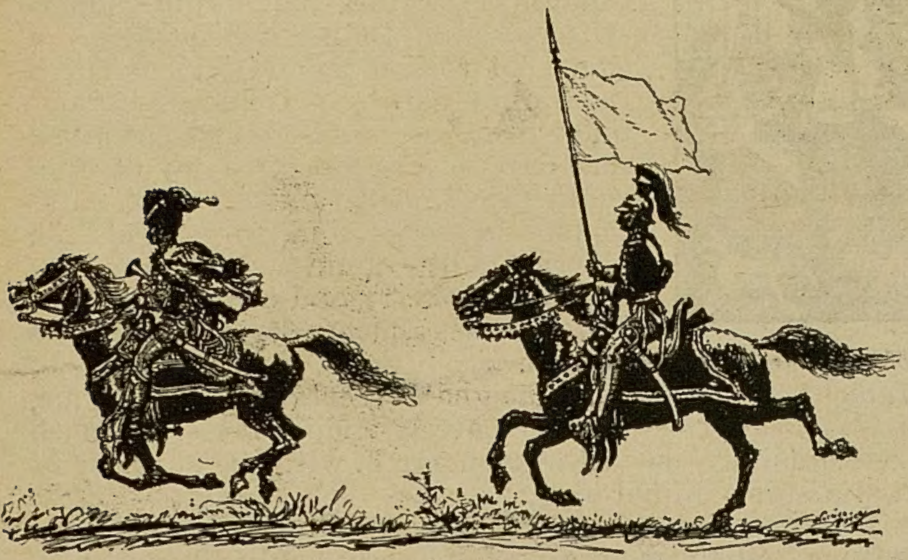
EVERYWHERE our troops were hastily marching to stop and hold the gap through which Miñon's cavalry already had passed, completely flanking us, and toward which Mexican infantry were swarming, every battalion at a double.

"Bang!" The first shot of the day came from a Mexican howitzer and was fired at Colonel Marshall's dismounted cavalry.

Then, from the slopes beyond, the Mexican light troops opened a terrific fire upon our men, who lay down, taking advantage of the terrain, and replied leisurely and in almost perfect safety to the Mexican fire.

It was raining—not very hard, but enough to spin a slight fog in the increasing dusk, against which the cannon flashes and the sheets of flame from the Mexican musketry made an infernal spectacle, turning the low, sagging mountain mists to floating clouds of fire.

Before night finally closed in, one thing had become clear to me: the entire Mexican army could pass our left flank and turn our position unless we extended it up the slopes of the eastern mountains. And this we could not do now. All we could hope to accomplish would be to hold back this flank movement. Which meant that the battle of Buena Vista, after all, was not going to be the Thermopylæ that Old Zack had dreamed of, and was not going to be fought in the narrow arroyo as Old Zack had planned. Santa Anna was not even a moderately good general, but he was not ass enough to walk into a trap a mile long, commanded by American cannon.



his hussar trumpeter. Behind galloped the lancer.

It had become so dark on the mountain, now, that Dominguez' men had to guide us back with lanterns.

Bandara said artlessly to me: "It looks as if we were surrounded, your honor. If our volunteers run we'll have a regular wildcat fight on our hands before they cut our throats."

Peep observed jovially: "It promises to be a good fight, anyway, Emilio. Maybe our volunteers won't run away this time."

"Don Juan, I tell you one thing," said Dominguez fiercely. "If it is God's will that my command is to die here in these hills, then I want to take the Encurados of Torribio López with us, and as many of St. Patrick's Battalion as I can—"

Peep burst into a laugh, and even Bandara made odd, tigerish noises indicating mirth.

SILVER KNEES, riding close beside me, leaned near to whisper: "Pride of my soul, do you think we all are going to die in Buena Vista?"

"No. But when the general rides to Saltillo tonight, with Colonel May's dragoons and the Mississippi cavalry, I wish you to go thither with Pio Pacheco—"

"Mother of God, he thinks I would desert him!" muttered Silver Knees. "Well, then, *no*, darling of my heart, Don Juan—I refuse to go with your general and his cavalry!"

"If I ask it, Encarnación—"

"No, no, no! . . . Oh, Goddess Mother of God!" she exclaimed in a low voice trembling with passion, "I have feared some dirty trick of fate in this bullet-tormented world!

"I know— I *know* I shall never have you for my lover, darling of my soul—never! Because the world has been too kind to me, already, in letting me know you, my angel, and in letting my heart adore you. Now the cards change. It is always so! Too much kindness breeds cruelty in the old Aztec gods, prala, who are watching us here in darkness from those black mountains. . . . Oh, prala, my Gypsy brother—my Rye—I know now I never shall live to love you as women love their lovers! Because the bullets will fly too thickly for me, Don Juan—and I never shall win through to your embrace, prala—never live to win my way to you—"

We were riding into the hacienda now, and were halted by the gallop of dragoons and mounted riflemen escorting General Zachary Taylor to Saltillo where were his beloved wagons.

As Old Zack, humped up on his horse in his shabby old overcoat, came bouncing along in the rain, I told Pio to take Silver Knees home and wait there for me.

"JUST a word with the general," I added to Silver Knees; "I promise to come back to you—"

A passing cavalry torch flashed its smoky light across the girl's white, frightened face.

"I promise to come back to you," I whispered, "and love you. My God, I don't know why I've waited all this time!"

Another blazing torch, tossing above the plumed crests of the dragoons, flashed rosy across her face, flushed with lovely surprise.

I spurred forward and overtook Old Zack in the next street.

"Hello," said he good-naturedly. "What did you find out about them fellers on the mountain?"

"There is nothing to stop their turning our left flank, sir. The ravines are merely gullies up there."

"All right, Major," said he cheerily. "I got to run back and take a peek at Saltillo, so's to be sure about the garrison and the wagons. Then I'll be back here tomorrow morning and we'll see what there is to be done."

I saluted. There was no more to be said to this man.

I drew bridle, wheeled my horse, and rode back to my little house. Both our bedrooms were dark. There was no light at all, except in the out-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"men certainly need it"...

complains a woman

"I was out at the country club dancing the other night, and I want to register a complaint," runs a recent letter to us from a woman.

"We women have been warned for years that we must be on constant guard against perspiration odor.

"But what about the men? Do they think perspiration odor is confined to the feminine sex?

"Why don't you tell them that women find perspiration odor in them just as disagreeable and disillusioning as they find it in women? Tell them about Mum."

It's a very simple matter, men, to avoid this repellent thing. Just a quick rub-in of Mum under each arm when you're dressing!

Mum acts *instantly* and it *lasts* all day or evening. It doesn't stop healthful perspiration. It doesn't harm skin or clothing.

Slip a jar in your traveling bag; it doesn't spill or scatter. Use it morning and evening when you dress.

No censure for *you!*

"Finest thing for feet I ever used," writes a Mum enthusiast

If you are bothered with perspiring, burning, aching feet, just rub lightly with Mum. "It soothes and cools hot, sore feet and absolutely destroys every trace of odor," writes one man. Keeps hose and shoe linings fresh.

SHALL WE SEND YOU FREE TRIAL PACKAGE? Address Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., Dept. 10, 80 Varick St., New York, N. Y. Canadian address: Windsor, Ont.

SILVER KNEES
Continued from page seventy-three

side kitchen, where Calixto squatted, cooking our evening meal.

As I made my way into the dark house and felt about for my doorway, something soft and kneeling and slimly unclad embraced my knees, pulling me down into two young arms.

"Soul's darling—prala—" Her voice faded to a sigh. The patter of rain on the azotea was louder.

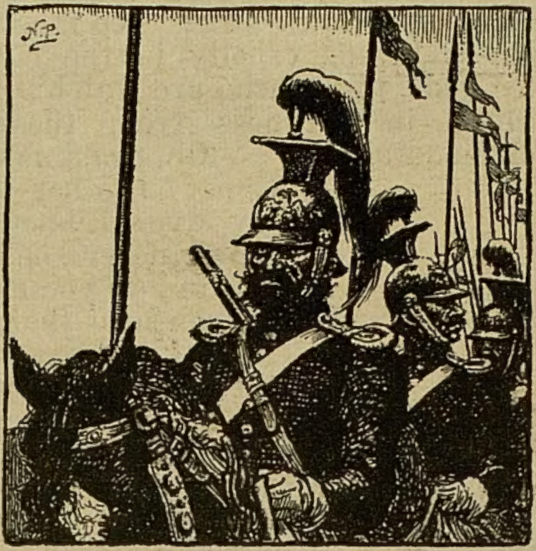
II

IT was nearly midnight when Silver Knees flung a Gypsy scarf around her and, holding it together with both hands, stole out on naked feet to call softly to Calixto.

"Bring your master something to eat and drink, in the blessed name of God's merciful Mother," she urged in a childlike voice vibrant with suppressed and tender gayety.

Then she came back to me and, seating herself, felt in the darkness for my face and pressed her slim ring finger against my lips.

"Heart's darling," said she, "I am humbled before God and thee that you two should offer me this night both love and the blessed esmeralda!"



Lancers were trotting out in perfect alignment.

It was very dark and rainy. Close ahead I could hear the thin, womanish cry of the Mexican videttes: "Centinel! Alerte!"

Silver Knees stirred in my arms; sighed.

. . . . .

The first vague glimmer of dawn in the eastern sky was saluted by all the Mexican regimental bands. The one nearest us played Chirriqui Girls.

It had rained very hard. The cold before sunrise was intense, the sky crystal clear and heavy with stars.

The slender, fragrant little thing, nestling so warmly asleep, stirred and sighed again when the Mexican cavalry trumpet's clangor broke out brazenly in the graying mist.

Smack-bang! A field piece spoke, the shot echoing and reëchoing through infinite rocky corridors along the Sierra Madre. Silver Knees sat up bewildered, clearing the tawny hair from her eyes.

Again the smacking crack of a field gun split the shivering dawn with its short, pallid tongue of flame, reflected an instant across our plaster wall.

Her arms fell around my neck and tightened. And in that instant a dreadful presentiment assailed me that she never was destined to outlive this day.

"Lord of my heart and soul," she whispered, divining my troubled thoughts, "if this day is to be our last together, let that old fool, Señor Death, find us hand in hand and laughing. God's Mother knows I have shed tears enough."

As she spoke she caught sight of the ring on her slim finger, its great Mexican opal ablaze with gold, green, and crimson fire.

"The esmeralda!" she whispered. "Ava adova si. Me cumidavle!"—and she kissed her wedding pledge.

"Usti, querida mia—get up, darling," I whispered. Her soft young arms were only linked the closer, and her ardent mouth melted on mine. But I freed myself and sprang up.

"Aven, chirriquita. I must dress and go to the ófisa—the cuartel, darling—"

"Then I go with thee, lord—"

"No—"

"Si! *Ei!* Am I not wholly thine, Don Juan—except that the alcalde and the black-robe shall yet confirm it? Oh, my darling lover—O Diosa Purissima!—so me kerdiom?—what have I done?—"

Her voice was drowned in the startling racket of our headquarters bugles. Suddenly again, without the slightest reason, the awful conviction seized me that Silver Knees would not see another sunrise.

As I dressed I could not rid myself of the terrible foreboding that this girl whom I loved, at last, with all the recklessness of a passion no longer to be controlled, would never live to see the end of this day's battle. I could not shake off the sinister obsession—the strange certainty that, no matter where she took shelter, or whether she followed me into battle, wherever my business chanced to carry me, death had already marked her, and she could not escape her destiny.

In vain I mocked savagely at my own thoughts, jeering the stupid, superstitious mind that hatched them. I could not reason them away, or laugh them into nothing; I knew—I *knew* that Silver Knees was going to be killed that day, the twenty-third day of February, 1847, here among these cataracts and rocks and forests of the Sierra Madre—amid a thunderous tumult of musketry and cannon, of infuriated horses and murderous multitudes of men.

As the ghastly certainty clutched me, I could scarcely endure it—she seemed so exquisitely new a thing on earth, with the surprise of it still starry in her eyes.

I watched her dressing in her soft brown silver-covered leather. She was singing as sweetly loud and carelessly as the very bird she was singing about—Amen Sar Ciriklé—We Are Like Birds:

> "The Gitanilla sings,
> O cirikeo p'enel'—
> How strange that God gives wings
> To souls and birds as well;
> Let us, my love, be gay,
> Amen sar ciriklé,
> Love and mate when we may,
> Amen sar ciriklé—"

Headquarters drums began to beat.

"Thou, Silver Knees," I said unsteadily, "give me thy lips once more—"

SHE was in my arms—a very part of my body, breathing, pulsing in supple rhythm with every heartbeat and throb of nerve and vein within me.

"I love you, Silver Knees."

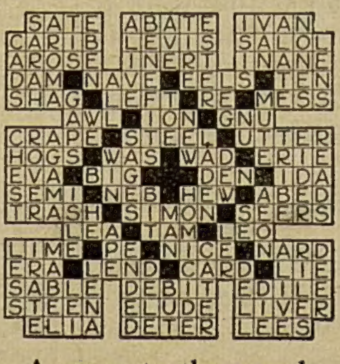
"My lips to thy sandal's dust, my heart's lord. Kalo Rom san tu! If it be God's will, I give thee a boy child of this night's happiness—"

She stretched out her narrow hand; the opal flamed.

"Purissima! O Diosa daia! Look what this young man has done with me, so that I may go in safety to the God of gods!" We clung together for a little while—the frightful premonition almost crazing me—and I could not strangle it or fight it off, seeming to know beyond all doubt that this day was the end of all for Silver Knees. . . . And that I must go on, and on, and on, plodding forward through life without her—

The noise of the cannonade was becoming tremendous. Calixto came in with our coffee, fruit, and frijoles. The Mistec fetched warm water in our tin tub. Into it stepped Silver Knees, dainty as a white kitten in wet grass. She had tied up her tawny hair in a scarlet rebozo. Now she nestled and ruffled and dipped and flirted water over herself like a bathing bird.

Next week's concluding installment of the story will reveal the dramatic and sinister secret that destiny is concealing from Maddox and Silver Knees.



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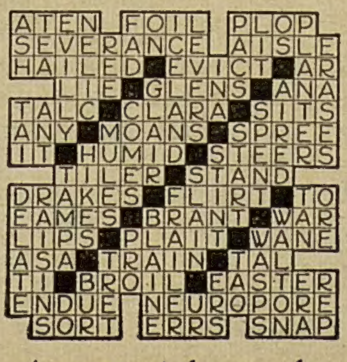
Answer to the puzzle on page 64



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Answer to the puzzle on page 65

Chew DENTYNE
. . and smile!

DENTYNE
CHEWING GUM
5¢
5¢
KEEPS THE TEETH WHITE

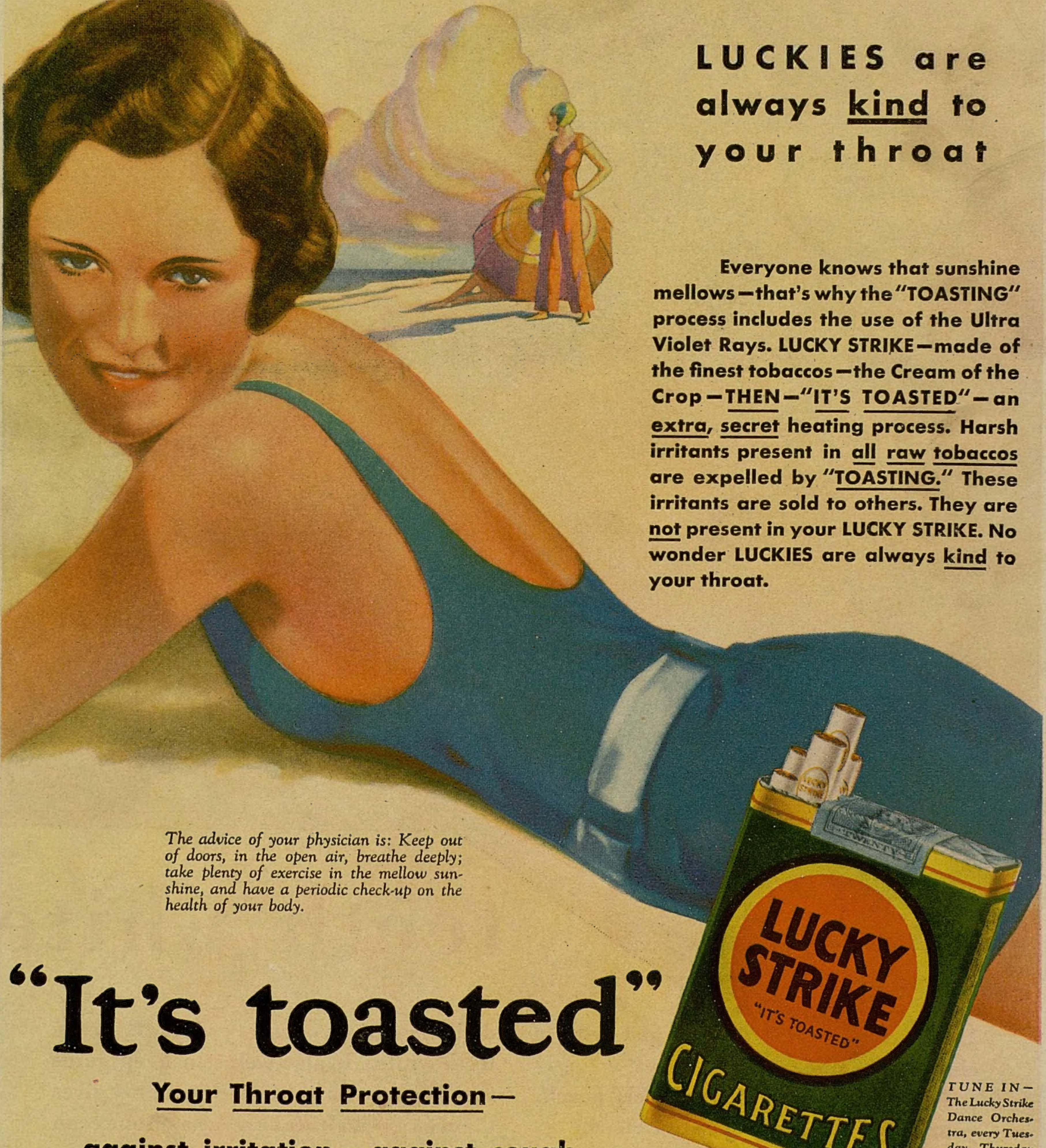
keeps teeth white

Men turn to gaze at the girl with a charming smile.

When teeth are white as lovely pearls, your smile attains its greatest charm.

For that very important reason, chew delicious Dentyne every day. It keeps teeth white. It also helps to keep gums firm because its extra chewy quality gives them extra healthful exercise. Money can buy no finer chewing gum than Dentyne.

Sunshine Mellows Heat Purifies



LUCKIES are always kind to your throat

Everyone knows that sunshine mellows—that's why the "TOASTING" process includes the use of the Ultra Violet Rays. LUCKY STRIKE—made of the finest tobaccos—the Cream of the Crop—THEN—"IT'S TOASTED"—an extra, secret heating process. Harsh irritants present in all raw tobaccos are expelled by "TOASTING." These irritants are sold to others. They are not present in your LUCKY STRIKE. No wonder LUCKIES are always kind to your throat.

The advice of your physician is: Keep out of doors, in the open air, breathe deeply; take plenty of exercise in the mellow sunshine, and have a periodic check-up on the health of your body.

"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection—

against irritation—against cough.

TUNE IN—
The Lucky Strike Dance Orchestra, every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evening over N.B.C. networks

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